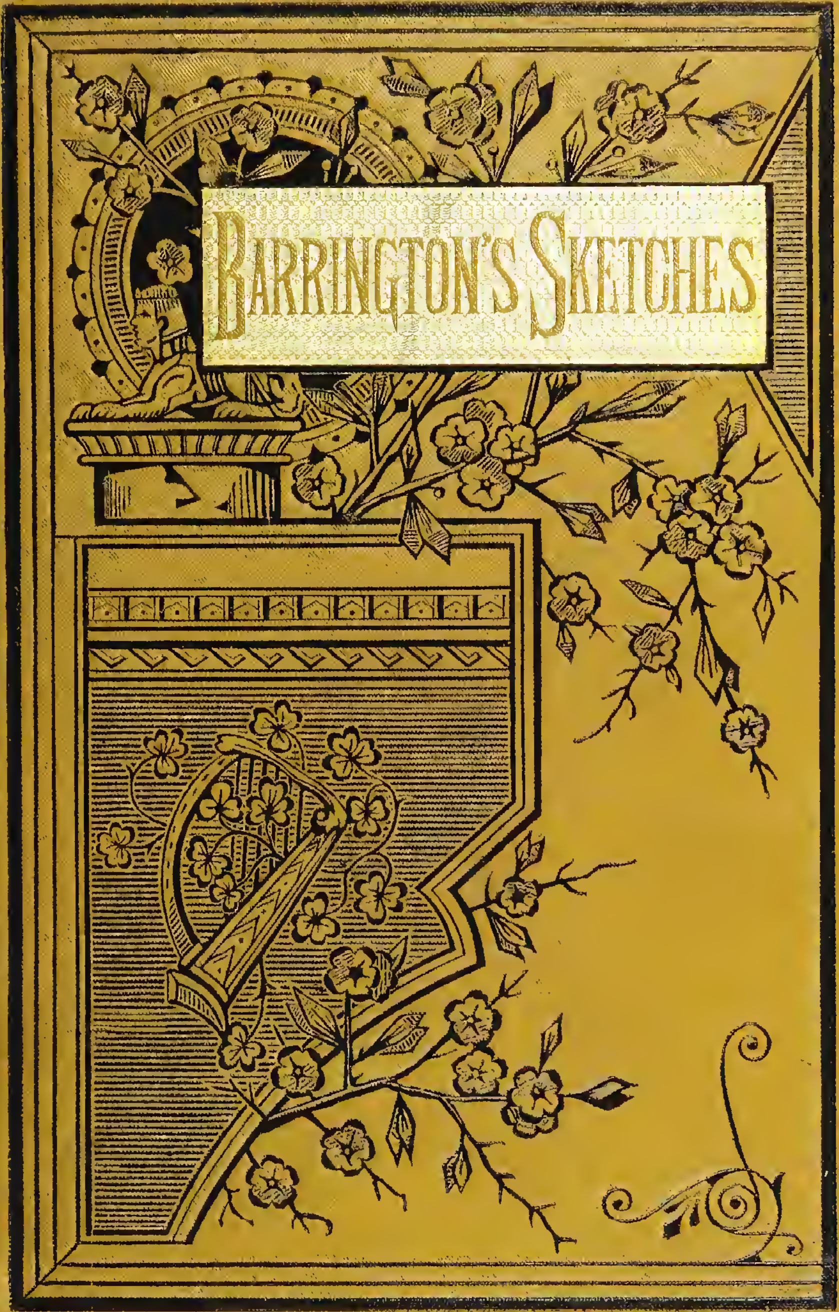

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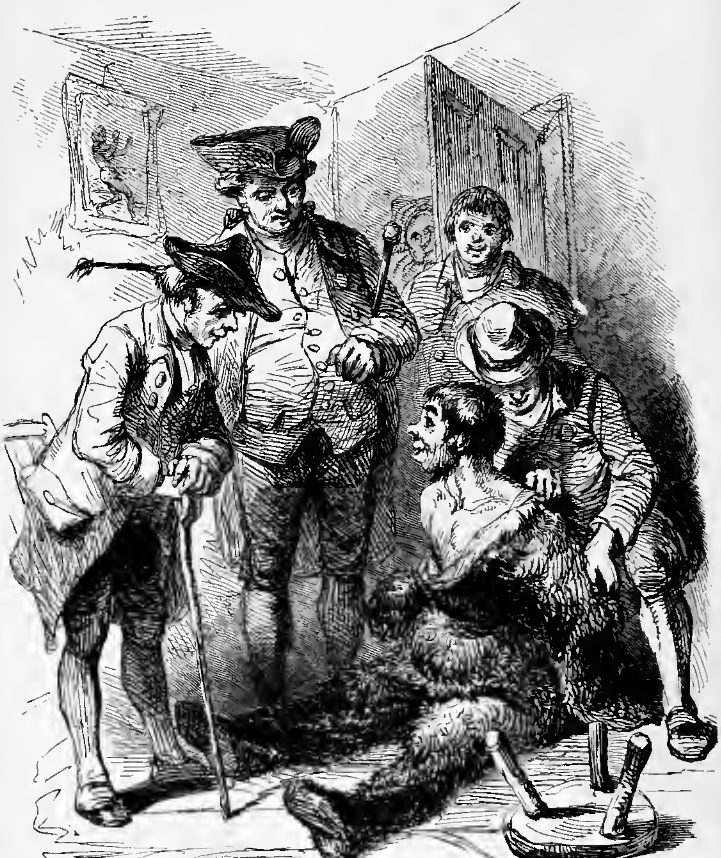
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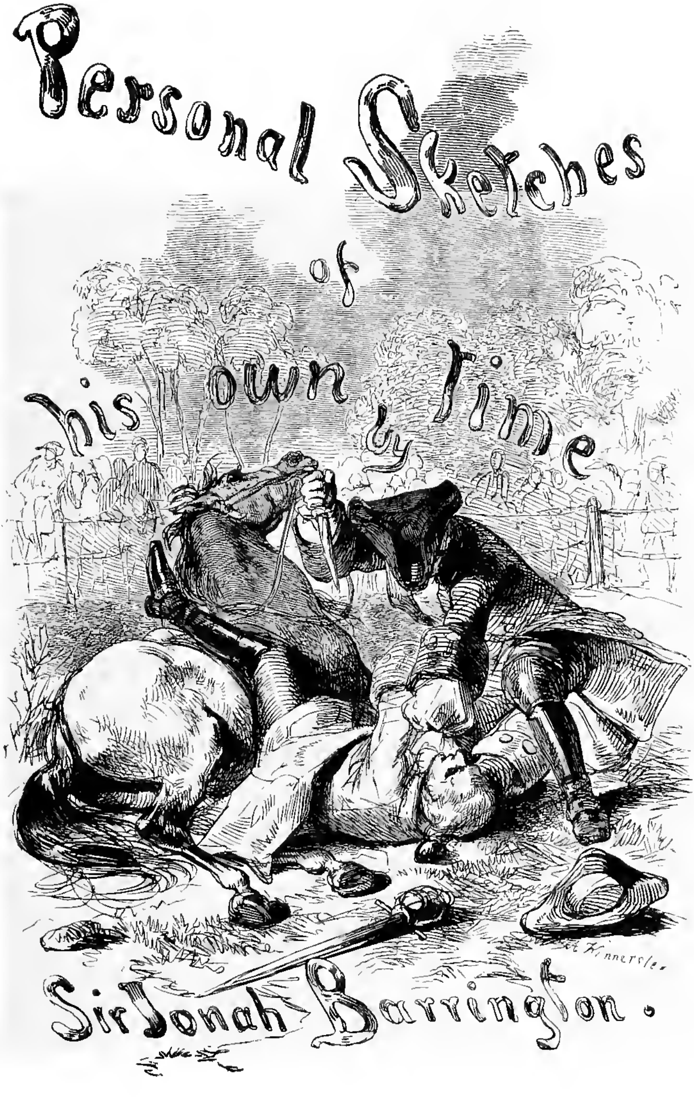
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Sir Jonah Barrington.

PERSONAL SKETCHES

—OF—

His Own Times.

—BY—

SIR JONAH BARRINGTON,

JUDGE OF THE HIGH COURT OF ADMIRALTY IN IRELAND, ETC., ETC.

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ST. LOUIS:
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INTRODUCTION.

THE compilation by me of a medley of this description may appear rather singular. Indeed, I myself think it so, and had got nearly half-way through it before I could reasonably account for the thing; more especially as it was by no means commenced for mercenary purposes. The fact is, I had long since engaged my mind and time on a work of real public importance; and so far as that work was circulated, my literary ambition was *more* than gratified by the approbation it received. But it has so happened, that my publishers, one after another, have been wanting in the qualification of stability; and hence, my "Historic Memoirs of Ireland" have been lying fast asleep, in their own sheets, on the shelves of three successive booksellers or their assignees; and so ingeniously were they scattered about, that I found it impossible for some years to collect them. This was rather provoking, as there were circumstances connected with the work, which, be its merits what they may, would, in my opinion, have insured it an extensive circulation. However, I have at length finished the Memoirs in question, which I verily believe are now about to be published in reality, and will probably excite sundry differences of opinion and shades of praise or condemnation (of both the book and author) among his majesty's liege subjects.

For the purpose of completing that work, I had lately reassumed my habit of writing; and being tired of so serious and responsible a concern as "Memoirs of Ireland and the Union," I began to consider what species of employment might lightly wear away the long and tedious winter evenings of a demi-invalid; and recollecting that I could neither live for ever nor was *sure* of being the "last man," I conceived the idea of looking over and burning a horse-load or two of letters, papers, and fragments of all descriptions, which I had been carrying about in old trunks (not choosing to leave them at anybody's mercy), and to which I had been perpetually adding.

The execution of this *inflammatory* project I immediately set about with vast assiduity and corresponding success; and doubtless, with very great advantage to the literary reputation of an immense number of my former correspondents as well as my own. After having made considerable progress, I found that some of the fragments amused myself, and I therefore began to consider whether they might not also amuse other people. I was advised to make selections from my store, particularly as I had, for nearly half a century, kept—not a diary—but a sort of rambling chronicle, wherein I made notes of matters which, from time to time, struck my fancy. Some of these memoranda were illegible; others just sufficient to set my memory working; some were sad, and some were cheerful; some very old, others recent. In fine, I began to *select:* but I soon found that anything like a regular series was out of the question; so I took a heap indiscriminately, picked out the subjects that amused me most, wrote a list of their several headings, which were very numerous; and, as his majesty pricks for sheriffs, so did I for subjects, and thereby gathered as many as I conceived would make two or three volumes. My next process was to make up *court-dresses* for my "Sketches and Fragments," such as might facilitate their introduction into respectable company, without observing strict *chronological sequence*, to which I am aware light readers have a rooted aversion.

This laudable occupation served to amuse me and to fill up the blanks of the winter evenings; and being finished, the residue of the papers redeposited, and the trunks locked again, I requested the publisher of my "Historic Memoirs" also to set my "Personal Sketches" afloat. This he undertook to do: and they are now sent out to the public—the *world*, as it is called; and the reader (*gentle* reader is too hackneyed a term to be employed by me) is fully at liberty to draw from them whatever deductions he pleases. All I have to say is, that the several matters contained herein are neither fictions nor essays, but relate to real matters of fact, and personages composed of flesh and blood. I have aimed at no display of either fancy or imagination: nor have I set down long dialogues, which could not possibly be recorded except when heroes and heroines carried short-hand writers in their pockets, which must have been peculiarly inconvenient. In speaking of *fanciful* matters, by-the-by, I may as well except my own opinions on certain subjects here and there interspersed, which I freely leave to the mercy of any one who is disposed to esteem them visionary.

However, be it understood, that I by no means intend this disclaimer as an assault on—but on the contrary as a distinguished compliment to writers and to works of pure imagination, of improbability and impossibility! inasmuch as such works prove an unlimited range of intellect and talent, on the part of the authors, for inventing *matters of fact* that never could have occurred, and *conversations* that never could have taken place; a talent which, when duly cultivated and practised for the use of friends and private families, seldom fails to bring an author's name into most *extensive circulation;* and if perchance he should get himself into any scrape by it, nothing is so likely as the exercise of the same talent of *invention* to get him out of it again.

On the other hand, I must own, even against myself, that the writing of mere commonplace truths requires no talent whatsoever! it is quite a *humdrum* straight-forward acquirement, which any person may attain. Besides, matter of fact is not at all in vogue just now: the disrepute under which truth in general at present labors, in all departments and branches of literature, has put it quite out of fashion even among the *savans:* so that chemistry and mathematics are almost the only subjects, on the certainty of which, the "nobility, gentry, and the public at large," appear to place any very considerable reliance.

Having thus, I hope, proved my candor at my own cost, the deduction is self-evident—namely, that the unfortunate authenticity of these Sketches, must debar them from any competition with the tales and tattle of unsophisticated invention: when, for instance, *scandal* is *true*, it is (as some ladies have assured me) considered by the whole sex as scarcely worth listening to, and actually requiring at least very considerable exaggeration to render it at all amusing! I therefore greatly fear I may not, in this instance, experience so much of their favor as I am always anxious to obtain; my only consolation is, that when their desire to indulge an amiable appetite for scandal is very ardent, they may find ample materials in every bookseller's shop and *haut-ton* society to gratify the passion.

I feel now necessitated to recur to another point, and I do it at the risk of being accused of egotism. I hope, however, I can advance a good reason for my proceeding; namely, that on reading over some of the articles whereof this *mélange* is composed, I freely admit, that if I were not very intimately acquainted with myself, I might be led at least into a puzzle as to the writer's genuine sentiments on many points of theology and politics. Now, I wish, seriously speaking, to avoid, on these subjects, all ambiguity; and therefore, as responsible for the opinions put forth in the following Sketches, I beg to state, that I consider myself strictly orthodox in both politics and theology;

that is to say, I profess to be a sound protestant, without bigotry; and an hereditary royalist, without ultraism. Liberty I love—democracy I hate—fanaticism I denounce! These principles I have ever held and avowed, and they are confirmed by time and observation. I own that I have been what is generally called a *loyalist*, and I have been also what is generally called a *patriot;* but I never was either *unqualifiedly;* I always thought, and I think still, that they never should and never need be (upon fair principles) opposed to each other. I can also see no reason why there may not be patriot kings as well as patriot subjects; a patriot *minister*, indeed, may be more problematical. In my public life, I have met with but one transaction that even *threatened* to make my patriotism overbalance my loyalty: I allude to the purchase and sale of the Irish parliament, called a union, which I ever regarded as one of the most flagrant public acts of corruption on the records of history, and certainly the most mischievous to this empire, except our absurdities at Vienna. I believe very few men sleep the sounder for having supported either the former or the latter measures; though some, it is true *went to sleep* a good deal sooner than they expected when they carried those measures into execution.

I must also observe that, as to the *detail* of politics, I feel now very considerable apathy. My day for actual duty is past; and I shall only further allude, as a simple casuist, to the slang terms in which it has become the fashion to dress up the most important subjects of British statistics; subjects on which certain of these Sketches appear to have a remote bearing, and on which my ideas may possibly be misunderstood.

I wish it therefore to be considered as my humble opinion, that what, in political slang, is termed *radical reform* is, in reality *proximate revolution;* *universal suffrage* appears to me to be *extinguishable uproar:* *annual parliaments,* nothing less than *periodical bloodshed.* My doubts as a casuist, with these impressions on my mind, must naturally be, how the orderly folks of Great Britain would relish proximate revolution, inextinguishable uproar, and periodical bloodshed? I do not extend the query to the natives of my own country, because, since his majesty was there, nobody has taken much notice of them; and besides, the people in Ireland having very little to eat and no amusement at all, the aforesaid pastimes might divert them, or at least their hunger, and of course be extremely acceptable to a great body of the population.

As I also perceive some articles in these Sketches touching upon matters relative to popes, catholic countries, &c., lest I may be misconstrued or misrepresented on that head, I beg to observe, that I meddle not at all in the controversy of catholic emancipation. The *doctors* employed *differ* so essentially in opinion, that, as it frequently falls out on many other consultations, they may lose their patient while debating on the prescription: in truth, I don't see how the doctors *can* ever agree, as the prescribers must necessarily take the *assay*, and one half of them verily believe that they should be poisoned thereby! "Among ye be it, blind harpers!"

I apprehend I have now touched on most of the topics which occurred to me as requiring a word of explanation. I repeat that this book is only to be considered as a desultory *mélange* —the whim of a winter's evening—a mere chance selection. I shall therefore make no sort of apology for inaccuracies as to unity of time, for defective connection, or the like. It amused my leisure hours; and if it fortunately amuses those of other people, I shall receive a great deal of satisfaction.

JONAH BARRINGTON.

CONTENTS.

MY FAMILY CONNECTIONS.

Family Mansion described—Library—Garden—Anecdotes of my Family—State of Landlord and Tenant in 1760—The Gout—Ignorance of the Peasantry—Extraordinary Anomaly in the Loyalty and Disloyalty of the Irish Country Gentlemen as to James I., Charles I., Charles II., James II., and William—Ancient Toasts—My Great-Grandfather, Colonel John Barrington, hanged on his own Gate; but saved by Edward Doran, Trooper of King James—Irish Customs, Anecdotes, &c....... PAGE 19

ELIZABETH FITZGERALD.

My Great-Aunt Elizabeth—Besieged in her Castle of Moret—My Uncle seized and hanged before the Walls—Attempted Abduction of Elizabeth, whose Forces surprise the Castle of Reuben—Severe Battle.................... 29

IRISH GENTRY AND THEIR RETAINERS.

Instances of Attachment formerly of the Lower Orders of Irish to the Gentry—A Field of Corn of my Father's reaped in one Night without his Knowledge—My Grandfather's Servants cut a Man's Ears off by Misinterpretation—My Grandfather and Grandmother Tried for the Fact—Acquitted—The Colliers of Donane—Their Fidelity at my Election at Ballynakill, 1790.................... 43

MY EDUCATION.

My Godfathers—Lord Maryborough—Personal Description and Extraordinary Character of Mr. Michael Lodge—My Early Education—At Home—At School—My Private Tutor, Rev. P. Crawley, described—Defects of the University Course—Lord Donoughmore's Father—Anecdote of the Vice-Provost—A Country Sportsman's Education.................... 47

IRISH DISSIPATION IN 1778.

The Huntsman's Cottage—Preparations for a Seven-Days' Carousal—A Cock-Fight—Welsh Main—Harmony—A Cow and a Hogshead of Wine consumed by the Party—Comparison between former Dissipation and that of the Present Day—A Dandy at Dinner in Bond Street—Captain Parsons Hoye and His Nephew—Character and Description of Both—The Nephew Disinherited by His Uncle for Dandyism—Curious Anecdote of Dr. Jenkins piercing Admiral Cosby's Fist.................... 54

MY BROTHER'S HUNTING-LODGE.

Waking the Piper—Curious Scene at my Brother's Hunting-Lodge—Joe Kelly's and Peter Alley's Heads fastened to the Walls—Operations practised in extricating them.. 61

CHOICE OF PROFESSION.

The Army—Irish Volunteers Described—Their Military Ardor—The Author Inoculated therewith—He grows Cooler—The Church—The Faculty—The Law—Objections to each—Colonel Barrington removes his Establishment to the Irish Capital—A Country Gentleman taking up a City Residence.................... 67

MURDER OF CAPTAIN O'FLAHERTY.

Murder of Captain O'Flaherty by Mr. Lanegan, his Son's Tutor, and Mrs. O'Flaherty—The Latter, after betraying her Accomplice, escapes beyond Seas—Trial of Lanegan—He is hanged at Dublin—Terrific Appearance of his Supposed Ghost to his Pupil, David Lander, and the Author, at the Temple, in London—Lander nearly dies of Fright—Lanegan's Extraordinary Escape—Not even suspected in Ireland—He gets off to France and enters the Monastery of La Trappe—A Church-Yard Anecdote—My own Superstition nearly fatal to Me 71

ADOPTION OF THE LAW.

Marriage of my Eldest Brother—The Bride's-Maid, Miss D. W.—Female Attractions not dependent on Personal Beauty—Mutual Attachment—Illustration of the French Phrase "*Je ne sais quoi*"—Betrothal of the Author, and his Departure for London, to study for the Bar 80

A DUBLIN BOARDING-HOUSE.

Sketches of the Company and Inmates—Lord Mountmorris—Lieut. Gam Johnson, R. N.—Sir John and Lady O'Flaherty—Mrs. Wheeler—Lady and Miss Barry—Memoir and Character of Miss Barry, afterward Mrs. Baldwin—Ruinous effects of a Dramatic Education Exemplified—Lord Mountmorris' Duel with the Honorable Francis Hely Hutchinson at Donnybrook—His Lordship Wounded—Marquis of Ely, his Second 84

IRISH BEAUTIES.

Strictures on Change of Manners—Moral Influence of Dress—The Three Beauties—Curious Trial respecting Lady M———; Termination favorable to her Ladyship—Interesting and Affecting Incidents of that Lady's Life—Sir R——— M———, his Character and Cruelty—Lady M——— married against her Will—Quits her Husband—Returns—Sir R. mistakes her for a Rebel in his Sleep, and nearly strangles her 91

PATRICIANS AND PLEBEIANS.

The Three Classes of Gentlemen in Ireland described—Irish Poets—Mr. Thomas Flinter and D. Henesey—The Bard—Peculiarities of the Peasants—Their Ludicrous Misinformation as to Distances accounted for—Civility of a Waiter—Their Equivocation and Misdirection of Travellers to Different Places 100

IRISH INNS.

Their General Character—Objections commonly made to Them—Answer thereto—Sir Charles Vernon's Mimicry—Moll Harding—Accident of nearly a Fatal Nature to the Author 106

FATAL DUEL OF MY BROTHER.

Duel of my Brother William Barrington with Mr. M'Kenzie—He is killed by his Antagonist's Second, General Gillespie—The General's Character—Tried for Murder—Judge Bradstreet's Charge—Extraordinary Incidents of the Trial—The Jury arranged—The High-Sheriff (Mr. Lyons) challenged by Mistake—His Hair cut off by Henry French Barrington—Exhibited in the Ballroom—The Curl Club formed—The Sheriff quits the country, and never returns—Gillespie goes to India: killed there—Observations on his Cenotaph in Westminster Abbey 109

ENTRANCE INTO PARLIAMENT.

My First Entrance into the Irish House of Commons—Dinner at Sir John Parnel's—Commencement of my Intimacy with Public Men of Celebrity—Maiden Speech—I Attack Grattan and Curran—Suicide of Mr. Thornton—Lord De Blacquiere—His Character 118

SINGULAR CUSTOMS IN THE IRISH PARLIAMENT.

Anecdote of Tottenham *in his Boots*—Interesting Trial of the Earl of Kingston for Murder—Description of the Forms used on that Occasion 124

THE SEVEN BARONETS.

Sir John Stuart Hamilton—Sir Richard Musgrave—Sir Edward Newnham—Sir Vesey Colclough—Sir Frederick Flood—Sir John Blacquiere—Sir Boyle Roche; his curious Bulls—Their Characters and Personal Description—Anecdotes and Bon-mots—Anecdote of the Marquis of Waterford.................................. 132

ENTRANCE INTO OFFICE.

The Author first placed in Office by Lord Westmoreland—Made King's Counsel by Lord Clare—Jealousy of the Bar—Description of Kilkenny Castle—Trial of the Earl of Ormonde for Outrage at Kilkenny—Acquitted—Author's Conduct—Distinguished and Liberal Present from the Earl of Ormonde to the Author, of a Gold Box, and his Subsequent Letter.................................. 141

DOCTOR ACHMET BORUMBORAD.

Singular Anecdotes of Dr. Achmet Borumborad—He proposes to erect Baths in Dublin, in the Turkish Fashion—Obtains Grants from Parliament for that Purpose—The Baths well executed—The Doctor's Banquet—Ludicrous Anecdote of Nineteen Noblemen and Members of Parliament falling into his Grand Salt-Water Bath—The Accident nearly causes the Ruin of the Doctor and his Establishment—He falls in Love with Miss Hartigan and marries her—Sudden Metamorphosis of the Turk into Mr. Patrick Joyce.................................. 147

ALDERMEN OF SKINNERS' ALLEY.

The Institution of Orangemen—United Irishmen—Protestant Ascendency—Dr. Duigenan—Origin, Progress, and Customs of the Aldermen of Skinners' Alley described—Their Revels—Orange Toast, never before published—The Aldermen throw Mr. M'Mahon, an Apothecary, out of a Window for Striking the Bust of King William—New Association—Anecdotes of Sir John Bourke and Sir Francis Gould—The Pope's Bull of Absolution to Sir Francis G—Its Delivery suspended till he had taken away his Landlady's Daughter—His Death.................................. 155

PROCESSION OF THE TRADES.

Dublin Corporation Anecdotes—Splendid Triennial Procession of the Dublin Corporation, called *Fringes* (Franchises) described.................................. 162

IRISH REBELLION.

Rebellion in Ireland, in 1798—Mr. Waddy's Castle—A Priest cut in two by the Portcullis, and partly eaten by Waddy—Dinner Party at Lady Colclough's—Names and Characters of the Company, including Mr. Bagenal Harvey, Captain Keogh, &c—Most of them executed soon after—Tour through, and State of, County Wexford, after the Battles and Storming of the Town—Colonel Walpole killed and his Regiment defeated at Gorey—Unaccountable Circumstance of Captain Keogh's Head not decaying.................................. 166

WOLF TONE.

Counsellor Theobald Wolf Tone—His resemblance to Mr. Croker—He is ordered to be hanged by a Military Court—General Craig attached in Court of Common Pleas—Tone's Attempt at Suicide—Cruel Suggestion respecting him.................................. 174

DUBLIN ELECTION.

My Contest for Dublin City—Supported by Grattan, Ponsonby, Plunkett, and Curran—Singularity of a Canvass for Dublin—The Election—Curious Incidents—Grattan's Famous Philippic never before Published—Memoirs of Mr. John Giffard, called the "Dog in Office"—Horish the Chimney-Sweeper's Bon-mot.................................. 177

ELECTION FOR COUNTY WEXFORD.

Mr. Richard Brinsley Sheridan's Contest for County Wexford, omitted by all his Pseudo-Biographers—Duel of Mr. Alcock and Mr. Colclough (Candidates on a Question respecting Mr Sheridan's Poll)—Mr. Colclough killed—A Lamentable Incident—Mr. Alcock's Trial—He afterward goes Mad and dies—His Sister, Miss Alcock, also dies a Lunatic in Consequence—Marquis of Ely Tried for an Outrage at Wexford, and fined.................................. 185

WEDDED LIFE.

Lord Clonmel Chief-Justice of the Irish Court of King's Bench—His Character—Lady Tyrawly's False Charge against him—Consequent Duel between him and Lord Tyrawly—*Eclaircissement*—Lord Tyrawly and Miss Wewitzer—Lord Clonmel's Hints "How to Rule a Wife"—Subsequent Conversation with his Lordship at Sir John Tydd's 192

DUKE OF WELLINGTON AND THE MARQUIS OF LONDONDERRY.

My first Acquaintance with the Duke of Wellington and the late Marquis of Londonderry, at a Dinner at my own House—Some Memoirs and Anecdotes of the former as a Public Man—My close connection with Government—Lord Clare's Animosity to me suspended—Extraordinary Conference between Lord Castlereagh, Mr. Cooke, and Me, in August, 1798—Singular Communication—Offers made to me for Succession as Solicitor-General—I decline the Terms proposed—Lord Castlereagh's Letter to me—Character of Mr. Pelham, now Earl of Chichester 197

LORD NORBURY.

Quarrel between Lord Norbury and the Author in the House of Commons—Curran's Bon-Mot—Dinner at Lord Redesdale's, who attempts being Agreeable, but is annoyed by Lord Norbury (then Mr. Toler)—Counsellor O'Farrell—Mr. Plunkett (present Attorney-General for Ireland), and Lord Redesdale—Lord Norbury and Young Burke—His Lordship presides at Carlow Assizes in the Character of *Hawthorn* 205

HENRY GRATTAN.

Mr. Grattan in his Sedan-chair—The Point of Honor—Mr. Egan's gift of Second-sight—The Guillotine and Executioner—Colonel Burr, Vice President of the United States, and Mr. Randolph—Mr. Grattan in Masquerade—Death of that Illustrious Patriot, and Strictures on his Interment in Westminster Abbey—Letter from the Author to his Son, Henry Grattan, Esq 212

HIGH LIFE IN NEWGATE.

Lord Aldborough quizzes the Lord Chancellor—Voted a Libeller by the House of Peers—His spirited Conduct—Sentenced to Imprisonment in Newgate by the Court of King's Bench—Memoirs of Mr. Knaresborough—His Extraordinary Trial—Sentenced to Death, but Transported—Escapes from Botany Bay, returns to England, and is committed to Newgate, where he seduces Lady Aldborough's Attendant—Prizes in the Lottery—Miss Barton dies in Misery 219

JOHN PHILPOT CURRAN.

Sketches of His Character—Personal Description—Lodgings at Carlow—Mr. Curran and Mr. Godwin—Scenes in the Cannon Coffee-house—*Liberality* of Mine Host—Miss H. in Heroics—Precipitate Retreat—Lord Clancarty—Mr. Curran's Notion of his own Prowess—The Disqualifications of a Wig—Lord and Lady Carleton—Curran in 1812—An Attorney turned Cobbler—Curran's Audience of the present King of France—Strictures on his Biographers 227

THE LAW OF LIBEL.

Observations on the Law of Libel, particularly in Ireland—"Hoy's Mercury"—Messrs. Van Trump and Epaphroditus Dodridge—Former Leniency regarding Cases of Libel contrasted with recent Severity—Lord Clonmel and the Irish Bar—Mr. Magee, of the "Dublin Evening Post"—Festivities on "Fiat Hill"—Theophilus Swift and his two Sons—His Duel with the Duke of Richmond—The "Monster"—Swift libels the Fellows of Dublin University—His Curious Trial—Contrast between the English and Irish Bar—Mr. James Fitzgerald—Swift is found Guilty, and sentenced to Newgate—Dr. Burrows, one of the Fellows, afterward libels Mr. Swift, and is convicted—Both confined in the same Apartment at Newgate 240

PULPIT, BAR, AND PARLIAMENTARY ELOQUENCE.

Biographical and Characteristic Sketch of Dean Kirwan—His Extraordinary Eloquence—The Peculiar Powers of Sheridan, Curran, and Grattan Contrasted—Observations on Pulpit, Bar, and Parliamentary Oratory 255

QUEEN CAROLINE.

Reception of the late Queen Caroline (then Princess of Wales) at the Drawing-Room held after the "Delicate Investigation"—Her Depression and Subsequent Levity —Queen Charlotte and the Princess Compared and Contrasted—Reflection on the Incidents of that Day and Evening—The Thames on a Vauxhall Night.......... 260

LORD YELVERTON AND THE BAR.

Characteristic and Personal Sketches of Three Irish Barristers: Mr. William Fletcher (afterward Chief-Justice of the Court of Common Pleas). Mr. James Egan (afterward Judge of Dublin County), and Mr. Bartholomew Hoare, King's Counsel—Lord Yelverton's Dinner-Party—The Author's Parody—Mr. Egan right by Mistake....... 264

MR. NORCOT'S ATTEMPT AT SUICIDE.

The Hollowness of Interested Popularity Illustrated in the Example of Mr. Norcot—The Dilemma of a Gamester—The Last Resource—The "Faithful" Valet—Mr. Norcot turns Mohammedan—His Equivocal Destiny........................... 267

ANECDOTES OF IRISH JUDGES.

Baron Monckton—Judge Boyd—Judge Henn—Legal Blunder of a Judge, and Curran's Bon-Mot thereon—Baron Power—His Suicide—Crosby Morgan's Spirit of Emulation—Judge William Johnson—Curious Anecdote between Him and the Author—Judge Kelly—His Character and Bon-Mots—Lord Kilwarden—His Character—Murder of Him and his Nephew, the Rev. Mr. Wolfe—Mr. Emmett Executed—Memoir of that Person—Judge Robert Johnson—Arrested in Ireland, and Tried in London for a Libel written on Lord Redesdale in Ireland and Published by Cobbett—Doubts of the Legality of his Lordship's Trial—He is Found Guilty................. 271

THE FIRE-EATERS.

Passion for Duelling in Ireland—Ancient Duel before the Judges and Law Authorities, &c., &c., at the Castle of Dublin—List of Judicial and Official Duellists in Author's Time—Family Weapons Described—The Fire-Eater's Society—Their Chiefs—Elegant Institution of the Knights of Tara—Description of Them—Their Exhibitions and Meetings—The Rules of Duelling and Points of Honor Established by the Fire-Eaters, called The Thirty-Six Commandments—Singular Duel between the Author and Mr. Richard Daly, a Remarkable Duellist and Fop—Daly Hit—Author's Second the Celebrated Balloon Crosby—His Singular Appearance and Character.......... 286

DUELLING EXTRAORDINARY.

Frequency of Election Duels—Ludicrous Affair between Frank Skelton and an Exciseman—Frank Shoots the Exciseman and Runs Away—His Curious Reasons—Sir J. Bourke's Quadrille Duel, with Five Hits—Mr. H. D. G——y's Remarkable Meeting with Counsellor O'Maher—O'Maher Hit—Civil Proposition of G——y's Second—G——y's Gallant Letter to the Author on his Election for Maryborough—Honorable Barry Yelverton Challenged by Nine Officers at Once—His Elucidation of the Fire-Eater's Resolutions—Lord Kilkenny's Memorable Duels and Lawsuits—His Lordship is Shot by Mr. Ball, an Attorney—The Heir to his Title (the Hon. Somerset Butler) Challenges Counsellor Burrows—The Latter Hit, but his Life Saved by some Gingerbread Nuts—Lord Kilkenny's Duel with Counsellor Byrne—The Counsellor Wounded—Counsellor Guinness Escapes a Rencontre—Sketch of Counsellor M'Nally—His Duel with the Author—His Three Friends; all afterward Hanged—M'Nally Wounded—Bon-Mot of Mr. Harding—The Affair highly Beneficial to M'Nally—His Character, Marriage, and Death—Ancient Mode of Fighting Duels—The Lists Described—Duel of Colonel Barrington with Squire Gilbert on Horseback—Both Wounded—Gilbert's Horse Killed—Chivalrous Conclusion....................... 301

GEORGE HARTPOLE.

Curious Fatality in the Hartpole Family—Characteristic Sketch of the Last of the Name—Description of Shrewl Castle—The Chapel and Cemetery—Strictures on Epitaph Writing—Eccentricities of the Earl of Aldborough—His Lordship Proposes his Sister, Lady Sarah Stratford, as Returning Officer for the Borough of Baltinglass—Consequent Disturbances—The North Briton put on his Mettle, but Outmanœuvred—"Lending to the Lord"—Successful Conspiracy to Marry Hartpole to the Daughter of a Village-Innkeeper—He is Stabbed by his Wife, and Deserts her in Consequences—He forms an Attachment to Miss Maria Otway, whom he marries under the Plea of his previous Connection being Illegal—Unfortunate Nature of this Union—Separation of the Parties—Hartpole's Voyage to Portugal, his Return, and Death—Sundry other Anecdotes of the Stratford Family.......... 318

HAMILTON ROWAN AND THE BAR.

Sketch of the Character of Mr. Hamilton Rowan—His Quixotic Spirit of Philanthropy—Case of Mary Neil, taken up by Mr. Rowan—Dinner-Club among the Briefless Barristers of Dublin—Apparition of Mr. Hamilton Rowan and his Dog—More Frightened than Hurt—An Unanswerable Query—Mr. Rowan's Subsequent Adventures—The Rev. Mr. Jackson—He is brought up to receive Sentence for High-Treason, and expires in Court.......... 349

SELF-DECAPITATION.

An Irish Peasant cutting his own Head off *by Mistake*—His Reputed Ghost—*Natural* Deaths of the Irish Peasantry—Reflections on the Excise Laws.......... 356

FATHER O'LEARY.

Humorous Story of Father O'Leary and a Bear—Mistaken Notions Respecting Ireland on the Continent—Lord Ventry and his Tenant; an Anecdote characteristic of the Irish Peasant.......... 359

DEATH OF LORD ROSSMORE.

Strictures on Dr. Johnson—His Biographer Boswell—False Definitions and Erroneous Ethics—Superstition—Supernatural Appearances—Theological Argument of the Author in Favor of his Peculiar Faith—Original Poetry by Miss T....—The Author purchases Lady Mayo's Demesne, County Wicklow—Terrific and Cultivated Scenery Contrasted—Description of the Golden Belt of Ireland, and the Beauties of the above-mentioned County—Lord Rossmore—His Character—Supernatural Incident of a most Extraordinary Nature, vouched by Living Witnesses, and Attendant on the Sudden Death of his Lordship.......... 362

MEMORANDA CRITICA.

Remarks on Lady Morgan's Novel of "The Wild Irish Girl," &c.—Prince O'Sullivan at Killarney—Miss Edgworth's "Castle Rackrent"—Memoir of Jonathan Clerk—"Florence Macarthy"—Comparison between Lady Morgan and Thomas Moore as Writers—The Author's Knowledge of Both—"Captain Rock" condemned—The "Irish Melodies," by Moore and Power—The Harmonizing of Them by Sir John Stevenson injurious to the National Music—Anecdote of Moore and Mrs. K——y... 373

MEMORANDA POETICA.

Poets and Poetasters—Major Roche's Extraordinary Poem on the Battle of Waterloo—"Tears of the British Muse"—French Climax of Love—A Man's Age discovered by his Poetry—Evils of a Motto—Amorous Feelings of Youth—Love Verses of a Boy; of a Young Man—"Loves of the Angels"—Dinner Verses of an Oxonian—"The Highlander," a Poem—Extracts from the Manuscripts of Miss T——n, &c.... 380

THEATRICAL RECOLLECTIONS.

The Author's Early Visits to Crow Street Theatre—Interruptions of the University *Men*—College Pranks—Old Mr. Sheridan in "Cato" and in "Alexander the Great"—Curious *Scene* introduced by Mistake, in the latter Tragedy—Mr. Digges in the Ghost of Hamlet's Father—Chorus of Cocks—The Author's Preference of Comedy to Tragedy—Remarks on Mr. Kean and the London Moralists—Liston in "Paul Pry"—Old Sparks—The Spanish *Débûtante*—Irish Johnstone—Modern Comedy—The French Stage.......... 396

MRS. JORDAN.

Public Misstatement respecting that Lady—The Author's long Acquaintance with Her—*Débût* of Mrs. Jordan, at the Dublin Theatre, as Miss Francis—Her Incipient Talents at that Period—Favorite Actresses then in Possession of the Stage—Theatrical Jealousy—Mrs. Daly (formerly Miss Barsanti)—Curious Inversion of Characters in the Opera of "The Governess," resorted to by the Manager to *raise the Wind*—Lieutenant Doyne Proposes for Miss Francis—His Suit Rejected from Prudential Considerations—Miss Francis departs for England—Mr. Owenson, Lady Morgan's Father—Comparison between that Performer and Mr. John (commonly called *Irish*) Johnstone—Introduction of the Author to His Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence—Reflections on the Scurrilous Personalities of the English Press—Mrs. Jordan in the Green Room and on the Stage—Her Remarks on the Theatrical Art and on her own Style of Acting—Her Last Visit to Dublin, and Curious Circumstances connected therewith—Mr. Dwyer the Actor and Mr. Sergeant Gold—Mrs. Jordan in Private Society—Extracts from her Letters—Her Retirement from Bushy, and subsequent Embarkation for France 406

MRS. JORDAN IN FRANCE.

Decline of Mrs. Jordan's Health—Description of her Cottage and Grounds at Boulogne-sur-Mer—Madame Ducamp and her Servant Agnes—Their Account of Mrs. Jordan's Habits and Manners—Removal of that Lady to Versailles, and subsequently to St. Cloud—Account of her Illness and Last Moments.......... 422

MEMORY.

Diversity of the Author's Pursuits—Superficial Acquirements contrasted with Solid—Variety and Change of Study Conducive to Health—Breeding Ideas—How to Avoid *Ennui*—The Principles of Memory and Fear—The Author's Theory respecting the Former, and his Motive for its Introduction.......... 429

POLITICAL CONDUCT OF THE AUTHOR.

Letter from the Author to Mr. Burne, relating to the Political Conduct of the Former at the Period of the Union—Extracts from Letters written to the Author by Lord Westmoreland—General Reflections on the Political Condition of Ireland at the Present Time—Hint toward the Revival of a curious old Statute—Clerical Justices—The King in Ireland—The Corporation of Dublin—The "Glorious Memory"—Catholics and Protestants—Mischievous Virulence of Party Feeling.......... 433

SCENES AT HAVRE DE GRACE.

Peace of 1814—The Bourbons and *Emigrés* generally—Motives of the Author in Visiting the Continent—His Departure from England with his Family—Arrival at Havre de Grace—The *Coteau d'Ingouville*—Doctor Soreric and his Graduated Scale—The Pavilion Poulet—Price of Commodities at Havre—Rate of Exchange—English Assumption Abroad—The Author's Rural Retirement disturbed by Napoleon's Return from Elba—Circumstances attending the Announcement of this Fact at Havre—Previous Demonstrations of the Inhabitants of the Town, and more particularly of the Military quartered there—The Uniform of the Old Guard—Two Russians Mutilated by the Mob—Retirement of Louis *le Desire* from Paris—Curious Variety of Feeling Manifested among the People at Havre—Policy of the Priests—Good Humor of all Parties—Recruiting for the *Emperor* and the *King*—Consternation of the English at Havre—Meeting at the House of the Consul, Mr. Stuart—A Vinous Harangue—Prompt Embarkation of the British—Accommodations of a Storehouse—The Hussiers and the Spring Showers—*Signs* of the Times.......... 442

COMMENCEMENT OF THE HUNDRED DAYS.

A Family Council—Journey from Havre to Paris—Attention of the French Officers to the Author and his Party—Peaceable Condition of the Intervening Country—Thoughts on Revolutions in General—Ireland in 1798—Arrival in the French Capital—Admirable State of the Police—Henry Thevenot—Misgivings of the Author—His Interview with Count Bertrand—Polite Conduct of the Count—The Emperor's Chapel—Napoleon at Mass—His Deportment—Treasonable Garments—Colonel Gowen—Military Inspection after Mass—Alteration in the Manner of the Emperor—Enthusiasm of the Soldier.......... 455

THE ENGLISH IN PARIS.

Doctor and Mrs. Marshall—Colonel Macirone, Aid-de-Camp to Joachim Murat, while King of Naples—General Arthur O'Connor—Lord and Lady Kinnaird—His Lordship under the *Surveillance* of the Police—Suspected of *Espionage*, and arrested, but set at Liberty immediately after—Messrs. Hobhouse and Bruce—Dr. Marshall's Correct Information as to Passing Events—Real Characters of the *Coterie* at his House—*Madame la Parente du Ministre Fouché*—Misconception of the Minister's Swiss Porter—Henry Thevenot.......... 461

INAUGURATION OF THE EMPEROR.

The Peers and Deputies summoned for the 8th of June—Abduction of the Regalia by the Royalists—Author obtains a Ticket of Admission to the Gallery of the Chamber of Deputies to Witness the Ceremony—Grenadiers of the Old Guard—Enthusiasm of the Military, and Comparative Quiescence of the other Ranks—Entrance of Napoleon into the Chamber—Sketch of his Appearance and that of *Madame Mère*—Administration of the Oath of Allegiance—The Duke of Otranto and Count Thibaudeau—The Imperial Speech and its Ineffective Delivery.......................... 471

PROMULGATION OF THE CONSTITUTION.

Apathy of the People—Temporary Building in Front of the Hôtel des Invalides—Pont de Jena—Policy of Napoleon regarding Fouché—Procession to the Champ de Mars—Peculiar Accoutrements of a Regiment of Cavalry—Reflections on some Points in the History of Napoleon—His Mistake in Changing the Republican into a Monarchical Government—Coaches of Ceremony of the French Noblesse and Officers of State—The Emperor's Liberality to various Members of his Court—His Personal Dejection on this Day—Rejoicings Succeeding the Promulgation—Superiority of the French in Matters of Embellishment—Gratuitous Distribution of Provisions and Wine—Politeness of the Lower Orders of French—Display of Fireworks—Mr. Hobhouse "Second Reign of Napoleon".. 485

LAST DAYS OF THE IMPERIAL GOVERNMENT.

Rejoicings on Napoleon's Victory over Blucher and Surprise of Lord Wellington—Bulletin issued at St. Cloud—Budget of News communicated by a French Cockney—Author's Alarm on Account of his Family—Proposes quitting Paris—Information of Henry Thevenot: confirmed at Lafitte's—Napoleon's Return from Waterloo—The Author's Sources of Intelligence—His Visits to the Chamber of Deputies—Garat, Minister of Justice at the Period of Louis' Decapitation—The *Rousseau MSS.* and their Peculiar Utility to the Author—Fouché's Treachery—Vacillating Plan to inform Napoleon thereof, through Count Thibaudeau—Observations on the Vicissitudes and Political Extinction of Bonaparte... 493

DETENTION AT VILETTE.

Negotiation between the Provisional Government of Paris and the Allies—Colonel Macirone's Mission—The Author crosses the Barrier of the French Army, misses the Colonel, and is detained on Suspicion—Led before Marshal Davoust, Prince d'Eckmuhl, and Commander in-Chief of the Forces at Vilette—The Marshal's Haughty Demeanor, and the Imprecations of the Soldiery—A Friend in Need; or, one Good Turn deserves Another—Remarks of a French Officer on the Battle of Waterloo—Account of the Physical and Moral Strength and Disposition of the Army at Vilette—Return of the *Parlementaires*—Awkward Mistake of one of the Sentries—Liberation of the Author—Marshal Davoust's Expressions to the Negotiators.................. 502

PROJECTED ESCAPE OF NAPOLEON.

Attack on the Bridge of Charenton by the Russians—Fouché's Arrangements for the Defence of Paris—Bonaparte's Retirement to Malmaison—His Want of Moral Courage—Comparison between Napoleon and Frederick the Great—Extraordinary Resolution of the Ex-Emperor to repair to London—Preparations for his Undertaking the Journey as Secretary to Dr. Marshall—The Scheme abandoned from Dread of Treachery on the Road to the Coast—Termination of the Author's Intercourse with Dr. Marshall and the Cause thereof—Remuneration of Colonel Macirone by the Arch-Traitor, Fouché.. 508

BATTLE OF SEVRES AND ISSY.

Afternoon Ramble on the Boulevard Italien—Interrupted by the Report of Artillery—*Sang froid* of the Fair Sex—Female Soldiers—The Author repairs to a Point commanding the Field of Battle—Site of the Projected Palace of the King of Rome—Rapidity of the Movements of the French as contrasted with those of the Prussians—Blowing up of the Bridge of St. Cloud—Visit of the Author to the Encampment in the Champ de Mars—The Wounded Soldier.................................. 314

CAPITULATION OF PARIS.

Retirement of the Army of Vilette behind the Loire—Occupation of the French Capital by the Allies—Thoughts on the Disposition of the Bourbon Government toward Great Britain—Conduct of the Allies after their Possession of Paris—Infringements of the Treaty—Removal of the Works of Art from the Louvre—Reflections on the Injurious Results of that Measure to the British Student—*Liberal* Motive operating on the English Administration of that Period—Little Interludes got up between the French King and the Allies—Louis XVIII.'s Magnanimous Letters—Threatened Destruction of the *Pont de Jena* by Marshal Blucher—Heroic Resolution of His Most Christian Majesty to perish in the Explosion........ 522

THE CATACOMBS OF PERE LA CHAISE.

The Catacombs of Paris—Ineffective Nature of the Written Description of these as compared with the Reality—Author's Descent into them—His Speedy Return—Contrast presented by the Cemetery of Père la Chaise—Tomb of Abelard and Heloise—An English Capitalist's Notions of Sentiment........ 526

PEDIGREE-HUNTING.

The Author's Efforts to Discover the Source of his Name and Family—The Irish Herald-at-Arms—Reference made by him to the English Professor—Heraldic Speculation—Ascent of the Author's Pedigree to the Reign of William the Conqueror—Consultation with the Norman Herald suggested—Author's Visit to Rouen—Anecdotes of French Convents—Madame Cousin and her *System*—Traits of Toleration—M. Helliot, the celebrated *ancien avocat* of Rouen—Practice of *Legal Bigamy* in Normandy—A Breakfast Party—Death of M Helliot—Interview with an old Herald, formerly of the Noblesse—His Person and Costume described—Discovery of the Town and Castle of *Barentin*—Occurrences there—The old Beggar Man—Visit to Jersey, where Drogo de Barentin was killed in defending the Castle of Mont Orgueil—Return to Barentin, and Singular Incident at Ivetot—Conclusion........ 527

MEMOIR OF SIR JONAH BARRINGTON.

Sir Jonah Barrington, who was born at his father's seat, in Queen's County, Ireland, in 1767, was educated in Dublin, graduated in Trinity College there, and was called to the bar in 1788. Two years afterward, he entered the Irish Parliament as member for the borough of Tuam, where, he says, "I directed my earliest effort against Grattan and Curran; and, on the first day of my rising, exhibited a specimen of what I may now call true arrogance."

The patriots whom he assailed were obnoxious to the Government, and his "arrogance" was rewarded, in 1793, by a sinecure in the Dublin Customhouse, worth £1000 a year. Soon after, he was made King's Counsel, though only five years at the bar. If we take his own word for it, he might have been Solicitor-General in 1799, had he consented to support the proposed Legislative Union of Great Britain and Ireland. He voted against it, and on the strength of the popularity resulting from such opposition, and his avowed hostility to Lord Chancellor Clare, who was hated by the liberals, became a candidate, in 1803, for the representation of Dublin in the Imperial Parliament. After a severe contest, he was defeated, but the first four votes recorded in his favor were those of Grattan, Curran, Ponsonby and Plunket.

Having thus proved his popularity, he was considered by the Irish Government as a man to be purchased. Accordingly he was made Judge of the High Court of Admiralty in Ireland, and was knighted. Between 1809 and 1815, Sir Jonah Barrington published five *livraisons*, in 4to (constituting the first volume), of "The Historic Memoirs of Ireland; comprising secret records of the National Convention, the Rebellion, and the Union; with delineations of the principal characters connected with these transactions." The concluding volume did not appear for many years. It was generally believed—and indeed that belief was strongly shared and openly expressed by Mr. Sheil, in his "Sketches of the Irish Bar"—that Sir Jonah was silent "for a con-si-de-ra-ti-on." The British Government, which then included Castlereagh and others who had used the most flagitious means to carry the Union, shrank from the exposure of their conduct, and it was understood that, to keep him silent, they permitted Sir Jonah Barrington (who had become so much in debt as to jeopard his personal liberty in Ireland) to act as Admiralty Judge by deputy, his own residence, from 1815, being in France.

In 1827, Sir Jonah published two volumes of his "Personal Sketches of his Own Times," dedicated to the late Charles Kendal Bushe, then Chief Justice of Ireland. A third volume, dedicated to Lord Stowell, Admiralty Judge of England, appeared early in 1832. The popularity of this work has been very great,—owing to the lively manner in which it is written, and the strong light which it casts upon political, legal, and social life in Ireland, during the final forty years of the last century.

In 1830, Sir Jonah Barrington was charged, in Parliament, with malversation of funds belonging, under the Admiralty laws, to various suitors in his Court. This charge having been proven, Sir Jonah was removed from office. The publication of the delayed volume of his "Historic Memoirs," soon followed, in 1832, and was well received, as containing full personal details of the means by which Ireland's nationality was surrendered. This work (very expensive as an illustrated quarto) was subsequently reproduced, in a cheaper form, as "The Rise and Fall of the Irish Nation."

Sir Jonah Barrington died at Versailles, April 8, 1834; aged sixty-seven.

R. S. M.

PERSONAL SKETCHES

MY FAMILY CONNECTIONS.

Family Mansion described—Library—Garden—Anecdotes of my Family—State of Landlord and Tenant in 1760—The Gout—Ignorance of the Peasantry—Extraordinary Anomaly in the Loyalty and Disloyalty of the Irish Country Gentlemen as to James I., Charles I., Charles II., James II., and William—Ancient Toasts—My Great-Grandfather, Colonel John Barrington, hanged on his own Gate; but saved by Edward Doran, Trooper of King James—Irish Customs, Anecdotes, &c.

I WAS born at Knapton, near Abbeyleix, in Queen's county, at that time the seat of my father, but now of Sir George Piggott. I am the third son and fourth child of John Barrington, who had himself neither brother nor sister; and at the period of my birth, my immediate connections were thus circumstanced.

My family, by ancient parents, by marriages, and by inheritance from their ancestors, possessed very extensive landed estates in Queen's county, and had almost unlimited influence over its population, returning two members to the Irish parliament for Ballynakill, then a close borough.

Cullenaghmore, the mansion where my ancestors had resided from the reign of James I., was then occupied by my grandfather, Colonel John Barrington. He had adopted me as soon as I was born, brought me to Cullenaghmore, and with him I resided until his death.

That old mansion (the Great house as it was called, exhibited altogether an uncouth mass, warring with every rule of symmetry in architecture. The original castle had been demolished, and its materials converted into a much worse purpose; the front of the edifice which succeeded it was particularly ungraceful; a Saracen's head (our crest) in colored brick-work being its only ornament, while some of the rooms inside were wainscoted with brown oak, others with red deal, and some not at all. The walls of the large hall were decked (as is customary) with fishing-rods, fire-arms, stags' horns, foxes' brushes, powder-flasks, shot-pouches, nets, and dog-collars; here and there relieved by the extended skin of a kite or a kingfisher, nailed up in the vanity of their destroyers: that of a monstrous eagle, which impressed itself indelibly on my mind, surmounted the chimney-piece, accompanied by a card announcing the name of its slaughterer—"Alexander Barrington;"—who, not being a *rich* relation, was subsequently entertained in the Great house two years, as a compliment for his present. A large parlor on each side of the hall, the only embellishments of which were some old portraits, and a multiplicity of hunting, shooting, and racing prints, with red tape nailed round them by way of frames, completed the reception-rooms; and as I was the only child in the house, and a most inquisitive brat, every different article was explained to me.

I remained here till I was nine years old; I had no play fellows to take off my attention from whatever I observed or was taught; and so strongly do those early impressions remain engraven on my memory, naturally most retentive, that even at this long distance of time, I fancy I can see the entire place as it stood then, with its old inhabitants moving before me;—their faces I most clearly recollect.

The library was a gloomy closet, and rather scantily furnished with everything but dust and cobwebs: there were neither chairs nor tables; but I can not avoid recollecting many of the principal books, because I read such of them as I could comprehend, or as were amusing; and looked over all the prints in them a hundred times. While trying to copy these prints they made an indelible impression upon me; and hence I feel confident of the utility of embellishments in any book intended for the instruction of children. I possessed many of the books long after my grandfather's death, and have some of them still. I had an insatiable passion for reading from my earliest days, and it has occupied the greater portion of my later life. Gulliver's Travels, Robinson Crusoe, Fairy Tales, and the History of the Bible, all with numerous plates, were my favorite authors and constant amusement: I believed every word of them except the fairies, and was not entirely skeptical as to those good people neither.

I fancy there was then but little variety in the libraries of most country-gentlemen; and I mention as a curiosity, the following volumes, several of which, as already stated, I retained many years after my grandfather and grandmother died:—The Journals of the House of Commons; Clarendon's History; The Spectator and Guardian; Killing no Murder; The Patriot King; Bailey's Dictionary; some of Swift's Works; George Falkner's newspapers; Quintus Curtius in English; Bishop Burnet; A Treatise on Tar-water, by some bishop; Robinson Crusoe; Hudibras; History of the Bible in folio; Nelson's Fasts and Feasts; Fairy Tales; The History of Peter Wilkins; Glums and Gouries; somebody's Justice of Peace; and a multiplicity of farriery, sporting, and gardening books, &c., which I lost piecemeal, when making room for law-books—probably not half so good, but at least much more experimental.

Very few mirrors, in those days, adorned the houses of the country-gentlemen: a couple or three shaving-glasses, for the gentlemen, and a couple of pretty large dressing-glasses, in black frames, for the ladies' use, composed, I believe, nearly the entire stock of reflectors at my grandfather's except tubs of spring-water, which answered for the maid-servants.

A very large and productive, but not neatly-dressed-up garden, adjoined the house. The white-washed stone images; the broad flights of steps up and down; the terraces, with the round fish-pond, riveted my attention, and gave an impressive variety to this garden, which I shall ever remember, as well as many curious incidents which I have witnessed therein.

At the Great house all disputes among the tenants were then settled, quarrels reconciled, old debts arbitrated; a kind Irish landlord reigned despotic in the ardent affections of the tenantry, their pride and pleasure being to obey and to support him.

But there existed a happy reciprocity of interest. The landlord of that period protected the tenant by his influence; any wanton injury to a tenant being considered as an insult to the landlord; and if either of the landlord's sons were grown up, no time was lost by him in demanding satisfaction from any gentleman, for mal-treating even his father's blacksmith.

No gentleman of this degree ever distrained a tenant for rent: indeed the parties appeared to be quite united and knit together. The greatest abhorrenee, however, prevailed as to tithe proctors, coupled with no great predilection for the clergy who employed them. These latter certainly were, in principle and practice, the real country tyrants of that day, and first caused the assembling of the White Boys.

I have heard it often said that at the time I speak of, every estated gentleman in the Queen's county was *honored* by the gout. I have since considered thut its extraordinary prevalence was not difficult to be accounted for, by the disproportionate quantity of acid contained in their seductive beverage, called rum-shrub, which was then universally drunk in quantities nearly incredible, generally from supper-time till morning, by all country-gentlemen, as they said, to keep down their claret.

My grandfather could not refrain, and therefore he suffered well; he piqued himself on procuring, through the interest of Batty Lodge (a follower of the family who had married a Dublin grocer's widow), the very first importation of oranges and lemons to the Irish capital every season. Horse-loads of these, packed in boxes, were immediately sent to the Great house of Cullenaghmore; and no sooner did they arrive, than the good news of *fresh fruit* was communicated to the colonel's neighboring friends, accompanied by the usual invitation.

Night after night the revel afforded uninterrupted pleasure to the joyous gentry: the festivity being subsequently renewed at some other mansion, till the gout thought proper to put the whole party *hors de combat;* having the satisfaction of making cripples for a few months of such as he did not kill.

While the convivials bellowed with only toe or finger agonies, it was a mere bagatelle; but when Mr. Gout marched up the country, and invaded the head or the stomach, it was then called *no joke;* and Drogheda usquebaugh, the hottest distilled drinkable liquor ever invented, was applied to for aid, and generally drove the tormentor in a few minutes to his former quarters. It was, indeed, counted a specific; and I allude to it more particularly, as my poor grandfather was finished thereby.

It was his custom to sit under a very large branching bay-tree in his arm-chair, placed in a fine, sunny aspect at the entrance to the garden. I particularly remember his cloak, for I kept it twelve years after his death; it was called a *cartouche* cloak, from a famous French robber who, it was said, invented it for his gang for the purposes of evasion. It was made of very fine broadcloth, of a bright blue color on one side, and a bright scarlet on the other; so that on being turned, it might deceive even a vigilant pursuer.

There my grandfather used to sit of a hot sunny day, receive any rents he could collect, and settle any accounts which his indifference on that head permitted him to think of.

At one time he suspected a young rogue of having slipped some money off his table when paying rent; and therefore, when afterward the tenants began to count out their money, he used to throw the focus of his large reading-glass upon their hands: the smart, without any visible cause, astonished the ignorant creatures! they shook their hands, and thought it must be the devil who was scorching them. The priest was let into the secret: he seriously told them all it *was* the devil, who had mistaken them for the fellow that had stolen the money from the colonel; but that if he (the priest) was *properly considered,* he would say as many masses as would bother fifty devils, were it necessary. The priest got his fee; and another farthing never was taken from my grandfather.

He was rather a short man, with a large red nose—strong made; and wore an immense white wig, such as the portraits give to Dr. Johnson. He died at eighty-six years of age, of shrub-gout and usquebaugh, beloved and respected. I cried heartily for him; and then became the favorite of my grandmother, the best woman in the world, who went to reside in Dublin, and prepare me for college.

Colonel John Barrington, my great-grandfather, for some time before his death, and after I was born, resided at Ballyroan. My grandfather having married Margaret, the daughter of Sir John Byrne, Bart., had taken to the estates and mansion, and gave an annuity to my great-grandfather, who died, one hundred and four years old, of a fever, having never shown any of the usual decrepitudes or defects of age—he was the most respectable man by tradition of my family, and for more than seventy years a parliament man.

Sir John Byrne, Bart., my maternal great-grandfather, lived at his old castle, Timogee, almost adjoining my grandfather Barrington: his domains, close to Stradbally, were nearly the most beautiful in Queen's county. On his decease, his widow Lady Dorothea Byrne, an Englishwoman, whose name had been Warren, I believe a grand-aunt to the late Lady Bulkley, resided there till her death; having previously seen her son give one of the first and most deeply-to-be-regretted instances of what is called forming English connections. Sir John Byrne, my grand-uncle, having gone to England, married the heiress of the Leycester family; the very name of Ireland was then odious to the English gentry; and previous terms were made with him, that his children should take the cognomen of Leycester, and drop that of Byrne; that he should quit Ireland, sell all his paternal estates there, and become an Englishman. He assented; and the last Lord Shelburne purchased, for less than half their value, all his fine estates, of which the marquis of Landsdown is now the proprietor.

After the father's death, the son became, of course, Sir Peter Leycester, the predecessor of the present Sir John Fleming Leycester: thus the family of Byrne, descended from a long line of Irish princes and chieftains, condescended to become little among the rank of English commoners; and so ended the connection between the Byrnes and Barringtons.

My mother was the daughter of Patrick French, of Peterswell, county of Galway, wherein he had large estates: my grandmother (his wife) was one of the last remaining to the first house of the ancient O'Briens. Her brother, my great-uncle, Donatus, also emigrated to England, and died fifteen or sixteen years since, at his mansion, Blatherwick, in Cheshire, in a species of voluntary obscurity, inconsistent with his birth and large fortune. He left great hereditary estates in both countries to the enjoyment of his *mistress*, excluding the legitimate branches of his family from all claims upon the manors or demesnes of their ancestors. The law enabled him to do what a due sense of justice and pride would have interdicted.

The anomaly of political principles among the Irish country-gentlemen at that period was very extraordinary. They professed what they called "*unshaken loyalty;*" and yet they were unqualified partisans of Cromwell and William, two decided *usurpers*, one of them having dethroned his father-in-law, and the other decapitated his king.

The fifth of November was celebrated in Dublin for the preservation of a Scottish king from gunpowder in London; then the thirtieth of January was much approved of by a great number of Irish, as the anniversary of making his son, Charles I. shorter by the head; and then the very same Irish celebrated the restoration of Charles II. who was twice as bad as his father; and while they rejoiced in putting a crown upon the head of the son of the king who could not quietly keep his own head on, they never failed to drink bumpers to the memory of *Old Noll*, who had cut that king's head off. To conclude, in order to commemorate the whole story, and make their children remember it, they dressed up a fat calf's head on every anniversary of King Charles's throat being cut, and with a smoked ham placed by the side of it, all parties partook thereof most happily, washing down the emblem and its accompaniment with as much claret as they could hold.

Having thus proved their loyalty to James I. and their attachment to his son's murderer, and then their loyalty to one of his grandsons, to another of whom they were disloyal, they next proceeded to celebrate the birthday of William of Orange, a Dutchman, who turned their king, his father-in-law, out of the country, and who, in all probability, would have given the Irish another calf's head for their celebration, if his said father-in-law had not got out of the way with the utmost expedition, and gone to live upon charity in France, with the natural enemies of the British nation.

One part of the Irish people then invented a toast, called, "The glorious, pious, and immortal memory of William, the Dutchman;" while another raised a counter toast, called, "The memory of the chestnut horse," that broke the neck of the same King William.* But in my mind (if I am to judge of past times by the corporation of Dublin) it was only to coin an excuse for getting loyally drunk as often as possible, that they were so enthusiastically fond of *making sentiments,* as they called them.†

As to the politics of my family, we had, no doubt, some very substantial reasons for being both Cromwellians and Williamites; the one confirmed our grants, and the other preserved them for us: my family, indeed, had certainly not only those, but other very especial reasons to be pleased with King William; and though he gave them nothing, they kept what they had, which might have been lost but for his usurpation.

During the short reign of James II. in Ireland, those who were not for him were considered to be against him, and of course were subject to the severities and confiscations usual in all civil wars. Among the rest, my great-grandfather, Colonel John Barrington, being a protestant, and having no predilection for King James, was ousted from his mansion and estates at Cullenaghmore by one O'Fagan, a Jacobite wigmaker and violent partisan, from Ballynakill. He was, notwithstanding, rather respectfully treated, and was allowed forty pounds a year so long as he behaved himself.

However, he only behaved well for a couple of months; at the end of which time, with a party of his faithful tenants, he surprised the wig-maker, turned him out of possession in his turn, and repossessed himself of his mansion and estates.

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*King William's neck was not broken, but it was said that he got a fall from a chestnut-horse, which hurt him inwardly, and hastened his dissolution.

† Could his majesty, King William, learn in the other world that he has been the cause of more broken heads and drunken men, since his departure than all his predecessors, he must be the proudest ghost and most conceited skeleton that ever entered the gardens of Elysium.

The wig-maker, having escaped to Dublin, laid his complaint before the authorities; and a party of soldiers were ordered to make short work of it, if the colonel did not submit on the first summons.

The party demanded entrance, but were refused; and a little firing from the windows of the mansion took place. Not being, however, tenable, it was successfully stormed: the old gamekeeper, John Neville, killed, and my great-grandfather taken prisoner, conveyed to the drum-head at Raheenduff, tried as a rebel by a certain Cornet M'Mahon, and in due form ordered to be hanged in an hour.

At the appointed time, execution was punctually proceeded on; and so far as tying up the colonel to the cross-bar of his own gate, the sentence was actually put in force. But at the moment the first haul was given to elevate him, Ned Doran, a tenant of the estate, who was a trooper in King James's army, rode up to the gate—himself and horse in a state of complete exhaustion. He saw with horror his landlord strung up, and exclaimed:—

"Holloa! Holloa! blood and ouns, boys! cut down the colonel! cut down the colonel! or ye'll be all hanged yeerselves, ye villains of the world, ye! I am straight from the Boyne Water, through thick and thin: ough, by the hokys! we're all cut up and kilt to the devil and back agin—Jammy's scampered, bad luck to him, without a 'good bye to yees!' or, 'kiss my r—p!' or the least civility in life!"

My grandfather's hangmen lost no time in getting off, leaving the colonel slung fast by the neck to the gate-posts. But Doran soon cut him down, and fell on his knees to beg pardon of his landlord, the holy Virgin, and King William from the Boyne Water.

The colonel obtained the trooper pardon, and he was ever after a faithful adherent. He was the grandfather of Lieutenant-Colonel Doran, of the Irish brigade, afterward, if I recollect rightly, of the 47th regiment—the officer who cut a German colonel's head clean off in the mess-room at Lisbon, after dinner, with one slice of his sabre. He dined with me repeatedly at Paris about six years since, and was the most disfigured warrior that could possibly be imagined. When he left Cullenaugh for the continent, in 1783, he was as fine a clever-looking young farmer as could be seen; but he had been blown up once or twice in storming batteries, which, with a few gashes across his features, and the obvious aid of numerous pipes of wine, or something not weaker, had so spoiled his beauty, that he had become of late absolutely frightful.

This occurrence of my great-grandfather fixed the political creed of my family. On the first of July, the orange lily was sure to garnish every window in the mansion: the hereditary petereroes scarcely ceased cracking all the evening, to glorify the victory of the Boyne Water, till one of them burst, and killed the gardener's wife, who was tying an orange riband round the mouth of it, which she had *stopped*, for fear of *accident*

The tenantry, though to a man papists and at that time nearly in a state of slavery, joined heart and hand in these rejoicings, and forgot the victory of their enemy while commemorating the rescue of their landlord. A hundred times have I heard the story repeated by the "Cotchers," as they sat crouching on their hams, like Indians, around the big turf fire. Their only lament was for the death of old John Neville, the gamekeeper. His name I should well remember; for it was his grandson's wife, Debby Clarke, who nursed me.

This class of stories and incidents was well calculated to make indelible impressions on the mind of a child, and has never left mine. The old people of Ireland (like the Asiatics) took the greatest delight in repeating their legendary tales to the children, by which constant repetition their old stories became in fact hereditary, and I dare say neither gained nor lost a single sentence in the recital for a couple of hundred years.

The massacres of Queen Elizabeth were quite familier to them; and by an ancient custom of everybody throwing a stone on the spot where any celebrated murder had been committed, upon a certain day every year, it is wonderful what mounds were raised in numerous places, which no person but such as were familiar with the customs of the poor creatures, would ever be able to account for.

ELIZABETH FITZGERALD.

My Great-Aunt Elizabeth—Besieged in her Castle of Moret—My Uncle seized and hanged before the Walls—Attempted Abduction of Elizabeth, whose Forces surprise the Castle of Reuben—Severe Battle.

A GREAT aunt of mine, Elizabeth Fitzgerald, whose husband, Stephen, possessed the castle of Moret, near Bally-Brittis and not very far from Cullenagh, did not fare quite so well as my great-grandfather, before mentioned.

She and her husband held their castle firmly during the troubles. They had forty good warders; their local enemies had no cannon, and but few guns. The warders, protected by the battlements, pelted their adversaries with large stones, when they ventured to approach the walls; and in front ot each of that description of castles, there was a hole perpendicularly over the entrance, wherefrom any person, himself unseen, could drop down every species of defensive material upon assailants.

About the year 1690, when Ireland was in a state of great disorder, and no laws were really regarded, numerous factious bodies were formed in every part of the country to claim old rights, and take possession of estates under legal pretences.

My uncle and aunt or rather my aunt and uncle (for she was said to be far the most effective of the two) at one time suffered the enemy (who were of the faction of the O'Cahils, and who claimed my uncle's property, which they said Queen Elizabeth had turned them out of) to approach the gate in the night time. There was neither outworks nor wet fosse; the assailants, therefore, counting upon victory, brought fire to consume the gate, and so gain admittance. My aunt, aware of their designs, drew all her warders to one spot, large heaps of great stones being ready to their hands at the top of the castle.

When the O'Cahils had got close to the gate, and were directly under the loop-hole, on a sudden, streams of boiling water, heated in the castle coppers, came showering down upon the heads of the crowd below: this extinguished their fire, and cruelly scalded many of the besiegers.

The scene may be conceived which was presented by a multitude of scalded wretches, on a dark night, under the power and within the reach of all offensive missiles. They attempted to fly; but while one part of the warders hurled volleys of weighty stones *beyond* them, to deter them from *retreating*, another party dropped stones more ponderous still on the heads of those who, for protection, crouched close under the castle-walls: the lady of the castle herself, meantime, and all her maids, assisting the chief body of the warders in pelting the Jacobites with every kind of destructive missile, till all seemed pretty still; and whenever a groan was heard, a volley quickly ended the troubles of the sufferer.

The old traditionists of the country often told me, that at daybreak there was lying above one hundred of the assailants under the castle-walls—some scalded, some battered to pieces, and many lamed so as to have no power of moving off: but my good aunt kindly ordered them all to be put out of their misery, as fast as ropes and a long gallows, erected for their sakes, could perform that piece of humanity.

After the victory, the warders had a feast on the castle-top, whereat each of them recounted his own feats. Squire Fitzgerald, who was a quiet and easy man, and hated fighting, and who had told my aunt at the beginning, that they would surely kill him, having seated himself all night peaceably under one of the parapets, was quite delighted when the fray was over. He had walked out into his garden outside the wall to take some tranquil air, when an ambuscade of the hostile survivors surrounded and carried him off. In vain his warders sallied—the squire was gone past all redemption!

It was supposed he had paid his debts to nature—if any he owed—when, next day, a large body of the O'Cahil faction appeared near the castle. Their force was too great to be attacked by the warders, who durst not sally; and the former assault had been too calamitous to the O'Cahils to warrant them in attempting another. Both were therefore standing at bay, when, to the great joy of the garrison, Squire Fitzgerald was produced, and one of the assailants with a white cloth on a pike, advanced to parley.

The lady attended his proposals, which were very laconic. "I'm a truce, lady! Look here," showing the terrified squire, "we have your husband in hault—yee's have yeer castle, *sure* enough. Now we'll change, if you please: we'll render the squire and you'll render the keep; and if yees won't do that same, the squire will be throttled before your two eyes in half an hour."

"Flag of truce!" said the heroine, with due dignity and without hesitation; "mark the words of Elizabeth Fitzgerald, of Moret castle: they may serve for your own wife upon some future occasion. Flag of truce; I *won't* render my keep, and I'll tell you why—Elizabeth Fitzgerald may get another husband, but Elizabeth Fitzgerald may never get another castle: so I'll keep what I have, and if you can't get off faster than your legs can readily carry you, my warders will try which is hardest, your skull or a stone bullet."

The O'Cahils kept their word, and old Squire Stephen Fitzgerald, in a short time, was seen dangling and performing various evolutions in the air, to the great amusement of the Jacobites, the mortification of the warders, and chagrin (which however was not without mixture of consolation) of my great-aunt, Elizabeth.

This magnanimous lady, after Squire Stephen had been duly cut down, waked and deposited in a neighboring garden, conceived that she might enjoy her castle with tranquillity; but, to guard against every chance, she replenished her stony magazine; had a wide trench dug before the gate of the castle; and pit-falls, covered with green sods, having sharp stakes driven within, scattered round it on every side—the passage through these being only known to the faithful warders. She contrived, besides, a species of defence that I have not seen mentioned in the Pecata Hibernia, or any of the murderous annals of Ireland: it consisted of a heavy beam of wood, well loaded with iron at the bottom, and suspended by a pulley and cord at the top of the castle, and which, on any future assault, she could let down through the projecting hole over the entrance;

alternately, with the aid of a few strong warders above, raising and letting it drop smash among the enemy who attempted to gain admittance below, thereby pounding them as if with a pestle and mortar, without the power of resistance on their part.

The castle vaults were well victualled, and at all events could safely defy any attacks of hunger; and as the enemy had none of those despotic engines called cannon, my aunt's garrison were in all points in tolerable security. Indeed, fortunately for Elizabeth, there was not a single piece of ordnance in the country, except those few which were mounted in the fort of Dunnally, or travelled with the king's army: and, to speak truth, firearms then would have been of little use, since there was not sufficient gunpowder among the people to hold an hour's hard fighting.

With these, and some interior defences, Elizabeth imagined herself well-armed against all marauders, and quietly awaited a change of times and a period of general security.

Close to the castle there was, and I believe still remains, a dribbling stream of water, in which there is a large stone with a deep indenture on the top. It was always full of limpid water, and called St. Bridget's well, that holy woman having been accustomed daily to kneel in prayer on one knee till she wore a hole in the top of the granite by the cap of her pious joint.

To this well, old Jug Ogie, the oldest piece of furniture in Moret castle (she was an hereditary cook), daily went for the purpose of drawing the most sacred crystal she could, wherewith to boil her mistress's dinner; and also, as the well was naturally consecrated, it saved the priest a quantity of trouble in preparing holy water for the use of the warders.

On one of these sallies of old Jug, some fellows (who, as it afterward appeared, had with a very deep design lain in ambush) seized and were carrying her off, when they were perceived by one of the watchmen from the tower, who instantly gave an alarm, and some warders sallied after them. Jug was rescued, and the enemy fled through the swamps; but not before one of them had his head divided into two equal parts by the hatchet of Keeran Karry, who was always at the head of the warders, and the life and soul of the whole garrison.

The dead man turned out to be the son of Andrew M'Mahon, a faction man of Reuben; but nobody could then guess the motive for endeavoring to carry off old Jug. However, that matter soon became developed.

Elizabeth was accounted to be very rich, the cleverest woman of her day, and she had a large demense into the bargain: and finding the sweets of independence, she refused matrimonial offers from many quarters; but as her castle was, for those days, a durably safe residence, such as the auctioneers of the present time would denominate *a genuine, undeniable mansion*, the country squires determined she *should* marry one of them, since marry willingly she would not—but they nearly fell to loggerheads who should *run away* with her. Almost every one of them had previously put the question to her by *flag of truce*, as they all stood in too much awe of the lady to do it personally; and at length, teased by their importunities, she gave notice of her intention to hang the next flag of truce who brought any such impudent proposals.

Upon this information, they finally agreed to decide by lot who should be the hero to surprise and carry off Elizabeth, which was considered a matter of danger on account of the warders, who would receive no other commandant.

Elizabeth got wind of their design and place of meeting, which was to be in the old castle of Reuben, near Athy. Eleven or twelve of the squires privately attended at the appointed hour, and it was determined that whoever should be the lucky winner, was to receive the aid and assistance of the others in bearing away the prize, and gaining her hand. To this effect, a league offensive and defensive was entered between them—one part of which went to destroy Elizabeth's warders, root and branch; and, to forward their object, it was desirable, if possible, to procure some inmate of the castle, who, by fair or foul means, would inform them of the best mode of entry; this caused the attempt to carry off old Jug Ogle.

However, they were not long in want of a spy: for Elizabeth, hearing of their plan from the gassoon of Reuben (a nephew of Jug's) determined to take advantage of it. "My lady," said Jug Ogie, "pretend to turn me adrift in a dark night, and give out that my gassoon here was found robbing you—they'll soon get wind of it, and I'll be the very person the squires want, and then you'll hear all."

The matter was agreed on, and old Jug Ogie and the gassoon were turned out, as thieves, to the great surprise of the warders and the country. But Jug was found and hired as she expected; and soon comfortably seated in the kitchen at Castle Reuben, with the gassoon, whom she took in as a kitchen-boy. She gave her tongue its full fling, told a hundred stories about her "devil of a mistress," and undertook to inform the squires of the best way to get to her apartment.

Elizabeth was now sure to learn everything so soon as determined on. The faction had arranged all matters for the capture: the night of its execution approached; the old cook prepared a good supper for the quality, the squires arrived, and the gassoon had to run only three miles to give the lady the intelligence. Twelve cavaliers attended, each accompanied by one of the ablest of his faction, for they were all afraid of each other whenever the wine should rise upward.

The lots, being formed of straw of different lengths, were held by the host, who was disinterested, and the person of Elizabeth, her fortune, and Moret castle, fell to the lot of Cromarty O'Moore, one of the Cremorgan squires, and according to tradition, as able-bodied, stout a man as any in the whole county. The rest all swore to assist him till death; and one in the morning was the time appointed for the surprise of Elizabeth and her castle—while in the meantime they began to enjoy the good supper of old Jug Ogie.

Castle Reuben had been one of the strongest places in the county, situated in the midst of a swamp, which rendered it nearly inaccessible. It had belonged to a natural son of one of the Geraldines, who had his throat cut by a gamekeeper of his own; and nobody choosing to interfere with the sportsman, he remained peaceably in possession of the castle, and now accommodated the squires with it during their plot against Elizabeth.

That heroic dame, on her part, was not inactive; she informed her warders of the scheme to force a new master on her and them; and many a round oath she swore (with corresponding gesticulations, the description of which could not be over-agreeable to modern readers) that she never would grant her favors to man, but preserve her castle and her chastity to the last extremity.

The warders took fire at the attempt of the squires. They always detested the defensive system; and probably to that hatred may be attributed a few of the robberies, burglaries, and burnings, which in those times were little more than occasional pastimes.

"Arrah! lady," said Keeran Karry, "how many rogues 'ill there be at Reuben, as you larn, to-night?—arrah!"

"I hear only four-and-twenty," said Elizabeth, "besides the M'Mahons."

"Right, a'nuff," said Keeran, "the fish in the Barrow must want food this hard weather; and I can't see why the rump of a rapparee may not make as nice a tit-bit for them as anything else."

All then began to speak together, and join most heartily in the meditated attack.

"Arrah! run for the priest," says Ned Regan, "may be you'd like a touch of his reference's office first, for fear there might be any sin in it."

"I thought you'd like him with your brandy, warders," said Elizabeth, with dignity; "I have him below; he's praying a little, and will be up directly. The whole plan is ready for you, and Jug Ogie has the signal. Here, Keeran," giving him a green riband, with a daub of old Squire Fitzgerald, who was hanged, dangling to the riband, "if you and the warders do not bring me their captain's ear, you have neither the courage of a weasel, nor—nor" (striking her breast hard with her able hand) "even the revenge of a woman in you."

"Arrah, be asy, my lady!" said Keeran, "be asy! by my sowl, we'll bring you four-and-twenty pair, if your ladyship have any longing for the ears of such villains."

"Now, warders," said Elizabeth, who was too cautious to leave her castle totally unguarded, as we are going to be just, let us be also generous; there's only twenty-four of them, besides the M'Mahons will be there. Now it would be an eternal disgrace to Moret, if we went to overpower them by numbers: twenty-four chosen warders, Father Murphy, and the corporal, the gassoon and the piper, are all that shall leave the castle to-night; and if Castle Reuben is let to stand till daybreak to-morrow, I hope, none of you will come back to me again."

The priest now made his appearance; he certainly seemed rather as if he had not been idle below during the colloquy on the leads; and the deep impressions upon the bottle which he held in his hand, gave grounds to suppose that he had been very busy and earnest in his devotions.

"My flock!" said Father Murphy, rather lispingly.

"Arrah!" said Keeran Karry, "we're not sheep to-night: never mind your flocks just now, father! give us a couple of glasses apiece!—time enough for mutton-making."

"You are right, my chickens!" bellowed forth Father Murphy, throwing his old black surtout over his shoulder, leaving the empty sleeves dangling at full liberty, and putting a knife and fork in his pocket for ulterior operations: "I forgive every mother's babe of you everything you choose to do till sunrise: but if you commit any sin after that time, as big even as the blacks of my nele, I can't take charge of yeer sowls, without a chance of disappointing you."

All was now in a bustle:—the brandy circulated merrily, and each warder had in his own mind made mince-meat of three or four of the Reuben faction, whose ears they fancied already in their pockets. The priest marked down the "De profundis" in the leaves of his double manual, to have it ready for the burials;—every man took his skeen in his belt—had a thick club, with a strong spike at the end of it, slung with a stout leather thong to his wrist; and under his coat, a sharp broad hatchet, with a black blade and a crooked handle. And thus, in silence, the twenty-five Moret warders set out with their priest, the piper, and the gassoon with a copper-pot slung over his shoulders, and a piece of poker in his hand, on their expedition to the castle of Reuben.

Before twelve o'clock, the warders, the priest, Keeran Karry, and the castle-piper, had arrived in the utmost silence and secrecy. In that sort of large inhabited castle, the principal entrance was through the farm-yard, which was, indeed, generally the only assailable quarter. In the present instance, the gate was half open, and the house lights appeared to have been collected in the rear, as was judged from their reflection in the water of the Barrow, which ran close under the windows. A noise was heard, but not of drunkenness; it was a sound as if for preparation for battle. Now and then a clash of steel, as if persons were practising at the sword or skeen for the offensive, was going forward in the hall; and a loud laugh was occasionally heard. The warders foresaw it would not be so easy a business as they had contemplated, and almost regretted that they had not brought a less chivalrous numerical force.

It was concerted that ten men should creep upon their hands and feet to the front entrance, and await there until, by some accident, it might be sufficiently open for the ferocious rush which was to surprise their opponents.

But Keeran, always discreet, had some forethought that more than usual caution would be requisite. He had counted on dangers which the others had never dreamed of, and his prudence, in all probability, saved the lives of many of the warders. He preceded his men, crawling nearly on his breast; he had suspected that a dog overheard them, and a bark soon confirmed the truth of that suspicion, and announced the possibility of discovery. Keeran, however, was prepared for this circumstance; he had filled his pockets with pieces of bacon, impregnated with a concentrated preparation of nux vomica, then, and at a much later period, well known to the clergy and spirituals, I can not tell for what purpose, nor shall I here inquire. Its effect on dogs was instantaneous; and the savory bacon having rendered them quite greedy to devour it, it had now an immediate effect on two great mastiffs and a wolf-dog who roamed about the yard at night. On taking each a portion, they quickly resigned their share of the contest without further noise.

Keeran advanced crawling to the door; he found it fast, but having listened, he soon had reason to conjecture that the inmates were too well-armed and numerous to make the result of the battle at all certain. He crept back to the hedge, and having informed the warders of the situation in which they were placed, they one and all swore they would enter or die. The priest had lain himself down under a hay-stack in the outer hay-yard, and the piper had retired nobody knew where, nor in fact did anybody care much about him, as he was but a very indifferent chanter.

Keeran now desired the warders to handle their hatchets, and be prepared for an attack so soon as they should see the front door open and hear three strokes on the copper kettle. The gassoon had left that machine on a spot which he had described near the gate, and Keeran requested that, in case of any fire, they should not mind it till the kettle sounded. He then crawled away, and they saw no more of him.

The moments were precious, and seemed to advance too fast. At one o'clock a body armed possibly better than themselves, and probably more numerous, would surely issue from the castle on their road to Moret, well prepared for combat. The result in such a case might be very precarious. The warders by no means felt pleased with their situation; and the absence of their leader, priest, and piper, gave no additional ideas of conquest or security. In this state of things near half an hour had elapsed, when of a sudden they perceived, on the side of the hay-yard toward their own position, a small blaze of fire issue from the corn-stalk—in a moment another, and another! The conflagration was most impetuous; it appeared to be devouring everything, but as yet was not perceived by the inmates at the rear of the house. At length volumes of flame illuminated by reflection the waters of the river under the back windows. The warders now expecting the sally rubbed their hands well with bees'-wax, and grasped tightly their hatchets, yet moved not: breathless, with a ferocious anxiety, they awaited the event in almost maddening suspense.

A loud noise now issued from the interior of the house: the fire was perceived by the garrison—still it might be accidental—the front door was thrown open, and near thirty of the inmates poured out, some fully, others not fully armed. They rushed into the hay-yard—some cried out it was "treachery!" while others vociferated "Accident! accident!" All was confusion, and many a stout head afterward paid for its incredulity.

At that moment the copper kettle was beaten rapidly and with force: a responsive sound issued from the house—the garrison hesitated, but hesitation was quickly banished; for on the first blow of the kettle the warders, in a compact body, with hideous yells, rushed on the astonished garrison, who had no conception who their enemies could be. Every hatchet found its victim; limbs, features, hands, were chopped off without mercy—death or dismemberment followed nearly every blow of that brutal weapon, while the broad sharp skeens soon searched the bodies of the wounded, and almost half the garrison were annihilated before they were aware of the foe by whom they had been surprised. The survivors, however, soon learned the cause (perhaps merited) of their comrades' slaughter. The war-cry of "A Gerald! a Gerald! a Gerald!"—which now accompanied every crash of the murderous hatchet, or every plunge of the broad-bladed skeen, informed them who they were fighting with; fifteen or sixteen still remained unwounded of the garrison—their case was desperate. Keeran Karry now headed his warders. The gassoon rapidly and fiercely struck the copper, in unison with the sound of the fatal weapons, while the old and decrepit Jug Ogie, within the castle, repeated the same sound, thereby leading the garrison to believe that to retreat inside the walls would only be to encounter a fresh enemy.

The affair, however, was far from being finished; the survivors rapidly retired, and got in a body to the position first occupied by Keeran's warders. They were desperate, they knew they must die, and determined not to go alone to the other regions. The flames still raged with irresistible fury in the hay-yard. It was Keeran who had set fire to the corn and hay, which materials produced an almost supernatural height of blaze and impetuosity of conflagration. The survivors of the garrison were at once fortified, and concealed from view, by a high holly hedge, and awaited their turn to become assailants; it soon arrived. From the midst of burning ricks in the hay-yard a shrill and piercing cry was heard to issue, of "Ough, murther—murther! the devil—the devil! ough Holy Virgin, save me! if there is any marcy, save me!" The voice was at once recognised by the warriors of Moret, as that of their priest, Ned Murphy, who had fallen asleep under a hay-stack, and never awakened till the flames had seized upon his cloak. Bewildered, he knew not how to escape, being met, wherever he ran, by crackling masses. He roared and cursed to the full extent of his voice: and gave himself up for lost, though fortunately, as the materials of his habit did not associate with flame, he was not dangerously burned, although he suffered somewhat in his legs. No sooner did they perceive his situation, than the warders, each man forgetting himself, rushed to save their "clergy," on whom they conceived their own salvation entirely to depend. They now imagined that the fight was ended, and prepared to enjoy themselves by the plunder of Castle Reuben.

This was the moment for the defeated garrison; with a loud yell of "A Moore, a Moore! a Moore!" they fell in their turn upon the entangled warders in the hay-yard, five of whom had been wounded, and one killed in the first fray, while many had subsequently thrown down their hatchets to receive their pastor, and had only their spikes and skeens wherewith to defend themselves. The battle now became more serious, because more doubtful than at its commencement. Several of the warders were wounded, and four more lay dead at the entrance to the hay-yard; their spirit was dashed, and their adversaries laid on with the fury of desperation. Keeran Karry had received two sword-thrusts through his shoulder and could fight no more; but he could do better, he could command. He called to the warders to retreat and take possession of the castle, which was now untenanted; this step saved them; they retired hither with all possible rapidity, pursued by the former garrison of the place, who however were not able to enter with them, but killed another man before the doors were fast closed. Keeran directed the thick planks and flag-stones to be torn up, thereby leaving the hall open to the cellar beneath, as had been done at Moret. The enemy were at bay at the door, and could not advance, but, on the other hand, many of the warders having, as we before stated, flung away their hatchets, were ill-armed. The moment was critical: Keeran, however, was never at a loss for some expedient; he counted his men; five had been killed in the hay-yard, and one just outside the walls; several others were wounded, among whom was the piper, who had been asleep. Keeran told the warders that he feared the sun might rise on their destruction, if something were not immediately done. "Are there," said he, "five among ye, who are willing to swap your lives for the victory?" Every man cried out for himself—and "I!—I!—I!"—echoed through the hall. "Well!" said Keeran, who without delay directed five men and the gassoon with the copper kettle, to steal out at the back of the castle, creep through the hedges, and get round directly into the rear of the foe before they attacked; having succeeded in which, they were immediately to advance beating the vessel strongly. "They will suppose," said the warlike Keeran, "that it is a reinforcement, and we shall then return the sound from within. If they believe it to be a reinforcement, they will submit to mercy; if not, we'll attack them front and rear, and as our numbers are pretty equal, very few of us on either side will tell the story to our childer! but we'll have as good a chance as them villains."

This scheme was carried into immediate execution, and completely succeeded. The enemy, who were now grouped outside the door, hearing the kettle in the rear, supposed that they should be at once attacked by a sally and from behind. Thinking that they had now only to choose between death and submission, the mercy which was offered, they accepted; and peep-o'day being arrived, the vanquished agreed to throw their arms into the well—to swear before the priest that they never would disturb, or aid in disturbing, Lady Elizabeth, or the castle of Moret—that no man on either side, should be called upon by law for his fighting that night; and finally, that the person who had succeeded in drawing the lot for Elizabeth, should deliver up the lock of his hair that grew next his ear to testify his submission: this latter clause, however, was stipulated needlessly, as Cromarty O'Moore was discovered in the farm-yard, with nearly all his face cut off, and several skeen wounds in his arms and body. Early in the morning, the dead were buried without noise or disturbance, and both parties breakfasted together in perfect cordiality and good humor: those who fell were mostly tenants of the squires. The priest, having had his burnt legs and arm dressed with chewed herbs by Jug Ogie, said a full mass, and gave all parties a double absolution, as the affair was completed by the rising of the sun. The yard was cleared of blood and havoc; the warders and garrison parted in perfect friendship; and the former returned to the castle, bringing back Jug Ogie to her impatient mistress. Of the warders, thirteen returned safe; six remained behind badly wounded, and six were dead. Keeran's wounds were severe, but they soon healed; and Elizabeth afterward resided at Moret to a very late period in the reign of George I. Reuben soon changed its occupant, M'Mahon, who was hanged for the murder of his master: and that part of the country has since become one of the most civilized of the whole province.

I have given the foregoing little history in full, inasmuch as it is but little known, is strictly matter of fact, and exhibits a curious picture of the state of Irish society and manners in or about the year 1690.

IRISH GENTRY AND THEIR RETAINERS

Instances of Attachment formerly of the Lower Orders of Irish to the Gentry—A Field of Corn of my Father's reaped in one Night without his Knowledge—My Grandfather's Servants cut a Man's Ears off by Misinterpretation—My Grandfather and Grandmother tried for the Fact—Acquitted—The Colliers of Donane—Their Fidelity at my Election at Ballynakill, 1790.

THE numerous and remarkable instances, which came within my own observation, of mutual attachment between the Irish peasantry and their landlords in former times, would fill volumes. A few only will suffice, in addition to what has already been stated, to show the nature of that reciprocal good-will, which on many occasions was singularly useful to both: and in selecting these instances from such as occurred in my own family —I neither mean to play the vain egotist nor to determine generals by particulars, since good landlords and attached peasantry were then spread over the entire face of Ireland, and bore a great proportion to the whole country.

I remember that a very extensive field of corn of my father's had once become too ripe, inasmuch as all the reapers in the country were employed in getting in their own scanty crops before they shedded. Some of the servants had heard my father regret that he could not by possibility get in his reapers without taking them from these little crops, and that he would sooner lose his own.

This field was within full view of our windows. My father had given up the idea of being able to cut his corn in due time. One morning, when he rose, he could not believe his sight:—he looked—rubbed his eyes—called the servants, and asked them if they saw anything odd in the field:—they certainly did—for, on our family retiring to rest the night before, the whole body of the peasantry of the country, after their hard labor during the day, had come upon the great field, and had reaped and stacked it before dawn! None of them would even tell him who had a hand in it. Similar instances of affection repeatedly took place; and no tenant on any of the estates of my family was ever distrained, or even pressed, for rent. Their gratitude for this knew no bounds; and the only individuals who ever annoyed them were the parsons by their proctors, and the tax-gatherers for hearth-money; and though hard cash was scant with both landlord and tenant, and no small bank-notes had got into circulation, provisions were plentiful, and but little inconvenience was experienced by the peasantry from want of a circulating medium. There was constant residence and work: no banks and no machinery;—and though the people might not be quite so refined, most undoubtedly they were vastly happier.

But a much more characteristic proof than the foregoing of the extraordinary devotion of the lower to the higher orders in Ireland, in former times, occurred in my family and is on record.

My grandfather, Mr French, of County Galway, was a remarkably small, nice little man, but of an extremely irritable temperament. He was an excellent swordsman; and as was often the case in that county, proud to excess.

Some relics of feudal arrogance frequently set the neighbors and their adherents together by the ears;—my grandfather had conceived a contempt for, and antipathy to, a sturdy *half-mounted* gentleman, one Mr. Dennis Bodkin, who, having an independent mind, entertained an equal aversion to the arrogance of my grandfather, and took every possible opportunity of irritating and opposing him.

My grandmother, an O'Brien, was high and proud—steady and sensible; but disposed to be rather violent at times in her contempts and animosities and entirely agreed with her husband in his detestation of Mr. Dennis Bodkin.

On some occasion or other, Mr. Dennis had outdone his usual outdoings, and chagrined the squire and his lady most outrageously. A large company dined at my grandfather's and my grandmother launched out in her abuse of Dennis, concluding her exordium by an hyperbole of hatred expressed, but not at all meant, in these words: "I wish the fellow's ears were cut off! that might quiet him."

It passed over as usual: the subject was changed, and all went on comfortably till supper; at which time, when everybody was in full glee, the old butler Ned Regan (who had drank enough) came in:—joy was in his eye; and whispering something to his mistress which she did not comprehend, he put a large snuff-box into her hand. Fancying it was some whim of her old domestic, she opened the box and shook out its contents;—when lo! a considerable portion of a pair of bloody ears dropped on the table!—The horror and surprise of the company may be conceived; upon which old Ned exclaimed—"Sure, my lady, you wished that Dennis Bodkin's ears were cut off, so I told old Gahagan (the game-keeper) and he took a few boys with him, and brought back Dennis Bodkin's ears, and there they are; and I hope you are plazed, my lady!"

The scene may be imagined—but its results had like to have been of a more serious nature. The sportsman and the boys were ordered to get off as fast as they could; but my grandfather and grandmother were held to heavy bail, and were tried at the ensuing assizes at Galway. The evidence of the entire company, however, united in proving that my grandmother never had an idea of any such order, and that it was a mistake on the part of the servants. They were, of course, acquitted. The sportsman never reappeared in the county till after the death of Dennis Bodkin, which took place three years subsequently.

This anecdote may give the reader an idea of the devotion of servants, in those days, to their masters. The order of things is now reversed; and the change of times can not be better proved than by the propensity servants *now* have to rob (and, if convenient, murder) the families from whom they derive their daily bread. Where the remote error lies, I know not; but certainly the ancient fidelity of domestics seems be totally out of fashion with those gentry at present.

A more recent instance of the same feeling as that illustrated by the two former anecdotes—namely, the devotion of the country people to old settlers and families—occurred to myself, which, as I am upon the subject, I will now mention. I stood a contested election in the year 1790, for the borough af Ballynakill, for which my ancestors had returned two members to parliament during nearly two hundred years. It was usurped by the marquis of Drogheda, and I contested it.

On the day of the election, my eldest brother and myself being candidates, and the business preparing to begin, a cry was heard that the whole colliery was coming down from Donane, about ten miles off. The returning officer, Mr. French, lost no time: six voters were polled against me; mine were refused generally in mass. The books were repacked, and the poll declared—the election ended, and my opponents just retiring from the town—when seven or eight hundred colliers entered it with colors flying and pipers playing. Their faces were all blackened, and a more tremendous assemblage was scarce ever seen. After the usual shoutings, &c., the chief captain came up to me. "Counsellor dear!" said he, "we're all come from Donane to help your honor against the villains that oppose you: we're the boys that can *tittivate!*—Barrington for ever! hurra!" Then coming close to me, and lowering his tone, he added: "Counsellor, jewel! which of the villains shall we *settle first?*"

To quiet him, I shook his black hand, told him nobody should be hurt, and that the gentlemen had all left the town.

"Why then, counsellor," said he, "we'll be after overtaking them. Barrington for ever!—Donane, boys!"

I feared that I had no control over the riotous humor of the colliers, and knew but one mode of keeping them quiet. I desired Billy Howard, the innkeeper, to bring out all the ale he had; and having procured many barrels in addition, together with all the bread and cheese in the place, I set them at it as hard as might be. I told them I was sure of being elected in Dublin, and "*to stay asy*" (their own language); and in a little time I made them as tractable as lambs. They made a bonfire in the evening, and about ten o'clock I left them as happy and merry a set of colliers as ever existed. Such as were able strolled back in the night, and the others next morning, and not the slightest injury was done to any body or any thing.

This was a totally unexpected and voluntary proof of the disinterested and ardent attachment of the Irish country people to all whom they thought would protect or procure them justice

MY EDUCATION.

My Godfathers—Lord Maryborough—Personal Description and Extraordinary Character of Mr. Michael Lodge—My Early Education—At Home—At School—My Private Tutor, Rev. P. Crawley, described—Defects of the University Course—Lord Donoughmore's Father—Anecdote of the Vice-Provost—A Country Sportsman's Education.

My godfathers were Mr. Pool, of Ballyfin, and Captain Pigott, of Brocologh park; and I must have been a very pleasant infant, for Mr. Pool, having no children, desired to take me home with him, in which case I should probably have cut out of feather a very good person and a very kind friend—the present Lord Maryborough, whom Mr. Pool afterward adopted while a midshipman in the navy, and bequeathed him a noble demesne and a splendid estate near my father's. My family have always supported Lord Maryborough for Queen's county, and his lordship's tenants supported me in my hard-contested election for Maryborough in 1800.

No public functionary could act more laudably than Mr. Pool did while secretary in Ireland; and it must be a high gratification to him to reflect that, in the year 1800, he did not abet the degradation of his country.

Captain Pigott expressed the same desire to patronize me as Mr. Pool—received a similar refusal, and left his property, I believe, to a parcel of hospitals: while I was submitted to the guardianship of Colonel Jonah Barrington, and the instruction of Mr. Michael Lodge, a person of very considerable consequence in my early memoirs, and to whose ideas and eccentricities I really believe I am indebted for a great proportion of my own, and certainly not the worst of them.

Mr. George Lodge had married a love-daughter of old Stephen Fitzgerald, Esq., of Bally Thomas, who by affinity was a relative of the house of Cullenaghmore, and from this union sprang Mr. Michael Lodge.

I shall never forget his figure! He was a tall man, with thin legs and great hands, and was generally biting one of his nails while employed in teaching me. The top of his head was half bald; his hair was clubbed with a rose riband; a tight stock, with a large silver buckle to it behind, appeared to be almost choking him; his chin and jaws were very long—and he used to hang his under-jaw, shut one eye, and look up to the ceiling, when he was thinking or trying to recollect anything.

Mr. Michael Lodge had been what is called a matross in the artillery service. My grandfather had got him made a gauger; but he was turned adrift for letting a poor man do something wrong about distilling. He then became a land-surveyor and architect for the farmers: he could farry, cure cows of the murrain, had numerous secrets about cattle and physic, and was accounted the best bleeder and bonesetter in that county—all of which healing accomplishments he exercised gratis. He was also a famous brewer and accountant—in fine, was everything at Cullenagh—steward, agent, caterer, farmer, sportsman, secretary, clerk to the colonel as a magistrate, and also clerk to Mr. Barret as the parson: but he would not sing a stave in church, though he'd chant indefatigably in the hall. He had the greatest contempt for women, and used to beat the maid-servants; while the men durst not vex him, as he was quite despotic! He had a turning-lathe, a number of grinding-stones, and a carpenter's bench, in his room. He used to tin the saucepans, which act he called *chemistry;* and I have seen him, like a tailor, putting a new cape to his riding-coat! He made all sorts of nets, and knit stockings; but, above all, he piqued himself on the variety and depth of his *learning*.

Under the tuition of this Mr. Michael Lodge, who was surnamed "The wise man of Cullenaghmore," I was placed at four years of age, to learn as much of the foregoing as he could teach me in the next five years: at the expiration of which period he had no doubt of my knowing as much as himself, and then (he said) I should go to school "*to teach the master.*"

This idea of teaching the master was the greatest possible incitement to me; and as there was no other child in the house, I never was idle, but was as inquisitive and troublesome as can be imagined. Everything was explained to me; and I not only got on surprisingly, but my memory was found to be so strong, that Mr. Michael Lodge told my grandfather *half learn-*

ing would answer me as well as *whole learning* would another child. In truth, before my sixth year, I was making a very great hole in Mr. Lodge's stock of information (fortification and gunnery excepted), and I verily believe he only began to learn many things himself when he commenced teaching them to me.

He took me a regular course by Horn-book, Primer, Spelling-book, Reading-made-easy, Æsop's Fables, &c.; but I soon aspired to such of the old library-books as had pictures in them; and particularly, a very large history of the Bible, with cuts, was my constant study. Hence I know how every saint was murdered; and Mr. Lodge not only told me that each martyr had a painter to take his likeness before death, but also fully explained to me how they had all sat for their pictures, and assured me that most of them had been murdered by the *papists*. I recollect at this day the faces of every one of them at their time of martyrdom; so strongly do youthful impressions sink into the mind, when derived from objects which at the time were viewed with interest.*

Be this as it may, however, my wise man, Mr. Michael Lodge, used his heart, head, and hands, as zealously as he could, to teach me most things that he did know, and many things he did not know; but, with a skill which none of our schoolmasters practise, he made me think he was only amusing instead of giving me a task. The old man tried to make me *inquisitive*, and inclined to ask about the thing which he wanted to explain to me; and consequently, at eight years old, I could read prose and poetry, write text—draw a house, a horse, and a gamecock—tin a copper saucepan, and turn my own tops. I could do the manual exercise with my grandfather's crutch; and had learned, besides, how to make bullets, pens, and blackball; to dance a jig, sing a cronane, and play the jew's-harp. Michael also showed me, out of scripture, how the world stood stock still while the sun was galloping round it; so that it was no easy matter at college to satisfy me as to the Copernican system. In fact, the old matross gave me such a various and whimsical assemblage of subjects to think about, that my young brain imbibed as many odd, chivalrous, and puzzling theories, as would drive some children out of their senses; and, truly, I found it no easy matter to get rid of several of them when it became absolutely necessary, while *some* I shall certainly retain till my death's day.

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* Formerly the chimneys were all covered with *tiles*, having scripture pieces, examples of natural history, &c., daubed on them; and there being a great variety, the father or mother (sitting of a winter's evening round the hearth with the young ones) explained the meaning of the tiles out of the Bible, &c.; so that the impression was made without being called a lesson, and the child acquired knowledge without thinking that it was being taught. So far as it went, this was one of the best modes of instruction.

This course of education I most sedulously followed, until it pleased God to suspend my learning by the death of my grandfather, on whom I doated. He had taught me the broadsword exercise with his cane, how to snap a pistol, and shoot with the bow and arrow; and had bespoken a little quarter-staff to perfect me in that favorite exercise of his youth, by which he had been enabled to knock a gentleman's brains out for a wager, on the ridge of Maryborough, in company with the grandfather of the present Judge Arthur Moore, of the common pleas of Ireland. It is a whimsical gratification to me to think that I do not at this moment forget much of the said instruction which I received either from Michael Lodge the matross, or from Colonel Jonah Barrington, though after a lapse of nearly sixty years!

A new scene was now to be opened to me. I was carried to Dublin, and put to the famous schoolmaster of that day, Dr. Ball, of St. Michael-a-Powel's, Ship street; and here my puzzling commenced in good earnest. I was required to learn the English grammar in the Latin tongue, and to translate languages without understanding any of them. I was taught prosody without verse, and rhetoric without composition; and before I had ever heard any oration except a sermon, I was flogged for not minding my emphasis in recitation. To complete my satisfaction—for fear I should be idle during the course of the week, castigation was regularly administered every Monday morning, to give me, by anticipation, a sample of what the repetition-day might produce.

However, notwithstanding all this, I worked my way, got two premiums, and at length was reported fit to be placed under the hands of a private tutor, by whom I was to be *finished* for the university.

That tutor was well-known many years in Digges street, Dublin, and cut a still more extraordinary figure than the matross. He was the Rev. Patrick Crawley, rector of Killgobbin, whose son, my schoolfellow, was hanged a few years ago for murdering two old women with a shoemaker's hammer. My tutor's person was, in my imagination, of the same genus as that of Caliban. His feet covered a considerable space of any room wherein he stood, and his thumbs were so large that he could scarcely hold a book without hiding more than half the page of it: though bulky himself, his clothes doubled the dimensions proper to suit his body; and an immense frouzy wig, powdered once a week, covered a head, which, for size and form, might vie with a quarter-cask.

Vaccination not having as yet plundered horned-cattle of their disorders, its predecessor had left evident proofs of attachment to the rector's countenance. That old Christian malady, the small-pox, which had resided so many centuries among our ancestors, and which modern innovations have endeavored to undermine, had placed his features in a perfect state of compactness and security—each being screwed quite tight to its neighbor, and every seam appearing deep and gristly, so that the whole visage appeared to defy alike the edge of the sharpest scalpel and the skill of the most expert anatomist.

Yet this was as good-hearted a parson as ever lived; affectionate, friendly, and, so far as Greek, Latin, Prosody, and Euclid, went, excelled by few: and under him I acquired, in one year, more classical knowledge, than I had done during the former six, whence I was enabled, out of thirty-six pupils, early to obtain a place in the university of Dublin.

The college course, at that time, though a very learned one, was ill-arranged, pedantic, and totally out of sequence. Students were examined in "Locke on the Human Understanding," before their own had arrived at the first stage of maturity and Euclid was pressed upon their reason before any one of them could comprehend a single problem. We were set to work at the most abstruse sciences before we had well digested the simpler ones, and posed ourselves at optics, natural philosophy, ethics, astronomy, mathematics, metaphysics, &c., &c., without the least relief from belles-lettres, modern history, geography, or poetry; in short, without regard to any of those acquirements—the classics excepted, which form essential parts of a gentleman's education.*

Nevertheless, I jogged on with *bene* for the classics—*satis* for the sciences—and *mediocriter* for the mathematics. I had, however, the mortification of seeing the stupidest fellows I ever met, at school or college, beat me out of the field in some of the examinations, and very justly obtain premiums for sciences which I could not bring within the scope of my comprehension.

My consolation is, that many men of superior talent to myself came off no better; and I had the *satisfaction* of knowing that some of the most erudite, studious, and distinguished of my contemporary collegians, went raving—and others melancholy—mad; and I do believe, that there are at this moment five or six of the most eminent of my academic rivals roaring in asylums for lunatics.

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* Mr. Hutchinson, a later provost, father of Lord Donoughmore, went into the opposite extreme; a most excellent classic scholar himself, he wished to introduce every elegant branch of erudition; to cultivate the modern languages—in short, to adapt the course to the education of men of rank as well as men of science. The plan was most laudable, but was voted not monastic enough—indeed, a polished gentleman would have operated like a ghost among those pedantic fellows.

Mr. Hutchinson went too far in proposing a riding-house. The scheme drew forth from Dr. Duigenan a pamphlet called "Pranceriana," which turned the project and projector into most consummate, but very coarse and ill-natured ridicule.

Dr. Barret, late vice-provost, dining at the table of the new provost, who lived in a style of elegance attempted by none of his predecessors, helped himself to what he thought a peach, but which happened to be a shape made of ice. On taking it into his mouth, never having tasted ice before, he supposed, from the pang given to his teeth, and the shock which his tongue and mouth instantly received, that the sensation was produced by heat. Starting up, therefore, he cried out (and it was the first oath he had ever uttered), "I'm *scalded*, by G—d!"—ran home, and sent for the next apothecary.

When I seek amusement by tracing the fate of such of my school and college friends as I can get information about, I find that many of the most promising and conspicuous have met untimely ends; and that most of those men whose great talents distinguished them first in the university and afterward at the bar, had entered, as sizers, fo. provision as well as for learning: indigence and genius were thus jointly concerned in their merited elevation; and I am convinced that the finest abilities are frequently buried alive in affluence and in luxury.

The death of my grandmother, which now took place, made a very considerable change in my situation, and I had sense enough, though still very young, to see the necessity of turning my mind toward a preparation for some lucrative profession—either law, physic, divinity, or war.

I debated on all these, as I thought, with great impartiality: the pedantry of college disgusted me with clericals; wooden legs put me out of conceit with warfare; the horror of death made me shudder at medicine; and while the law was but a lottery-trade, too precarious for my taste, manufacture was too humiliating for my pride. Nothing, on the other hand, could induce me to remain a walking gentleman; and so, every occupation that I could think of having its peculiar disqualification, I remained a considerable time in a state of great uncertainty and disquietude.

Meanwhile, although my choice had nothing to do with the matter, I got almost imperceptibly engaged in that species of *profession* exercised by a young sportsman, whereby I was initiated into a number of *accomplishments* ten times worse than the negative ones of the walking gentleman:—namely, riding, drinking, dancing, carousing, hunting, shooting, fishing, fighting, racing, cock-fighting, &c., &c.

After my grandmother's death, as my father's country-house was my home, so my two elder brothers became my tutors—the rustics my precedents—and a newspaper my literature. However, the foundation for my propensities had been too well laid to be easily rooted up; and while I certainly, for a while, indulged in the habits of those around me, I was not at all idle as to the pursuits I had been previously accustomed to. I had a pretty good assortment of books of my own, and seldom passed a day without devoting some part of it to reading or letter-writing; and though I certainly somewhat mis-spent, I can not accuse myself of having lost, the period I passed at Bladsfort, since I obtained therein a full insight into the manners, habits, and dispositions of the different classes of the Irish, in situations and under circumstances which permitted Nature to exhibit her traits without restraint or caution; building on which foundation, my greatest pleasure has ever been that of adding to and embellishing the superstructure which my experience and observation have since conspired to raise.

It is quite impossible I can give a better idea of the dissipation of that period, into which I was thus plunged, than by describing an incident I shall never forget, and which occurred very soon after my first *entree* into the sporting sphere.

IRISH DISSIPATION IN 1778.

The Huntsman's Cottage—Preparations for a Seven-Days' Carousal—A Cock-fight—Welsh Main—Harmony—A Cow and a Hogshead of Wine consumed by the Party—Comparison between former Dissipation and that of the Present Day—A Dandy at Dinner in Bond Street—Captain Parsons Hoye and his Nephew—Character and Description of Both—The Nephew disinherited by his Uncle for Dandyism—Curious Anecdote of Dr. Jenkins piercing Admiral Crosby's Fist.

Close to the kennel of my father's hounds, he had built a small cottage, which was occupied solely by an old huntsman, his older wife, and his nephew, a whipper-in. The chase, and the bottle, and the piper, were the enjoyments of winter; and nothing could recompense a suspension of these enjoyments.

My elder brother, justly apprehending that the frost and snow of Christmas might probably prevent their usual occupation of the chase, determined to provide against any listlessness during the shut-up period, by an uninterrupted match of what was called "hard-going," till the weather should break up.

A hogshead of superior claret was therefore sent to the cottage of old Quin the huntsman; and a fat cow killed, and plundered of her skin, was hung up by the heels. All the windows were closed to keep out the light. One room, filled with straw and numerous blankets, was destined for a bed-chamber in common; and another was prepared as a kitchen for the use of the servants. Claret, cold, mulled, or buttered, was to be the beverage for the whole company; and in addition to the cow above-mentioned, chickens, bacon, and bread, were the only admitted viands. Wallace and Hosey, my father's and my brother's pipers, and Doyle, a blind but a famous fiddler, were employed to enliven the banquet, which it was determined should continue till the cow became a skeleton, and the claret should be on its stoop.

My two elder brothers; two gentlemen of the name of Taylor (one of them afterward a writer in India); a Mr. Barrington Lodge, a rough songster; Frank Skelton, a jester and a but; Jemmy Moffat, the most knowing sportsman of the neighborhood; and two other sporting gentlemen of the county, composed the *permanent* bacchanalians. A few visiters were occasionally admitted.

As for myself, I was too unseasoned to go through more than the first ordeal, which was on a frosty St. Stephen's day, when the "*hard-goers*," partook of their opening banquet, and several neighbors were invited, to honor the commencement of what they called their "*shut-up pilgrimage*."

The old huntsman was the only male attendant; and his ancient spouse, once a kitchen-maid in the family, now somewhat resembling the amiable Leonarda in Gil Blas, was the cook; while the drudgery fell to the lot of the whipper-in. A long knife was prepared to cut collops from the cow; a large turf fire seemed to court the gridiron; the pot bubbled up as if proud of its contents, while plump white chickens floated in crowds upon the surface of the water; the simmering potatoes, just bursting their drab surtouts, exposed the delicate whiteness of their mealy bosoms; the claret was tapped, and the long earthen wide-mouthed pitchers stood gaping under the impatient cock, to receive their portions. The pipers plied their chants; the fiddler tuned his Cremona; and never did any feast commence with more auspicious appearances of hilarity and dissipation; appearances which were not doomed to be falsified.

I shall never forget the attraction this novelty had for my youthful mind. All thoughts but those of good cheer were for the time totally obliterated. A few curses were, it is true, requisite to spur on old Leonarda's skill, but at length the banquet entered; the luscious smoked bacon, bedded on its cabbage mattress, and partly obscured by its own savory steam, might have tempted the most fastidious of epicures; while the round trussed chickens, ranged by the half dozen on hot pewter dishes, turned up their white plump merry-thoughts, exciting equally the eye and appetite: fat collops of the hanging cow, sliced indiscriminately from her tenderest points, grilled over the clear embers upon a shining gridiron, half-drowned in their own luscious juices, and garnished with little pyramids of congenial shalots, smoked at the bottom of the well-furnished board. A prologue of cherry-bounce (brandy) preceded the entertainment, which was enlivened by hobnobs and joyous toasts.

Numerous toasts, in fact, as was customary in those days, intervened to prolong and give zest to the repast—every man shouted forth his fair favorite, or convivial pledge; and each voluntarily surrendered a portion of his own reason, in bumpers to the beauty of his neighbor's toasts. The pipers jerked from their bags appropriate planxties to every jolly sentiment: the jokers cracked the usual jests and ribaldry: one songster chanted the joys of wine and women; another gave, in full glee, the pleasures of the fox-chase: the fiddler sawed his merriest jigs: the old huntsman sounded his horn, and thrusting his forefinger into his ear (to aid the quaver), gave the *view holloa!* of nearly ten minutes' duration; to which melody *tally ho!* was responded by every stentorian voice. A fox's brush stuck into a candlestick, in the centre of the table, was worshipped as a divinity! Claret flowed—bumpers were multiplied—and chickens, in the garb of spicy spitchcocks, assumed the name of *devils* to whet the appetites which it was impossible to conquer!

My reason gradually began to lighten me of its burden, and in its last efforts kindly suggested the straw-chamber as my asylum. Two couple of favorite hounds had been introduced to share in the joyous pastime of their friends and masters; and the deep bass of their throats, excited by the shrillness of the huntsman's tenor, harmonized by two rattling pipers, a jigging fiddler, and twelve voices, in twelve different keys, all bellowing in one continuous, unrelenting chime—was the last point of recognition which Bacchus permitted me to exercise: for my eyes began to perceive a much larger company than the room actually contained; the lights were more than doubled, without any virtual increase of their number; and even the chairs and tables commenced dancing a series of minuets before me. A faint "Tally-ho!" was attempted by my reluctant lips; but I believe the effort was unsuccessful, and I very soon lost, in the straw-room, all that brilliant consciousness of existence, in the possession of which the morning had found me so happy.

Just as I was closing my eyes to a twelve-hours' slumber, I distinguished the general roar of "*Stole away!*" which rose almost up to the roof of old Quin's cottage.

At noon, next day, a scene of a different nature was exhibited. I found, on waking, two associates by my side, in as perfect insensibility as that from which I had just aroused. Our piper seemed indubitably dead! but the fiddler, who had the privilege of age and blindness, had taken a hearty nap, and seemed as much alive as ever.

The room of banquet had been re-arranged by the old woman: spitchcocked chickens, fried rashers, and broiled marrow-bones, appeared struggling for precedence. The clean cloth looked, itself, fresh and exciting; jugs of mulled and buttered claret foamed hot upon the refurnished table, and a better or heartier breakfast I never in my life enjoyed.

A few members of the jovial crew had remained all night at their posts; but I suppose alternately took some rest, as they seemed not at all affected by their repletion. Soap and hot water restored at once their spirits and their persons; and it was determined that the rooms should be ventilated and cleared out for a cock-fight, to pass time till the approach of dinner.

In this battle-royal, every man backed his own bird; twelve of which courageous animals were set down together to fight it out—the survivor to gain all. In point of principle, the battle of the Horatii and Curiatii was reacted; and in about an hour, one cock crowed out his triumph over the mangled body of his last opponent—being himself, strange to say, but little wounded. The other eleven lay dead; and to the victor was unanimously voted a writ of ease, with sole monarchy over the henroost for the remainder of his days: and I remember him, for many years, the proud commandant of his poultry-yard and seraglio.

Fresh visiters were introduced each successive day, and the seventh morning had arisen before the feast broke up. As that day advanced, the cow was proclaimed to have furnished her full quantum of good dishes; the claret was upon its stoop; and the last gallon, mulled with a pound of spices, was drunk in tumblers to the next merry meeting! All now retired to their *natural* rest, until the evening announced a different scene.

An early supper, to be partaken of by all the young folks, of both sexes, in the neighborhood, was provided in the dwelling-house, to terminate the festivities. A dance, as usual wound up the entertainment; and what was then termed a "raking pot of tea" put a finishing stroke, in jollity and good-humor, to such a revel as I never saw before, and, I am sure, shall never see again.

When I compare with the foregoing the habits of the present day, and see the grandsons of those joyous and vigorous sportsmen mincing their fish and tit-bits at their favorite bo in Bond street; amalgamating their ounce of salad on a silver saucer; employing six sauces to coax one appetite; burning up the palate, to make its enjoyments the more exquisite; sipping their acid claret, disguised by an olive or neutralized by a chesnut; lisping out for the scented waiter, and paying him the price of a feast for the modicum of a Lilliputian, and the pay of a captain for the attendance of a blackguard—it amuses me extremely, and makes me speculate on what their forefathers would have done to those admirable Epicenes, if they had had them at the "Pilgrimage" in the huntsman's cot!

To these extremes of former roughness and modern affectation it would require the pen of such a writer as Fielding to do ample justice. It may, however, afford our reader some diversion to trace the degrees which led from the grossness of the former down to the effeminacy of the latter; and these may, in a great measure, be collected from the various incidents which will be found scattered throughout these sketches of sixty solar revolutions.

Nothing, indeed, can better illustrate the sensation which the grandfathers, or even aged fathers, of those slim lads of the Bond-street establishments, must have felt upon finding their offspring in the occupation I have just mentioned, than a story relating to Captain Parsons Hoye, of County Wicklow, who several years since met with an instance of the kind at Hudson's, in Covent-Garden.

A nephew of his, an effeminate young fellow, who had returned from travelling, and who expected to be his heir, accidentally came into the coffee-room. Neither uncle nor nephew knew each other; but old Parsons' disgust at the dandified manners, language, and dress of the youth, gave rise to an occurrence which drew from the bluff seaman epithets rather too coarse to record. The end of it was, that, when Parsons discovered the relationship of the stranger, he struck him out of a will which he had made, and died very soon after, as if on purpose to mortify the macaroni!

We will take this opportunity of subjoining an accurate description of the person of Captain Parsons Hoye, thereby enabling our reader to estimate the singularity of his collision with the dandy.

Commodore Trunnion was a civilized man, and a beauty (bu a fool), compared to Parsons Hoye. He had a moderate hereditary property near Wicklow; had been a captain in the royal navy; was a bad farmer, a worse sportsman, and a blustering justice of the peace; but great at potation! and what was called, "in the main, a capital fellow." He was nearly as boisterous as his adopted element: his voice was always as if on the quarter-deck; and the whistle of an old boatswain, who had been decapitated by his side, hung as a memento, by a thong of leather, to his waistcoat button-hole. It was frequently had recourse to, and, whenever he wanted a word, supplied the deficiency.

In form, the captain was squat, broad, and coarse: a large purple nose, with a broad crimson chin to match, were the only features of any consequence in his countenance, except a couple of good-enough bloodshot eyes, screened by most exuberant grizzle eye-lashes. His powdered wig had behind it a queue in the form of a handspike, and a couple of rolled-up paste curls, like a pair of carronades, adorned its broadsides; a blue coat, with slash cuffs, and plenty of navy-buttons, surmounted a scarlet waistcoat—the skirts of which, he said, he would have of their enormous length, because it assured him that the tailor had put *all the cloth in it;* a black Barcelona adorned his neck; an old round hat, bordered with gold lace, pitched on one side of his head, and turned up also on one side, with a huge cockade stuck into a buttonless loop, gave him a swaggering air. He bore a shillelagh, the growth of his own estate, in a fist which would cover more ground than the best shoulder of wether-mutton in a London market.* Yet the captain had a look of generosity, good nature, benevolence, and hospitality, which his features did their very best to conceal, and which none but a good physiognomist could possibly discover.

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* I once saw the inconvenience of that species of fist strongly exemplified. The late Admiral Cosby, of Stradbally hall, had as large and as brown a fist as any admiral in his majesty's service. Happening one day unfortunately to lay it on the table during dinner, at Colonel Fitzgerald's, Merrion square, a Mr. Jenkins, a half-blind doctor, who chanced to sit next to the admiral, cast his eye upon the fist: the imperfection of his vision led him to believe it was a French roll of bread, and, without further ceremony, the doctor thrust his fork plump into the admiral's fist! The confusion which resulted may be easily imagined.

MY BROTHER'S HUNTING-LODGE.

Waking the Piper—Curious Scene at my Brother's Hunting-Lodge—Joe Kelley's and Peter Alley's Heads fastened to the Wall—Operations practised in extricating Them.

I MET with a ludicrous instance of the dissipation of even later days, a few months after my marriage. Lady B—— and myself took a tour through some of the southern parts of Ireland, and among other places visited Castle Durrow, near which place my brother, Henry French Barrington, had built a hunting-cottage, wherein he happened to have given a house-warming the previous day.

The company, as might be expected at such a place and on such an occasion, was not the most select; in fact, they were "*hard-going*" sportsmen.

Among the rest, Mr. Joseph Kelly, of unfortunate fate, brother to Mr. Michael Kelly (who by-the-by does not say a word about him in his Reminiscences), had been invited, to add to the merriment by his pleasantry and voice, and had come down from Dublin for the purpose.

It may not be amiss to say something here of that remarkable person. I knew him from his early youth. His father was a dancing master in Mary street, Dublin; and I found in the newspapers of that period, a number of puffs, in French and English, of Mr. O'Kelly's abilities in that way—one of which, a certificate from a French *artiste*, of Paris, is curious enough.* What could put it into his son's head, that he had been *master of the ceremonies at Dublin castle* is rather perplexing! He became a wine-merchant latterly, dropped the O, which had been placed at the beginning of his name, and was a well-conducted and respectable man.*

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* Mr. O'Kelly is just returned from Paris. Ladies and gentlemen, who are pleased to send their commands to No. 30 Mary street, will be most respectfully attended to.

Je certifie que M. Guillaume O'Kelly est venu à Paris pour prendre de moi leçons, et qu'il est sorti de mes mains en état de pouvoir enseigner la dance avec succès.

GARDEL, *Maître à Danser de la Reine,*
et Maître des Ballets du Roi.

A PARIS, le 20ème Août, 1781.

Joe was a slender young man, remarkably handsome; but with regard to character, always what in that part of the country they emphatically styled *"the devil!"* I recollect his dancing a hornpipe in a sailor's costume most admirably upon the stage. He also sang the songs of *Young Meadows*, in "Love in a Village," extremely well, as likewise those of *Macheath* and other parts; but he could never give the *acting* any effect. He was, strictly speaking, a bravura singer: there was no *pathos*, nothing *touchant* in his cadences, but in drinking-songs, &c., he was unrivalled. As his brother has not thought proper to speak about him, it might be considered out of place for me to go into his history, all of which I know, and many passages of which might probably be both entertaining and instructive. Some parts of it, however, are already on record, and others I hope will never be recorded. The duke of Wellington knew Joe Kelly extremely well; and if he had *merited* advancement, I dare say he would have received it. The last conversation I had with him was on the Boulevard Italien, in Paris. I was walking with my son, then belonging to the fifth dragoon guards. Kelly came up and spoke to us. I shook him by the hand, and he talked away: spoke to my son—no answer; he tried him again—no reply. Kelly seemed surprised, and said, "Don't you know me, Barrington? why don't you speak to me?"—"'Tis because I *do* know you that I do *not* speak to you," replied my son. Kelly blushed, but turned it off with a laugh. I could not then guess the reason for this cut direct; and my son refused to tell me: I have *since*, however become acquainted with it, and think the sarcasm *well* merited. It was indeed the bitterer, from its being the only one I ever heard my son utter. Joe Kelly killed his man in a duel, for which he was tried and *narrowly* escaped. According to his *own* account, indeed, he killed plenty more men at the battle of Waterloo and in other actions. He was himself shot at Paris by a commissary with whom he had quarrelled, and the humorists remarked thereupon that Joe had died a natural death.

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* But as he was a *Roman catholic*, and as no Roman catholic could *then* hold any office in the vice-regal establishment of Dublin castle, Mr. M. Kelly must have been misinformed on that point as to his father, whom I have often seen. Mr. Gofton, a dancing-master of Anne street, Linen hall, and uncle to Doctor Barrett, the late extraordinary vice-provost of Trinity college, was a friend of Mr. O'Kelly's, and taught me to the day of his death, which was sudden.

Of this convivial assemblage at my brother's, he was, I suppose, the very life and soul. The dining-room had not been finished when the day of the dinner-party arrived, and the lower parts of the walls having only that morning received their last coat of plaster, were, of course, totally wet.

We had intended to surprise my brother; but had not calculated on the scene I was to witness. On driving to the cottage-door I found it open, while a dozen dogs, of different descriptions, showed ready to receive us not in the most polite manner. My servant's whip, however, soon sent them about their business, and I ventured into the parlor to see what cheer. It was about ten in the morning: the room was strewed with empty bottles—some broken—some interspersed with glasses, plates, dishes, knives, spoons, &c., all in glorious confusion. Here and there were heaps of bones, relics of the former day's entertainment, which the dogs, seizing their opportunity, had picked. Three or four of the Bacchanalians lay fast asleep upon chairs—one or two others on the floor, among whom a piper lay on his back, apparently dead, with a table-cloth spread over him, and surrounded by four or five candles, burnt to the sockets; his chanter and bags were laid scientifically across his body, his mouth was wide open, and his nose made ample amends for the silence of his drone. Joe Kelly and a Mr. Peter Alley were fast asleep in their chairs, close to the wall.

Had I never viewed such a scene before, it would have almost terrified me; but it was nothing more than the ordinary custom which we called *waking the piper*, when he had got too drunk to make any more music.

I went out, and sent away my carriage and its inmate to Castle Durrow, whence we had come, and afterward proceeded to seek my brother. No servant was to be seen, man or woman. I went to the stables, wherein I found three or four more of the goodly company, who had just been able to reach their horses, but were seized by Morpheus before they could mount them, and so lay in the mangers awaiting a more favorable opportunity. Returning hence to the cottage, I found my brother, also asleep, on the only bed which it then afforded: he had no occasion to put on his clothes, since he had never taken them off.

I next waked Dan Tyron, a wood-ranger of Lord Ashbrook, who had acted as maître d'hôtel in making the arrangements, and providing a horse-load of game to fill up the banquet. I then inspected the parlor, and insisted on breakfast. Dan Tyron set to work: an old woman was called in from an adjoining cabin, the windows were opened, the room cleared, the floor swept, the relics removed, and the fire lighted in the kitchen. The piper was taken away senseless, but my brother would not suffer either Joe or Alley to be disturbed till breakfast was ready. No time was lost; and, after a very brief interval, we had before us abundance of fine eggs, and milk fresh from the cow, with brandy, sugar, and nutmeg, in plenty, a large loaf, fresh butter, a cold round of beef, which had not been produced on the previous day, red herrings, and a bowl dish of potatoes roasted on the turf ashes; in addition to which, ale, whiskey, and port, made up the refreshments. All being duly in order, we at length awakened Joe Kelly, and Peter Alley, his neighbor: they had slept soundly, though with no other pillow than the wall: and my brother announced breakfast with a *view holloa!*[*]

The twain immmediately started, and roared in unison with their host most tremendously! it was, however, in a very different tone from the *view holloa*, and perpetuated much longer.

"Come, boys," says French, giving Joe a pull—"come!"

"Oh, murder!" says Joe, "I can't!"—"Murder!—murder!" echoed Peter. French pulled them again upon which they roared the more, still retaining their places. I have in my lifetime laughed till I nearly became spasmodic; but never were my risible muscles put to greater tension than upon this occasion. The wall, as I said before, had only that day received a coat of mortar, and of course was quite soft and yielding, when Joe and Peter thought proper to make it their pillow; it was, nevertheless, setting fast, from the heat and lights of an eighteen hours' carousal; and, in the morning, when my brother awakened his guests, the mortar had completely set, and their hair being the thing most calculated to amalgamate therewith, the entire of Joe's stock, together with his *queue*, and half his head, was thoroughly and irrecoverably bedded in the greedy and now marble cement, so that if determined to move, he must have taken the wall along with him, for separate it would not. One side of Peter's head was in the same state of imprisonment. Nobody was able to assist them, and there they both stuck fast.

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[*] The shout of hunters when the game is in view.

A consultation was now held on this pitiful case, which I maliciously endeavored to prolong as much as I could, and which was, in fact, every now and then interrupted by a roar from Peter or Joe, as they made fresh efforts to rise. At length, it was proposed by Dan Tyron to send for the stone-cutter, and get him to cut them out of the wall with a chisel. I was literally unable to speak two sentences for laughing. The old woman meanwhile tried to soften the obdurate wall with melted butter and new milk—but in vain. I related the school story how Hannibal had worked through the Alps with hot vinegar and hot irons: this experiment likewise was made, but Hannibal's solvent had no better success than the old crone's.

Peter Alley, being of a more passionate nature, grew ultimately quite outrageous: he roared, gnashed his teeth, and swore vengeance against the mason; but as he was only held by one side, a thought at last struck him: he asked for two knives, which being brought, he whetted one against the other, and introducing the blades close to his skull, sawed away at cross corners till he was liberated, with the loss only of half his hair and a piece of his scalp, which he had sliced off in zeal and haste for his liberty. I never saw a fellow so extravagantly happy! Fur was scraped from the crown of a hat, to stop the bleeding; his head was duly tied up with the old woman's *praskeen*;* and he was soon in a state of bodily convalescence. Our solicitude was now required solely for Joe, whose head was too deeply buried to be exhumated with so much facility. At this moment, Bob Casey, of Ballynakill, a very celebrated wig-maker, just dropped in, to see what he could pick up honestly in the way of his profession, or steal in the way of anything else; and he immediately undertook to get Mr. Kelly out of the mortar by a very expert but tedious process, namely clipping with his scissors, and then rooting out with an oyster-knife. He thus finally succeeded, in less than an hour, in setting Joe once more at liberty, at the price of his queue, which was totally lost, and of the exposure of his raw and bleeding occiput. The operation was, indeed, of a mongrel description—somewhat between a complete tonsure and an imperfect scalping, to both of which denominations it certainly presented claims. However, it is an ill wind that blows nobody good! Bob Casey got the making of a skull-piece for Joe, and my brother French had the pleasure of paying for it as gentlemen in those days honored any order given by a guest to the family shopkeeper or artisan.

I ate a hearty breakfast, returned to Durrow, and having rejoined my companion, we pursued our journey to Waterford, amusing ourselves the greater part of the way with the circumstances just related, which, however, I do not record merely as an abstract anecdote, but, as I observed in starting, to show the manners and habits of Irish country society and sportsmen, even so recently as thirty years ago; and to illustrate the changes of those habits and manners, and the advances toward civilization, which, coupled with the extraordinary *want of corresponding prosperity*, present phenomena I am desirous of impressing upon my reader's mind, throughout the whole of this miscellaneous collection of original anecdotes and observations.

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* A coarse *dirty* apron, worn by working-women in a kitchen, in the country parts of Ireland.

CHOICE OF PROFESSION.

The Army—Irish Volunteers described—Their Military Ardor—The Author inoculated therewith—He grows Cooler—The Church—The Faculty—The Law—Objections to each—Colonel Barrington removes his Establishment to the Irish Capital—A Country Gentleman taking up a City Residence.

My veering opinion as to the choice of profession was nearly decided by that military ardor which seized all Ireland, when the whole country had entered into resolutions to free itself for ever from English domination. The entire kingdom took up arms—regiments were formed in every quarter—the highest, the lowest, and the middle orders, all entered the ranks of freedom, and every corporation, whether civil or military, pledged life and fortune to attain and establish Irish independence.

My father had raised and commanded two corps—a dragoon regiment called the Cullenagh rangers, and the Ballyroan light-infantry. My elder brother commanded the Kilkenny horse, and the Durry light-dragoons. The general enthusiasm caught me, and before I well knew what I was about, found myself a military martinet and a red-hot patriot. Having been a university man, I was also considered to be of course a *writer*, and was accordingly called on to draw up resolutions for volunteer regiments all over the county. This was the first tirade I ever attempted on a political subject, and it being quite short enough and warm enough to be comprehended by all the parties, it was unanimously adopted—every man swearing, as he kissed the blade of his sword, that he would adhere to these resolutions to the last drop of his blood, which he would by no means spare, till we had finally achieved the independence of our country. We were very sincere, and really I think, determined to perish, if necessary, in the cause—at least, I am sure, I was so.

The national point was gained, but not without much difficulty and danger. The Irish parliament had refused to grant supplies to the crown for more than six months. The people had entered into resolutions to prevent the importation of any British merchandise or manufactures. The entire kingdom had disavowed all English authority or jurisdiction, external or internal; the judges and magistrates had declined to act under British statutes: the flame had spread rapidly, and had become irresistible.

The British government saw that either temporizing or an appeal to force would occasion the final loss of Ireland. One hundred and fifty thousand independent soldiers, well armed, well clothed, and well disciplined, were not to be coped with; and England yielded. Thus the volunteers kept their oaths: they redeemed their pledge, and did not lay down their arms until the independence of Ireland had been pronounced from the throne, and the distinctness of the Irish nation promulgated in the government gazette of London.

Having carried our point with the English, and having proposed to prove our independence by going to war with Portugal about our linens, we completely set up for ourselves, except that Ireland was bound constitutionally and irrevocably never to have any king but the king of Great Britain.

We were now, in fact, regularly in a fighting mood: and being quite in good-humor with England, we determined to fight the French, who had threatened to invade us; and I recollect a volunteer belonging to one of my father's corps, a schoolmaster of the name of Beal, proposing a resolution to the Ballyroan infantry, which purported that "they would never stop fighting the French till they had flogged every man of them into mincemeat!" This magnanimous resolution was adopted with cheers, and was, as usual, *sworn to*, each hero kissing the muzzle of his musket.

I am not going any further into a history of those times, to which I have alluded in order to mention what for the moment excited my *warlike ardor*, and fixed my determination, although but temporarily, to adopt the military profession.

On communicating this decision to my father, he procured me, from a friend and neighbor, General Hunt Walsh, a commission in that officer's own regiment, the thirtieth. The style of the thing pleased me well; but, upon being informed that I should immediately join the regiment in America, my heroic tendencies received a serious check. I had not contemplated transatlantic emigration; and, feeling that I could get my head broken just as well in my own country, I, after a few days' mature consideration, perceived my military ardor grow cooler and cooler every hour—until, at length, it was obviously defunct. I therefore wrote to the general a most thankful letter, but at the same time "begging the favor of him to present my commission in his regiment to some hardier soldier, who could serve his majesty with more vigor; as I, having been brought up by my grandmother, felt as yet too *tender* to be any way effective on foreign service—though I had no objection to fight as much as possible in Ireland, if necessary." The general accepted my resignation, and presented my commission to a young friend of his, whose brains were blown out in the very first engagement.

Having thus rejected the military, I next turned my thoughts to that very opposite profession—the clerical. But though preaching was certainly a much safer and more agreeable employment than bush-fighting, yet a curacy and a wooden leg being pretty much on a parallel in point of remuneration, and as I had the strongest objection to be half-starved in the service of either the king or the altar, I also declined the cassock, assuring my father that "I felt I was not steady enough to make an 'exemplary parson;' and as any other kind of parson generally did more harm than good in a country, I could not, in my conscience, take charge of the morals of a flock of men, women, and children, when I should have quite enough to do to manage my own; and I should therefore leave the church to some more orthodoxical graduate."

Medicine, therefore, was the next in the list of professions to which I had, abstractly, some liking. I had attended several courses of anatomical lectures at Dublin, and, although with some repugnant feelings, I had studied that most sublime of all sciences, human organization, by a persevering attention to the celebrated wax-works of that university. But my horror and disgust of *animal putridity* in all its branches was so great, inclusive even of stinking venison (which most people admire), that all surgical practice by me was necessarily out of the question; and medicine without surgery presenting no better chance than a curacy, it shared an equally bad fate with the sword and the pulpit.

Of the liberal and learned professions, there now remained but one, namely, the law. Now as to this, I was told by several old practitioners, who had retired into the country (from having no business to do in town), that if I was even as wise as Alfred, or as learned as Lycurgus, nobody would give me sixpence for all my law (if I had a hundred weight of it) until I had spent at least ten years in watching the manufacture. However, they consoled me by saying that, if I could put up with light eating and water-drinking during that period, I might then have a very reasonable chance of getting some briefs, particularly after having a gang of attorneys to dine with me. Here I was damped again!—and though I should have broken my heart if condemned to remain much longer a walking gentleman, I determined to wait a while, and see if Nature would open my propensities a little wider, and give me some more decisive indication of what she thought me fittest for.

While in this comfortless state of indecision, my father like other country-gentlemen, to gratify his lady under the shape of educating his children, gave his consent to be launched into the new scenes and pleasures of a city residence. He accordingly purchased an excellent house in Clare street, Merrion square; left a steward in the country to *mis*manage his concerns there; made up new wardrobes for the servants; got a fierce three-cocked hat for himself; and removed his establishment (the hounds excepted) to the metropolis of Ireland.

Here my good and well-bred mother (for such she was) had her Galway pride revived and gratified; the green coach *de cérémonie* was regilt and regarnished, and four black horses, with two postillions and a sixteen-stone footman, completed her equipage.

I had my bit of blood in the stable; my elder brother, who had been in the "1st horse," had plenty of them: my father had his old hunter "brown Jack;" and we set out at what is commonly called a *great rate*—but which great rates are generally, like a fox-chase, more hot than durable. However the thing went on well enough; and during our city residence many pleasurable and many whimsical incidents occurred to me and other individuals of my family; one of which was most interesting to myself, and will form a leading feature in my subsequent Memoirs.

Before adverting to this, however, I will mention a lamentable event which occurred during our stay in Clare street, to a neighbor of ours, Captain O'Flaherty, brother to Sir John, whom I shall hereafter notice. The captain resided nearly facing us, and though the event I speak of, and the very extraordinary incident which succeeded it, are clearly digressions, yet the whole story is so interesting, that I will, without farther apology, introduce it.

MURDER OF CAPTAIN O'FLAHERTY.

Murder of Captain O'Flaherty by Mr. Lanegan, his Son's Tutor, and Mrs. O'Flaherty—The Latter, after betraying her Accomplices, escapes beyond Seas—Trial of Lanegan—He is hanged at Dublin—Terrific Appearance of his Supposed Ghost to his Pupil, David Lander, and the Author, at the Temple, in London—Lander nearly dies of Fright—Lanegan's Extraordinary Escape—Not even suspected in Ireland—He gets off to France, and enters the Monastery of La Trappe—A Church-Yard Anecdote—My own Superstition nearly fatal to Me.

CAPTAIN O'FLAHERTY, a most respectable gentleman, resided in Clare street, Dublin, exactly opposite my father's house. He had employed a person of the name of Lanegan, as tutor to the late John Burke O'Flaherty, and his other sons. But after some little time Lanegan became more attentive to Mrs. O'Flaherty, the mother, than to her boys.

This woman had certainly no charms of either appearance or address, which might be thought calculated to captivate any one: and there was a something indescribably repulsive in her general manners, in consequence whereof all acquaintance between her and our family soon terminated. She was not satisfied with the occasional society of Mr. Lanegan, while he continued in the house as tutor, but actually proceeded to form a criminal intercourse with him; and, in order to free herself from all restraint, meditated the very blackest of human crimes, which she determined to perpetrate by giving the unfortunate captain a rice pudding for his dinner, by virtue whereof she might at any rate be saved the trouble of ever making another for him.

Mr. Lanegan was with this view sent by her to several apothecaries' shops; at each of which, to avoid suspicion, he asked for a *very little* stuff *to kill the rats;* and thus, by small portions, they ultimately procured a sufficient quantity to kill not only the rats, but the husband into the bargain.

The murderous scheme was carried into execution by Mrs, O'Flaherty herself, and the captain was found dead in his bed! Some misgivings, however, were generated from the appearance of the body, which swelled and exhibited black spots; and these, with other unequivocal signs, conspired to prove that the rats (for they were actually dealt with) had not been the only sufferers. The coroner's inquest, indeed, soon decided the matter, by a verdict of "*Poisoned by arsenic.*"

Mrs. O'Flaherty and Mr. Lanegan began now to suspect that they were in rather a ticklish situation, and determined to take a private journey into the country until they should discover how things were likely to go. The adulterous wife, full of crime and terror, conceived a suspicion that Lanegan, who had only purchased the poison by her directions, and had not administered it (except to the rats) might turn king's evidence, get the reward, and save himself by convicting her. Such a catastrophe she therefore determined if possible to prevent.

On their journey she told him that, upon full consideration she conceived there could be no possibility of bringing conclusive evidence against them, inasmuch as it would appear most probable that the captain had, by accident, taken the poison himself—and that she was determined to surrender and take her trial as soon as possible, recommending Mr. Lanegan to do the same. In pursuance of this decision, as they passed near the town of Gowran, County Kilkenny, she said, "There is the gate of a magistrate: do you go up first, put on a bold face, assure him of your entire innocence, and say that as infamous and false reports have been spread, both of yourself and me, you came expressly to surrender and take your trial;—and that you could not live in society under such vile imputations! Say, also, that you hear Mrs. O'Flaherty intends likewise to surrender herself in the evening, and request that he will be at home to receive her."

Lanegan suspecting no fraud, followed these instructions literally; he was secured, though without roughness, and preparations were made for his being taken to Dublin next day in custody. The magistrate waited for Mrs. O'Flaherty, but she did not appear: he sent down to his gatehouse to know if any lady had passed by: the porter informed him that a lady and gentleman had been near the gate in a carriage, in the morning, and that the gentleman got out and went up the avenue to the house, after which the lady had driven away.

It now appearing that they had been actually together, and that Lanegan had been telling falsehoods respecting his companion, strong suspicions arose in the mind of the magistrate. His prisoner was confined more closely, sent under a strong guard to Dublin, indicted for murder, and tried at the ensuing assizes.

Positive evidence was given of Lanegan's criminal connection with Mrs. O'Flaherty, coupled with the strongest circumstantial proof against him. He had not the courage boldly to deny the fact, and being found guilty was sentenced to be hanged and quartered; the former part of which sentence having been carried into execution, and his body cut on each limb, it was delivered up to his mother for burial. Mrs. O'Flaherty escaped beyond sea, and has, I believe, never since been heard of in the country.

Such is the history which forms the prelude to an occurrence in which I was a party, several months after, and which may be regarded as a curious illustration of stories of supposed ghosts.

A templar and a friend of mine, Mr. David Lander, a soft, fat, good-humored superstitious young fellow, was sitting in his lodgings, Devereux court, London, one evening at twilight. I was with him, and we were agreeably employed in eating strawberries and drinking Maderia. While thus chatting away in cheerful mood, and laughing loudly at some remark made by one of us, my back being toward the door, I perceived my friend's color suddenly change—his eyes seemed fixed and ready to start out of his head—his lips quivered convulsively—his teeth chattered—large drops of perspiration flowed down his forehead—and his hair stood nearly erect.

As I saw nothing calculated to excite these emotions, I naturally conceived my friend was seized with a fit, and rose to assist him. He did not regard my movements in the least, but, seizing a knife which lay on the table, with the gait of a palsied man, retreated backward—his eyes still fixed—to the distant part of the room, where he stood shivering, and attempting to pray; but not at that moment recollecting any prayer, he began to repeat his catechism, thinking it the next best thing he could do: as—"What is your name? David Lander! Who gave you that name? My godfathers and godmothers in baptism!" &c., &c.

I instantly concluded the man was mad; and turning about to go for some assistance, I was myself not a little startled at sight of a tall, rough-looking personage, many days unshaved, in a very shabby black dress, and altogether of the most uncouth appearance.

"Don't be frightened, Mr. Lander," said the figure; "sure 'tis me that's here."

When Davy Lander heard the voice, he fell on his knees, and subsequently flat upon his face, in which position he lay motionless.

The spectre (as I now began to imagine it) stalked toward the door, and I was in hopes he intended to make his exit thereby; instead of which, however, having deliberately shut and bolted it, he sat himself down in the chair which I had previously occupied, with a countenance nearly as full of horror as that of Davy Lander himself.

I was now totally bewildered; and, scarce knowing what to do, was about to throw a jug of water over my friend, to reviv him, if possible, when the stranger, in a harsh, croaking voice, cried—

"For the love of God, give me some of that—for I am perishing!"

I accordingly did so, and he took the jug and drank immoderately.

My friend Davy now ventured to look up a little, and perceiving that I was becoming so familiar with the goblin, his courage somewhat revived, but still his speech was difficult. He stammered, and gazed at the figure for some time, but at length made up his mind that it was tangible and mortal. The effect of this decision on the face of Davy was as ludicrous as the fright had been. He seemed quite ashamed of his former terror, and affected to be stout as a lion!—though it was visible that he was not yet at his ease. He now roared out in the broad, cursing, Kerry dialect: "Why, then, blood and thunder! is that you, Lanegan?"

"Ah, sir, speak easy!" said the wretched being.

"How the devil," resumed Davy, "did you get your four quarters stitched together again, after the hangman cut them off of you at Stephen's Green?"

"Ah, gentlemen!" exclaimed the poor culprit, "speak low! Have mercy on me, Master Davy—you know it was I taught you your Latin. I'm starving to death!"

"You shall not die in *that* way, you villanous schoolmaster!" said Davy, pushing toward him a loaf of bread and a bottle of wine that stood on the table.

The miserable creature having ate the bread with avidity, and drunk two or three glasses of wine, the lamp of life once more seemed to brighten up. After a pause, he communicated every circumstance relating to his sudden appearance before us. He confessed having bought the arsenic at the desire of Mrs. O'Flaherty, and that he was aware of the application of it, but solemnly protested that it was she who had seduced him. He then proceeded to inform us that, after having been duly hanged, the sheriff had delivered his body to his mother, but not until the executioner had given a cut on each limb, to save the law—which cuts bled profusely, and were probably the means of preserving his life. His mother conceived that the vital spark was not extinct, and therefore had put him into bed, dressed his wounded limbs, and rubbed his neck with hot vinegar. Having steadily pursued this process, and accompanied it by pouring warm brandy-and-water down his throat, in the course of an hour he was quite sensible, but experienced horrid pains for several weeks before his final recovery. His mother filled the coffin he was brought home in with bricks, and got some men to bury it the same night in Kilmainham burial-ground, as if ashamed to inter him in open day. For a long time he was unable to depart, being every moment in dread of discovery. At length, however, he got off by night in a smuggling-boat, which landed him on the isle of Man; and thence he contrived to reach London, bearing a letter from a priest at Kerry to another priest who had lived in the borough, the purport of which was to get him admitted into a monastery in France. But he found the Southwark priest was dead; and, though he possessed some money, he was afraid even to buy food, for fear of detection!—but recollecting that Mr. Lander, his old scholar, lived somewhere in the Temple, he got directed by a porter to the lodging.

My friend Davy, though he did not half like it, suffered this poor devil to sit in the chamber till the following evening. He then procured him a place in the night-coach to Rye, whence he got to St. Vallery, and was received (as I afterward learned from a very grateful letter which he sent to Lander) into the monastery of La Trappe, near Abbeville, where he lived in strict seclusion, and died some years since.

This incident is not related as a mere isolated anecdote, unconnected with any serious general considerations; but rather with a view to show how many deceptions a man's imagination may hastily subject him to, and to impress the consideration that nothing should be regarded as supernatural which can by *possibility* be the result of human interference.

In the present case, if Lanegan had withdrawn before Lander had arisen and spoken to him, no reasoning upon earth could have ever convinced the templar of the materiality of the vision. As Lanegan's restoration to life after execution had not at that time been spoken of, nor even suspected, Lander would have willingly deposed, upon the Holy Evangelists, that he had seen the *actual ghost* of the schoolmaster who had been hanged and quartered in Dublin a considerable time before; his identification of the man's person being rendered unequivocal from the circumstance of his having been formerly Lanegan's pupil. And I must confess that I should myself have seen no reason to doubt Lander's assertions had the man withdrawn from the chamber before he spoke to me—to do which, under the circumstances, it was by no means improbable fear might have induced him.

Thus one of the "best-authenticated ghost-stories ever related" has been lost to the history of supernatural occurrences. The circumstance, however, did not cure Davy Lander in the least of his dread of apparitions, which was excessive.

Nor have I much right to reproach my friend's weakness in this particular. I have, on the other hand, throughout my writings admitted—nay, I fear, occasionally boasted—that I was myself *superstitious.* The species of reading I adopted and ardently pursued from my infancy upward may, I admit, have impressed my mind indelibly; and the consciousness of this fact should have served to render me rather *skeptical* than *credulous* upon any subject that bore a mysterious character.

My relations, while I was a boy, took it into their heads that I was a decided coward in this way, which, though I in round terms denied, I freely admitted at the same time my coyness with regard to trying any unnecessary experiments or making any superstitious invocations, particularly on Allhallow-eve, or other mysterious days, whereupon a sort of bastard witchcraft is always practised in Ireland.

Hence I was universally ridiculed on those anniversaries for my timidity; and one Allhallow-eve, my father proposed to have a prayer-book, with a five-pound bank-note in it, left on a certain tombstone in an old catholic burial-ground, quite apart from any road, and covered with trees. It was two or three fields' distance from the dwelling-house; and the proposal was, that if I would go there at twelve o'clock at night, and bring back the book and a dead man's bone, many of which latter were scattered about the cemetery, the note should be mine; and, as an additional encouragement, I was never after to be charged with cowardice. My pride took fire, and I determined, even though I might burst a blood-vessel through agitation, or break my neck in running home again, I would perform the feat, and put an end to the imputation.

The matter therefore was fully arranged. The night proved very dark; the path was intricate, but I was accustomed to it. There were two or three stiles to be crossed; and the Irish always conceive that if a ghost is anywhere in the neighborhood, he invariably chooses a stile at which to waylay the passengers.

However, at the appointed hour I set out. I dare say most ladies and gentlemen who may read this know what *palpitation of the heart* means; if so, let them be so good as to fancy an excess of that feeling, and they may then form some idea of the sensations with which I first touched the cold gravestones of the dead, who, if they had possessed any spirit, would have arisen *en masse*, to defend their bones from being made the subject of ridiculous experiment.

Having groped for some time in the dark, I found the book, but my hand refused to lift it, and I sat down, panting and starting at every rustle of the foliage. Through the gloom wherewith the trunks and branches of the trees were invested, my excited imagination conjured up figures and shapes which I expected, at every glance, would open into skeletons or shrouded spectres! I would, at that moment, have given the world to be at home again!—but I really could not stir: my breath had got too short, and my eyesight too confused, for motion.

By degrees these sensations subsided. I obtained a little confidence; the moving of a branch no longer started me, and I should have got on well enough had not an unlucky goat, which came roaming near the place, though with a different object, thrown me into a complete relapse. At the conclusion of about half an hour, however, which appeared to me at least five-and-twenty years, I secured the book snugly in my pocket, together with a dead man's thigh-bone, which I tied up in a cloth brought with me for the purpose; and, fastening it round my waist, lest it should drop during my flight, I made a very rapid exit from this scene of perilous achievement.

Having reached the house in triumph, and taken a large tumbler of wine, I proceeded to exhibit my book, put the banknote in my pocket, and, with an affectation of unconcern, untied my cloth and flung my huge bone upon the supper-table. I had my full revenge! The women, who had been amusing themselves by telling each other's fortunes, were cruelly shocked: they all, *una voce*, set up a loud shriek, and while some were half-swooning, others ran headlong out of the room. My courage now grew rampant: I said, if they pleased, they might leave the bone on the top of my bed till morning, and that would sufficiently show who was most in dread of dead people!

Confidence was at length restored on all sides. I was half-cured of my superstitious fears, and the family universally admitted that I certainly should make a brave general if I went into the army. We made merry till a late hour, when I retired joyously to bed, and sleep very soon began to make still further amends for my terrors.

While dreaming away most agreeably, I was suddenly aroused by a rustling noise for which I could not account. I sat up, and upon listening, found it to proceed from the top of my bed, whereon something was in rapid motion. The dead man's thigh bone immediately started into my recollection, and horrible ideas flashed across my mind. A profuse perspiration burst out at once on my forehead, my hair rose, the cramp seized both my legs, and just gathering power to call out, "Murder, murder!—help, help!" I buried my head under the clothes. In this situation I could neither hear nor see, and was besides almost suffocated. After a while, I began to think I might have been dreaming, and with that idea, thrusting my head fearfully out, the bone (for that it certainly was) sprang with a tremendous crash from the bed down beside me, upon the floor, where it exhibited as many signs of life as when its owner was in existence. Upon viewing this, my spirits sank again, I shook like a man in the ague, gave some inarticulate screams, and at length dropped back, nearly senseless, upon the pillow.

How long I lay thus I know not. I only remember that the bone still continued its movements, and, now-and-then striking a chair or table, warned me of my probable fate from its justly-enraged proprietor, who, I was apprehensive, would soon appear to demand his undoubted property. Had the scene continued long, I actually believe I should scarce have survived it; but, at last, paradise seemed all on the sudden to be regained, though in no very orthodox way. A loud laugh at the door clearly announced that I had been well played off upon by the ladies for my abrupt display of a dead man's bone on a supper-table. The whole of the young folks entered my room in a body, with candles; and after having been reassured, and nourished by a tumbler of buttered white wine, I obtained by degrees knowledge of the trick which had occasioned a laugh so loud, so long, and so mortifying to my self-conceit.

The device was simple enough: a couple of cords had been tied to the bone, and drawn under the door, which was at the bed's foot; and by pulling these alternately, the conspirators kept the bone in motion, until their good-humored joke had well nigh resulted in the loss of their kinsman's reason.

ADOPTION OF THE LAW.

Marriage of my Eldest Brother—The Bride's-Maid, Miss D. W.—Female Attractions not dependent on Personal Beauty—Mutual Attachment—Illustration of the French Phrase "*Je ne sais quoi*"—Betrothal of the Author, and his Departure for London, to study for the Bar.

My father still conceived that the military profession was best suited to my ardent and volatile spirit. I was myself, however, of a different opinion; and fortune shortly fixed my determination. An incident occurred, which, uniting passion, judgment, and ambition, led me to decide that the bar was the only road to my happiness or celebrity; and accordingly I finally and irrevocably resolved that the law should be the future occupation of my life and studies.

The recollection of the incident to which I have alluded, excites, even at this moment, all the sensibility and regret which can survive a grand climacteric, and four-and-forty years of vicissitude. I shall not dilate upon it extensively; and, in truth, were it not that these personal fragments would be otherwise still more incomplete, I should remain altogether silent on a subject which revives in my mind so many painful reflections.

My elder brother married the only daughter of Mr. Edwards, of Old Court, County Wicklow. The individuals of both families attended that marriage, which was indeed a public one. The bride's-maid of Miss Edwards was the then admired Miss D. W. This lady was about my own age: her father had been a senior fellow of Dublin university, and had retired on large church preferments. Her uncle, with whom she was at that time residing, was a very eminent barrister in the Irish capital. She had but one sister, and I was soon brought to think she had no equal whatever.

Those who read this will, perhaps, anticipate a story of a volatile lad struck, in the midst of an inspiring ceremony, by the beauty of a lively and engaging female, and surrendering without resistance his boyish heart to the wild impulse of the moment. This supposition is, I admit, a natural one; but it is unfounded. Neither beauty, nor giddy passion, nor the glare of studied attractions, ever enveloped me in their labyrinths. Nobody admired female loveliness more than myself; but beauty in *the abstract* never excited within me that delirium which has so impartially made fools of kings and beggars—of heroes and cowards; and to which the wisest professors of law, physic, and divinity, have from time immemorial surrendered their liberty, and their reason.

Regularity of feature is very distinct from expression of countenance, which I never yet saw mere symmetry successfully rival. I thank Heaven, that I never was either the captive or the victim of "perfect beauty;" in fact, I never loved any handsome woman save one who still lives, and I hope will do so long: those whom I admired most (when I was of an age to admire any), had no great reason to be grateful for the munificence of creating Nature.

Were I to describe the person of D. W., I should say that she had no beauty; but, on the contrary, seemed rather to have been selected as a foil to set off the almost transparent delicacy of the bride whom she attended. Her figure was graceful, it is true; but, generally speaking, I incline to think that few ladies would have envied her perfections. Her dark and rather deep-sunk, yet penetrating and animated eye, could never have reconciled their looking-glasses to the sombre and swarthy complexion which surrounded it; nor the carmine of her pouting lip to the disproportioned extent of feature which it tinted. In fine, as I began, so will I conclude my personal description; she had *no beauty.* But she seems this moment before me as in a vision. I see her countenance, busied in unceasing converse with her heart; now illuminated by brilliant wit, now softened down by sense and sensibility—the wild spirit of the former changing like magic into the steadier movements of the latter; the serious glance silently commanding restraint and caution, while the counteracting smile even at the same moment set caution at defiance. But upon this subject I shall desist, and only remark further, that before I was aware of the commencement of its passion, my whole heart was hers!

D. W. was at that time the fashion in society: many admired, but I know of none who loved her save myself, and it must have been through some attractive congeniality of mind that our attachment became mutual.

It will doubtless appear unaccountable to many, whence the spell arose by virtue of which I was thus bound to a female, from whom every personal attribute seems to have been withheld by nature. But I am unable to solve the enigma. I once ventured myself to ask D. W. if she could tell me *why* I loved her? She *answered* by *returning the question;* and hence, neither of us being able to give an explicit reason, we mutually agreed that the query was unanswerable.

There are four short words in the French language which have a power of expressing what in English is inexplicable—"*Je ne sais quoi*"—and to these, in my dilemma, I resorted. I do not wish the phrase to be understood in a *sentimental* vein; or, in the set terms of young ladies, as "a *nice* expression!" In my mind it is an *amatory idiom;* and, in those few words, conveys more meaning than could a hundred pages.

I have said that the phrase is inexplicable; but, in like manner, as we are taught to aim at perfection while we know it to be unattainable, so will I endeavor to characterize the "*Je ne sais quoi*" as meaning a species of indefinable grace which gives despotic power to a female. When we praise in detail the abstract beauty or merits of a woman, each of them may form matter for argument, or subject for the exercise of various tastes; but of the "*Je ne sais quoi*" there is no specification, and upon it there can be no reasoning. It is that fascinating enigma which expresses *all* without expressing *anything;* that mysterious source of attraction which we can neither discover nor account for; and which nor beauty, nor wit, nor education, nor anything, in short, but *nature*, ever can create.

D. W. was the fashion; but she depended solely, as to fortune, on her father and her uncle. I was the third son of a largely estated but not prudent family, and was entitled to a younger child's portion in addition to some exclusive property; but I had passed twenty-one, and had not even fixed on a profession—therefore, the only probable result of our attachment seemed to be misery and disappointment. Notwithstanding, when in the same neighborhood we met—when separate we corresponded; but her good sense at length perceived that some end must be put to this state of clandestine intercourse, from which, although equally condemning it, we had not been able to abstain. Her father died, and she became entitled to a third of his estate and effects; but this accession was insufficient to justify the accomplishment of our union. I saw, and with a half-broken heart, acquiesced in her view of its impossibility, until I should have acquired some productive profession. She suggested that there was no other course but the bar, which might conciliate her uncle. The hint was sufficient, and we then agreed to have a ceremony of betrothal performed, and to separate the next moment, never to meet again until fortune, if ever so disposed, should smile upon us.

The ceremony was accordingly performed by a Mr. Tay, and immediately afterward I went on board a packet for England, determined, if it were possible, to succeed in a profession which held out a reward so essential to my happiness.

I did succeed at the bar: but alas! she for whose sake my toil was pleasure had ceased to exist. I never saw her more! Her only sister still lives in Merrion square, Dublin, and in her has centred all the property of both the father and uncle. She is the wife of one of my warmest friends, a king's counsel.

I hasten to quit a subject to me so distressing. Some very peculiar circumstances attended, as I learned, the death of that most excellent of women; but a recital of those would only increase the impression which I fear I have already given grounds for, that I am deeply superstitious. However, I have not concealed so important an incident of my life hitherto not published, and I have done.

A DUBLIN BOARDING-HOUSE.

Sketch of the Company and Inmates—Lord Mountmorris—Lieut. Gam Johnson, R. N.—Sir John and Lady O'Flaherty—Mrs. Wheeler—Lady and Miss Barry—Memoir and Character of Miss Barry, afterward Mrs. Baldwin—Ruinous Effects of a Dramatic Education exemplified—Lord Mountmorris' Duel with the Honorable Francis Hely Hutchinson at Donnybrook—His Lordship wounded—Marquis of Ely, his Second.

On my return to Dublin from London, before I could suit myself with a residence to my satisfaction, I lodged at the house of Mr. Kyle, in Frederick street, uncle to the present provost of Dublin university. Mrs. Kyle was a remarkably plain woman, of the most curious figure, being round as a ball; but she was as good as she was ordinary. This worthy creature, who was a gentlewoman by birth, had married Kyle;

who, though of good family, had been a trooper. She had lived many years, as companion, with my grandmother, and in fact regarded me as if I had been her own child.

In her abode so many human curiosities were collected, and so many anecdotes occurred, that, even at this distance of time, the recollection of it amuses me. Those who lodged in the house dined in company: the table was most plentifully served, and the party generally comprised from eight to ten select persons. I will endeavor to sketch the leading members of the society there at the period of which I speak; and first on the list I will place the late Lord Mountmorris, of celebrated memory. He was a very clever and well-informed, but eccentric man; one of the most ostentatious and at the same time parsimonious beings in the world. He considered himself by far the greatest orator and politician in Europe; and it was he who sent a florid speech, which he *intended* to have spoken in the Irish house of lords, to the press: the debate on which it was to be spoken did not ensue; but his lordship having neglected to countermand the publication, his studied harangue appeared next day in the Dublin newspapers, with all the supposititious *cheerings*, &c., duly interposed! I believe a similar *faux pas* has been committed by some English legislator.

His lordship, at the period in question, was patronizing what is commonly ycleped a *led captain*—one Lieutenant Ham or Gam Johnson, of the royal navy, brother to the two judges and the attorney of whom I shall speak hereafter. Without being absolutely disgusting, Lieutenant Johnson was certainly the ugliest man in Christendom. It was said of him that he need never fire a shot, since his countenance was sufficient to frighten the bravest enemy. His bloated visage, deeply indented by that cruel ravager of all comeliness, the small-pox, was nearly as large as the body that supported it, and that was by no means diminutive. Yet the man was civil and mild, and had withal a much higher character as an officer than his captain in the Artois frigate, Lord Charles Fitzgerald, who, it was at that time thought, preferred a sound nap to a hard battle.

Next in the company came Sir John O'Flaherty, Bart., and

Lady O'Flaherty, his *sposa.* He was a plain, agreeable country-gentleman. Her ladyship was to the full as *plain,* but not quite so agreeable. However, it was (as Mrs. Kyle said) *respectable,* at a boarding-house, to hear—"Sir John O'Flaherty's health!"—and "Lady O'Flaherty's health!"—drank o. hobnobbed across the table. They formed, indeed, excellent make-weights to cram in between Lord Mountmorris and the *canaille.*

Lady Barry, widow of the late Sir Nathaniel Barry, Bart., and mother of Sir Edward (who was also an occasional guest), follows in my catalogue, and was as valuable a curiosity as any of the set.

Mrs. Wheeler, the grandmother of Sir Richard Jonah Denny Wheeler Cuffe, gave up her whole attention to lapdogs; and neither she nor the last-mentioned dowager were by any means averse to the fermented grape—though we never saw either of them "very far gone."

Lady Barry's only daughter, afterward the unfortunate Mrs. Baldwin, was also of the party. Though this young female had not a beautiful face, it was yet peculiarly pleasing, and she certainly possessed one of the finest figures—tall, and slender in its proportions, and exquisitely graceful—I had ever seen. Her father, Sir Nathaniel Barry, many years the principal physician of Dublin, adored his daughter, and had spared no pains nor expense on her education. She profited by all the instruction she received, and was one of the most accomplished young women of her day. But unfortunately he had introduced her to the practice of one very objectionable accomplishment—calculated rather to give unbounded latitude to, than check, the light and dangerous particles of a volatile and thoughtless disposition. He was himself enthusiastically fond of *theatricals,* and had fitted up a theatre in the upper story of his own house. There the youthful mind of his hitherto untainted daughter was first initiated into all the schemes, the passions, the arts, and the deceptions, of lovers and of libertines!—the close mimicry of which forms the very essence of dramatic perfection. At sixteen, with all the warmth of a sensitive constitution, she was taught to personify the vices, affect the passions, and assume the frivolities, of her giddy sex!

Thus, through the folly or vanity of her father, she was led to represent by turns the flirt, the jilt, the silly wife, the capricious mistress, and the frail maiden — before her understanding had arrived at sufficient maturity, or his more serious instructions had made sufficient impression, to enable her to resist voluptuous sensations. She had not penetration enough (how could she have?) to perceive that a moral may be extracted from almost every crime, and that a bad example may sometimes be more preservative against error (from exhibiting its ruinous consequences) even than a good one. She was too young and too unsteady to make these subtile distinctions. She saw the world's pleasure dancing gayly before her, and pursued the vision — until her mimicry at length became nature, and her personification identity. After two or three years, during which this mistaken course was pursued, Sir Nathaniel died, leaving his daughter in possession of all the powers of attraction without the guard of prudence. In the dance — in declamation — in music — in the languages — she excelled: but in those steady and solid qualities which adapt women for wedlock and domesticity, she was altogether deficient. Her short-sighted father had been weak enough to deck her with the gaudy qualification of an actress at the expense of all those more estimable acquirements which her mind and her genius were equally susceptible of attaining.

The misfortunes which ensued should therefore be attributed rather to the folly of the parent than to the propensities of the child. Her heart, once sunk into the vortex of thoughtless variety and folly, her mother was unable to restrain its downward progress; and, as to her weak, dissipated brother, Sir Edward, I have myself seen him, late at night, require her to come from her chamber to sing, or play, or spout, for the amusement of his inebriated companions — conduct which the mother had not sufficient sense nor resolution to control. However, good fortune still gave Miss Barry a fair chance of rescuing herself, and securing complete comfort and high respectability. She married well, being united to Colonel Baldwin, a gentleman of character and fortune: but alas! that delicacy of mind which is the best guardian of female conduct had been irrecoverably lost by her pernicious education, and in a few years she sank beyond the possibility of regaining her station in society.

Long after the period of her unhappy fall, I saw Mrs. Baldwin, at the house of a friend of mine, into which she had been received, under an assumed name, as governess. This effort on her part could not be blamed, on the contrary, it was most commendable; and it would have been both cruel and unjust, by discovering her, to have thwarted it. Though many years had elapsed, and her person had meanwhile undergone total alteration—her size being doubled, and her features grown coarse and common—I instantly recognised her as one whom I had known long before, but whose name I could not recollect. I had tact enough to perceive that she courted concealment, and in consequence, I carefully abstained from any pointed observation. The mother of the children subsequently told me that her governess was an admirable musician, and took me to the door of her room to hear her play. She was sitting alone at the piano. I listened with an anxiety I can not describe nor indeed scarcely account for. She sang not with superiority, but in plaintive tones, which I was confident I had heard before, yet could not remember where—when an air which, from a very peculiar cause, had in early days impressed itself *indelibly* on my memory, brought Miss Barry at once to my recollection. Her image swam into my mind as she appeared when youth, grace, innocence, and accomplishments, made her a just subject for general admiration, and had particularly attracted a friend of mine, Mr. Vicars, the brother of Mrs. Peter Latouche, who loved her to distraction.

Her secret I kept inviolably; but some person, I believe, was afterward less considerate, and she was discovered. Had I supposed it possible she could have then enfeebled the morals or injured the habits of my friend's children, I should myself have privately given her a hint to change her situation; but I never should have *betrayed* the poor creature. However, I conceived her at that time to be trustworthy in the execution of the duties she had undertaken. She had suffered amply. Her own daughter resided with her, and scarcely ever left her side. No longer a subject for the irregular passions, she had just lived long enough, and felt keenly enough, to render her follies a warning for her later years, and even to cause her to entertain disgust for those errors which had led her to destruction: and I then believed, nor have I now any reason to question the solidity of my judgment, that she was on the direct road to prudence and good conduct.

I have related these events, as I confess myself to be an avowed enemy to a dramatic education. That sexual familiarity which is indispensable upon the stage undermines, and is, in my opinion, utterly inconsistent with, the delicacy of sentiment, the refinement of thought, and reserve of action, which constitute at once the surest guards and the most precious ornaments of female character. Strong minds and discriminating understanding may occasionally escape; but what a vast majority of Thalia's daughters fall victims to the practices of their own calling!

But let us return to Kyle's boarding-house. The different pursuits adopted by these curious members of the society assembled there were to me subjects of constant entertainment. I stood well with all parties.

One day, after dinner, Lord Mountmorris seemed rather less communicative than usual, but not less cheerful. He took out his watch; made a speech, as customary; drank his *tipple* (as he denominated the brandy-and-water); but seemed rather impatient. At length, a loud rap announced somebody of consequence, and the marquis of Ely was named.

Lord Mountmorris rose with his usual ceremony, made a very low bow to the company, looked again at his watch, repeated his *congē*, and made his exit. He entered the coach where Lord Ely was waiting, and away they drove. Kyle (a most curious man) instantly decided that a duel was in agitation, and turned pale at the dread of losing so good a lodger. Lieutenant Gam Johnson was of the same opinion, and equally distressed by the fear of losing his lordship's interest for a frigate. Each snatched up his beaver, and with the utmost expedition pursued the coach. I was also rather desirous to see the *fun* as Gam (though with a sigh!) called it; and made the best of my way after the two mourners—not, however, hurrying myself so much—as, while they kept the coach in view, I was contented with keeping them within sight. Our pursuit exceeded a mile, when in the distance I peceived that the coach had stopped at Donnybrook-fair green, where, on every eighth of June, many an eye seems to mourn for the broken skull that had protected it from expulsion. I took my time, as I was now sure of my game, and had just reached the field when I heard the firing. I then ran behind a large tree, to observe further.

Gam and Kyle had flown toward the spot, and nearly tumbled over my lord, who had received a bullet from the Hon. Francis Hely Hutchinson, (late collector for Dublin), on the right side, directly under his lordship's pistol-arm. The peer had staggered and measured his length on the greensward, and I certainly thought it was all over with him. I stood snugly all the while behind my tree, not wishing to have anything to do at the coroner's inquest, which I considered as inevitable. To my astonishment, however, I saw my lord arise! and, after some colloquy, the combatants bowed to each other and sepated. My lord got back to his coach, with aid, and reached Frederick street, if not in quite as good health, certainly with as high a character for bravery, as when he had left it. In fact, never did any person enjoy a wound more sincerely! He kept his chamber a month, and was inconceivably gratified by the number of inquiries daily made respecting his health—boasting ever after of the profusion of *friends* who thus proved their solicitude. His answer from first to last was, "No better." To speak truth, one half of the querists were sent in jest by those whom his singularity diverted.

IRISH BEAUTIES.

Strictures on Change of Manners—Moral Influence of Dress—The Three Beauties—Curious Trial respecting Lady M———; Termination favorable to her Ladyship—Interesting and Affecting Incidents of that Lady's Life—Sir R——— M———, his Character and Cruelty—Lady M——— married against her Will—Quits her Husband—Returns—Sir R. mistakes her for a Rebel in his Sleep, and nearly strangles her.

It is singular enough, but at the same time true, that female beauty has of late years kept pace in improvement with modern accomplishments. She who in the early part of my life would have been accounted a perfect beauty, whose touch upon a harpsichord or spinnet, accompanied by a simple air, sung with that they then called "judgment" (in tune), would have constituted her at once a Venus and a siren, would now be passed by merely as a "pretty girl, but such a confounded *bore* with her music!" In fact women fifty years since (and much later) not being, generally speaking, thrust into society till they had arrived at the age of maturity, were more respected, more beloved, and more sedulously attended than in these days, when the men seem to have usurped the ladies' corsets, to affect their voices, practise their gait, imitate their small-talk, and in surtouts and trowsers, hustle ladies off the footpaths, to save their own dog-skins from humidity.

This degradation of both sexes has arisen from various causes. Beauty has apparently become less rare, accomplishments more common, dress less distinguished, dignity worse preserved, and decorum less attended to, than in former times. It is a great mistake in women not to recollect their own importance, and keep up that just medium between reserve and familiarity which constitutes the best criterion whereby to appreciate the manners of a gentlewoman. But women are too apt to run into extremes in everything; and overlook the fact that neither personal beauty nor drawing-room display are calculated to form permanent attractions, even to the most adoring lover. The *breakfast-table* in the morning, and *fireside* in the evening, must be the ultimate touchstones of connubial comfort; and this is a maxim which any woman who intends to marry should never lose sight of.

To such lengths did respect for the sex extend, and so strong was the impression that men were bound to protect it even from accidental offence, that I remember, if any gentleman presumed to pass between a lady and the wall in walking the streets of Dublin, he was considered as offering a personal affront to her escort; and if the parties wore swords (as was then customary) it is probable the first salutation to the offender would be, "Draw, sir!" However, such affairs usually ended in an apology to the lady for inadvertence.

But if a man ventured to intrude into the boxes of the theatre in his surtout, or boots, or with his hat on, it was regarded as a general insult to every lady present, and he had little chance of escaping without a shot or a thrust before the following night. Every gentleman then wore, in the evening, a sword, a queue, and a three-cocked hat, appointments rather too fierce-looking for the modern dandy! while the morning-dress consisted of what was then called a French frock, a waistcoast bordered with lace, and a *couteau de chasse*, with a short, curved, broad blade, the handle of green ivory, with a lion's head in silver or gilt at the end, and a treble chain dangling loose from its mouth, terminating at an ornamental cross or guard, which surmounted the scabbard. Such was the Irish costume: but although either the male or female attire of that day might now appear rather grotesque, yet people of fashion had then the exclusive dress and air of such, and gentlewomen ran no risk of being copied in garb or manner by their pretty waiting-maids, now called "young persons!"

The Irish court at that period was kept up with great state and hence the parties who frequented it were more select. I recollect when the wives and daughters of attorneys (who now I believe are the general occupiers of the red benches), were never admitted to the vice-regal drawing-rooms. How far the present growing system of equality in appearance among different ranks will eventually benefit or injure society in general, is for casuists, not for me, to determine. I must, however, take occasion to own myself an admirer, and (whenever it is proper) a zealous contender for distinction of ranks; and to state my decided opinion, that nothing but superior talents, learning, military reputation, or some other quality which raises men by general assent, should be permitted to amalgamate society.

It is an observation I have always made (although it may be perhaps considered a frivolous one), that dress has a moral effect upon the conduct of mankind. Let any gentleman find himself with dirty boots, old surtout, soiled neck-cloth, and a general negligence of dress, he will, in all probability, find a corresponding disposition to negligence of address. He may, *en deshabille*, curse and swear, and speak roughly and *think* roughly: but put the same man into full dress; powder him well, clap a sword by his side, and give him an evening coat, breeches, and silk stockings, he will feel himself quite another person! To use the language of the blackguard would then be out of character: he will talk smoothly, affect politeness, if he has it not, pique himself upon good manners, and respect the women; nor will the spell subside until, returning home, the old *robe-de-chambre* (or its substitute surtout), with other slovenly appendages, make him lose again his brief consciousness of being a gentleman!

Some women mistake the very nature and purposes of dress; glaring abroad, they are slatterns at home. The husband detests in his *sposa* what he is too apt to practise himself; he rates a dirty wife, she retorts upon a ruffianly husband, and each of them detests the other for neglect which neither will take the trouble of avoiding.

Three ladies, about the period of my return from London, became very conspicuous for their beauty, though extremely different in all points of both appearance and manners. They still live: two of them I greatly admire, not for beauty alone, but for an address the most captivating; and one of these especially, for the kindest heart and the soundest sense, when she gave it fair play, that I have ever met with among females.

In admitting my great preference to this individual lady, I may, perhaps, by those who know her, be accused of partiality, less to herself than to a family; be it so! she is the wife of my friend, and I esteem her for his sake, but she is also an excellent woman, and I esteem her for her own.

Another of the parties alluded to, Lady M——, is a gentlewoman of high birth, and was then, though not *quite* a beauty, in all points attractive. She passed her spring in misfortune—her summer in misery—her autumn without happiness! but I hope the winter of her days is spent amidst every comfort. Of the third lady I have not yet spoken: though far inferior to both the former, she has succeeded better in life than either; and, beginning the world without any pretensions beyond mediocrity, is likely to end her days in ease and more than ordinary respectability.

My first knowledge of Lady M—— arose from a circumstance which was to me of singular professional advantage; and, as it forms a curious anecdote respecting myself, I will proceed to relate it.

At the assizes of Wexford while I was but young at the bar, I received a brief in a cause of Sir R—— M——, Bart., against a Mr. H——. On perusal, I found it was an action brought by the baronet against the latter gentleman respecting his lady, and that I was retained as advocate for the lady's honor. It was my "first appearance" in that town. But alas! I had a senior in the business; and therefore was without opportunity of displaying my abilities. The ill-fated Bagenal Harvey* was that senior counsel, and he had prepared himself to make some exhibition in a cause of so much and such universal excitement. I felt dispirited, and would willingly have given up twenty fees in order to possess his opportunity.

The cause proceeded before Judge Kelly: the evidence was finished, and the proper time for the defence had arrived; everything as to the lady was at stake. Bagenal Harvey had gone out to take fresh air, and probably to read over some notes, or con some florid sentences and quotations with which he intended to interlard his elocution. At the moment the evidence closed, the judge desired me to proceed; I replied, that Mr. Harvey, my senior, would return into court directly.

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* An unfortunate friend of mine who was afterward hanged and his head stuck over the door of the same courthouse.

Judge Kelly, who was my friend, and clearly saw my wish, said he would not delay public business one minute for anybody; and, by a sort of instinct, or rather impulse—I can not indeed exactly say what it was—but certainly it was totally *impromptu*—I began to state her ladyship's case. I always had words enough at command; the evidence afforded sufficient material for their exercise; and, in fact, being roused by the cause into a sort of knight-errantry, I felt myself completely identified with it. If I should succeed, it would greatly serve me.

I forgot poor Bagenal Harvey, and was just getting into the marrow and pathos of my case, when the crier shouted out, "Clear the way for Counsellor Harvey!" Bagenal came in, puffing and blowing, and struggling through the crowd—scarcely able to command utterance. I instantly stopped, and begged his pardon, adding that the judge had said the public time could wait for nobody! "So," continued I "let me just show you where I left off!" (turning over the leaves of my brief). "There, begin there—it will be useless to repeat what I have already said, so begin there." A loud laugh succeeded.

Bagenal became irritated as much as he was susceptible of being, and whispered me that he considered it as a personal insult: while old Judge Kelly gravely said, "Go on, Mr. Barrington, go on! we can have no speeches by dividends; go on, sir!" So on I went, and I believe (because everybody told me so) that my impromptu speech was entirely successful. I discredited the witnesses by ridicule, destroyed all sympathy with the husband, and interested everybody for the wife. In short I got the judge and jury into good humor. Yet, I know not by what means I should have insured a verdict, had not a certain point of law, which I believe was then started for the first time, occurred to me; and which, though rational in itself, and on that trial recognised by the judge, has since been overruled in terms, though it stands in substance;—namely, if a husband can not truly aver, that he has sustained mental injury by the loss of that comfort arising from the *society* of a wife, it is anomalous to say he has any claim to damages; and this averment can scarcely be made where the parties have been separated voluntarily and completely for years.*

The judge, the kindest-hearted man living, chuckled at this new point. The jury, who did not much admire the plaintiff, were quite pleased with my suggestion; and after the judge had given his charge, in a few minutes, to the utter discomfiture of the baronet, there was a verdict against him! His lips quivered; he stood pale and trembling with anger; and subsequently quitted the town with the utmost expedition.

Some time afterward, a reconciliation took place between the parties, so far that her ladyship consented to live with him again: influenced much, I rather think, by having suffered great inconvenience, if not distress, from want of regularity in the receipt of her separate maintenance of 700*l.* per annum. I had the pleasure of meeting her frequently at the lady lieutenant's parties.

The conclusion of the renewed intercourse is too curious to be omitted. Sir R—— had taken a house in the city of Dublin; and it was thought possible that he and his wife might, at any rate, pass some time under the same roof; but fate decided otherwise.

Sir R—— was literally insane on all political subjects, his imagination being occupied night and day, with nothing but papists, Jesuits, and rebels. Once in the dead of the night his lady was awakened by a sense of positive suffocation, and rousing herself, found that Sir R—— was in the very act of strangling her!—he had grasped her by the throat with all his might, and muttering heavy imprecations, had nearly succeeded in his diabolical attempt. She struggled, and at length extricated herself from his grasp, upon which he roared out, making a fresh effort—"You infernal papist rebel! you united Irishman! I'll never part from you alive, if you don't come quietly."

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* This is, indeed, altogether a species of action maintained in no country but England (a money country). Why not transfer the offence to the *criminal* side of the courts of justice? All the rest of Europe ridicules our system. The idea entertained on the continent upon such occasions is *silence* or *death!*—if not the most lucrative, certainly the most *honorable* mode of procedure.

In fact this crazy Orange-man had in his dream fancied that he was contesting with a rebel, whom he had better choke than suffer to escape, and poor Lady M—— was nearly sacrificed to his excess of loyalty. In her *robe-de-chambre* and slippers she contrived to get out of the house, and never more ventured to return, as she now clearly perceived that even her personal safety could not be calculated on in her husband's society.

I have in another work given a full character of Sir R—— M——, and stated my opinion of his worse than mischievous history of Ireland. One more anecdote of him, and I have done.

While he was high sheriff for the county of Waterford, an old man was sentenced to be whipped at the cart's tail for some political offence; when, the executioner not being in readiness, the *high sheriff,* a baronet and member of parliament, took up the cat-o'-nine-tails, ordered the cart to move on slowly, and operated himself with admirable expertness, but much greater severity than the hangman would have used. Thus did he proceed to whip the old man through the streets of the city; and when the extreme point was reached, and he was scarcely able to raise his arm, he publicly regretted he had not a little farther to go!

Lady M—— was, in her own right, entitled to a fortune of 15,000*l*., to be paid on her marriage. Her father, a gentleman of rank and estate, had by some mismanagement become extremely embarrassed. Sir R—— M—— a man of family, but whose fortune was not large, cast his eye on her beauty—not totally overlooking her property. His taste was indisputably good: the lady being, at that period, everything that could be desired. She possessed an ardent mind, great constitutional gaiety, and a sensitive heart; to which were added a most engaging figure and a lovely and expressive countenance. Her father she loved dearly; and for his unhappy circumstances therefore, her heart bled; but Sir R—— M—— could make no impression upon it. On the contrary, he excited her aversion. Thus her affections being unattainable, the baronet resolved if possible, to *purchase* her hand, leaving her heart to some future opportunity! Hence commences the affecting narrative of her ladyship's wrongs and misfortunes, related to me by herself in broken fragments and at several times.

"I was not aware," said she "what caused my dear father's obvious unhappiness, and often was I surprised at the pertinacity with which he pressed the baronet upon my consideration. I rejected him over and over again; still his suit was renewed, still my father appeared more anxious on his behalf, while my mother seconded their wishes.—My aversion increased; yet Sir R—— M——'s assiduities were redoubled with his repulses; and at length I contemplated the leaving my father's house, if I were longer persecuted by these addresses.

"Though young, I knew the failing of my own character, which possessed not sufficient resolution to oppose its constitutional tendencies. Nature had formed me for all the pleasures and the pains which are alike inseparable from sensibility. I found a glow in every thought, an enthusiasm in every action. My feelings were always *in earnest.* I could love to excess and hate to rancor! but I could do neither with mediocrity. I could be the best or the worst of wives. I could endure anything with a man I loved, but could not sit upon a throne with one whom I might detest.

"At length I discovered the whole of my father's more than pressing embarrassments; and understood that Sir R—— M—— had agreed to give up to him a considerable portion of my fortune, if our marriage was effected. This shock, to such a disposition as mine, was cruel; and the dilemma was distracting. since it involved my father's ruin, or my own!

"Often, as we sat at our family repasts, have I perceived that dear parent lay down the fork he was conveying to his lips, and turn away to conceal the agitation of mind which might have betrayed to us his distresses.

"Gradually I found that filial affection was taking the strongest hold of me. I thought I could endure unhappiness myself, but I could not bear to see my father miserable. I weighed the consequences, and reasoned so far as I possessed the faculty of reasoning. I saw his ruin or my own was inevitable!

"The struggle was indeed sharp—it was long—it was *very* painful: but at length filial piety prevailed over self; and I determined upon my own sacrifice. I communicated to my father my decision to admit the addresses of Sir R—— M——: but, at the same moment, I felt an indescribable change of character commence, which, from that sad period, has more or less affected every action of my life. I felt a sort of harsh sensation arise within my mind, and operate upon my temper, to which they had previously been strangers. My spirits flagged, my pursuits grew insipid, and I perceived that the ice of indifference was chilling all the sensibility of my nature.

"From the moment of my assent, my father's disposition seemed to have undergone almost as radical a change as my own. He became once more cheerful, and I had at least the gratification of reflecting that, if I were myself lost, I had saved a parent! But I must remark that it was not so as to my mother, who indeed, had never been kind to me.

"In due time the settlements were prepared, and my fortune I learned, secretly divided. The ceremony was about to be performed, and Sir R—— M—— at that very hour appeared to be the most disagreeable of mankind. There was a sort of uncouth civility, an abrupt, fiery, coarse expression, even in his most conciliatory manners, which seemed to set all feelings of respect or cordiality at defiance. As to love, he was not susceptible of the passion, while I was created to enjoy its tenderest blessings. He was half mad by nature; I had become so from misery! and in this state of mind we met to be united at the altar! I was determined, however, that he should learn by anticipation what he had to expect from me as a wife. 'Sir R—— M——,' said I to him, 'I am resolved to give you the last proof you will ever receive of my candor. I accept you, not only as a husband whom I never can love, and never will obey, but whom I absolutely detest! now marry me at your peril, and take the consequences!' He laughed convulsively, took me by the hand, and having led me into the next room, that ceremony was performed to which I should have thought a sentence of death preferable. The moment we were united, I retired to my chamber, where tears flowing in torrents, cooled my heated feelings. My purpose in marrying was effected, I therefore determined that, if possible, I never would live an hour in his society, and it was two months before my ill-fated stars compelled me to become the actual wife of the most unfeeling and abominable of fanatics.

"Our residence together of course was short, and at twenty-one I was thrown upon the world to avoid my husband's society. Being possessed of sufficient means, I travelled; and for the fourteen years of our separation my whole time was an unnatural and continued strife between passion and propriety. On a late occasion, you were my counsel, and from you nothing has been concealed. You did me more than justice, you have defeated him, and preserved me!"

I have not seen her ladyship for these many years; but never did I meet with one whom I conceived to be more completely thrown away, or whose natural disposition seemed more calculated to lead to her own happiness and to the happiness of those within her sphere of influence.

PATRICIANS AND PLEBEIANS.

The Three Classes of Gentlemen in Ireland described—Irish Poets—Mr. Thomas Fliuter and D. Henesey—The Bard—Peculiarities of the Peasants—Their Ludicrous Misinformation as to Distances accounted for—Civility of a Waiter—Their Equivocation and Misdirection of Travellers to Different Places.

I WILL now proceed to lay before the reader a brief but more general sketch of the state of Irish society at the period of my youth, reminding him of the principle which I have before assumed; namely, that of considering anecdotes, bon-mots, and such-like, valuable only as they tend to exemplify interesting facts, relative to history or manners: many such I have inserted in these fragments; and as I have been careful throughout to avoid mere inventions, my reader need not, by any means, reserve their perusal for the study of his travelling carriage.

Miss Edgeworth, in her admirable sketch of *Castle Rackrent*, gives a faithful picture of the Irish character under the circumstances which she has selected; and the account that I am about to give, may serve as a kind of supplement to that little work, as well as an elucidation of the habits and manners of Irish country society about the period Miss Edgeworth alludes to, and somewhat later.

In those days, then, the common people ideally separated the gentry of the country into three classes, and treated each class according to the relative degree of respect to which they considered it was entitled.

They generally divided them thus:—

1. *Half-mounted* gentlemen.
2. Gentlemen every *inch of them.*
3. Gentlemen to the *back-bone.*

The first-named class formed the only species of independent yeomanry then existing in Ireland. They were the descendents of the small grantees of Queen Elizabeth, Cromwell, and King William; possessed about two hundred acres of land each; in fee farm, from the crown; and were occasionally admitted into the society of gentlemen—particularly hunters—living at other times among each other, with an intermixture of their own servants with whom they were always on terms of intimacy. They generally had good clever horses, which could leap over anything, but had never felt the trimming-scissors or currycomb. The riders commonly wore buckskin breeches, and boots well greased (blacking was never used in this country), and carried large thong whips heavily loaded with lead at the butt-end, so that they were always prepared either to horsewhip a man or knock his brains out, as circumstances might dictate. These half-mounted gentlemen exercised the hereditary authority of keeping the ground clear at horseraces, hurlings, and all public meetings (as the soldiers keep the lines at a review). Their business was to ride round the inside of the ground, which they generally did with becoming spirit, trampling over some, knocking down others, and slashing everybody who encroached on the proper limits. Bones being but very *seldom* broken, and skulls still seldomer fractured, everybody approved of their exertions, because all the bystanders gained therefrom a full view of the sport which was going forward. A shout of merriment was always set up when a half-mounted gentleman knocked down an interloper; and some of the *poets* present, if they had an opportunity roared out their verses* by way of a song to encourage the gentlemen.

The second class, or gentlemen every *inch of them,* were of excellent old families; whose finances were not in so good order as they might have been, but who were popular among all ranks. They were far above the first degree, somewhat inferior to the third; but had great influence, were much beloved, and carried more sway at popular elections and general county meetings, than the other two classes put together.

The third class, or gentlemen to the *back-bone,* were of the oldest families and settlers, universally respected, and idolized by the peasantry, although they also were generally a little out at elbows. Their word was law; their nod would have immediately collected an army of cottagers, or colliers, or whatever the population was composed of. Men, women, and children, were always ready and willing to execute anything "the squire" required, without the slightest consideration as to either its danger or propriety.

A curious circumstance perhaps rendered my family peculiarly popular. The common people had conceived the notion that the lord of Cullenaghmore had a right to save a man's life every summer assizes at Maryborough; and it did frequently so happen, within my recollection, that my father's intercession in favor of some poor deluded creatures (when the White Boy system was in activity), was kindly attended to by the government; and, certainly, besides this number, many others of his tenants owed their lives to similar interference But it was wise in the government to accede to such representations; since their concession never failed to create such an influence in my father's person over the tenantry, that he was enabled to preserve them in perfect tranquillity, while those surrounding were in a constant state of insubordination to all law whatever.

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* I recollect an example of those good-humored madrigals. A poet, called Daniel Bran, sang it aloud, as he himself lay sprawling on the grass, after having been knocked down and ridden over by old Squire Flood, who showed no mercy in the "execution of his duty."

"There was Despard so brave,
That son of the wave,
And Tom Conway, the pride of the bower;
But noble Squire Flood
Swore, G—d d—n his blood!
But he'd drown them all in the Delower."

I recollect a Mr. Tom Flinter, of Timahoe, one of the first class gentlemen, who had speculated in cows and sheep, and everything he could buy up, till his establishment was reduced to one blunt faithful fellow, Dick Henesey, who stuck to him throughout all his vicissitudes. Flinter had once on a time got a trifle of money, which was burning in his greasy pocket, and he wanted to expend it at a neighboring fair, where his whole history, as well as the history of every man of his half-mounted contemporaries, was told in a few verses, by a fellow called Ned the dog-stealer, but who was also a *great poet*, and resided in the neighborhood.*

In travelling through Ireland, a stranger is very frequently puzzled by the singular ways, and especially by the idiomatic equivocation, characteristic of every Irish peasant. Some years back, more particularly, these men were certainly originals—quite unlike any other people whatever. Many an hour of curious entertainment has been afforded me by their eccentricities; yet, though always fond of prying into the remote sources of these national peculiarities, I must frankly confess that, with all my pains, I never was able to develop half of them, except by one sweeping observation; namely, that the brains and tongues of the Irish are somehow differently formed or furnished from those of other people.

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* They were considered as a standing joke for many years in that part of the country, and ran as follows:

Dialogue between Tom Flinter and his man.

Tom Flinter. Dick! said he;
Dick Henesey. What? said he;
Tom Flinter. Fetch me my hat, says he;
For I will go, says he;
To Timahoe, says he;
To buy the fair, says he;
And all that's there, says he.

Dick Henesey. Arrah! *pay what you owe!* said he;
And *then* you may go, says he;
To Timahoe, says he;
To buy the fair, says he;
And all that's there, says he.

Tom Flinter. Well! by this and by that! said he!
Dick! *hang up my hat!* says he.

One general hint which I beg to impress upon all travellers in Hibernia, is the following; that if they show a disposition toward kindness, together with a moderate familiarity, and *affect* to be *inquisitive*, whether so or not, the Irish peasant will outdo them tenfold in every one of these dispositions. But if a man is haughty and overbearing, he had better take care of himself.

I have often heard it remarked and complained of by travellers and strangers, that they never could get a true answer from any Irish peasant as to *distances*, when on a journey. For many years I myself thought it most unaccountable. If you meet a peasant on your journey, and ask him how far, for instance, to Ballinrobe, he will probably say it is, "*three short* miles." You travel on, and are informed by the next peasant you meet, that "it is *five long* miles." On you go and the next will tell "your honor" it is "*four miles*, or about that same." The fourth will swear "if your honor stops at *three* miles, you'll never get there!" But on pointing to a town just before you and inquiring what place that is, he replies,

"Oh! plaze your honor, that's Ballinrobe, sure enough!"

"Why, you said it was more than three miles off!"

"Oh yes! to be sure and sartain, that's from my *own cabin*, plaze your honor. We're no scholards in this country. Arrah! how can we tell any distance, plaze your honor, but from our own *little cabins?* Nobody but the schoolmaster knows that, plaze your honor."

Thus is the mystery unravelled. When you ask any peasant the distance of the place you require, he never computes it from where you *then are*, but from his *own cabin;* so that, if you asked twenty, in all probability you would have as many different answers, and not one of them correct. But it is to be observed, that frequently you can get no reply at all unless you understand *Irish.*

In parts of Kerry and Mayo, however, I have met with peasants who speak Latin not badly. On the election of Sir John Brown for the county of Mayo, Counsellor Thomas Moore and I went down as his counsel. The weather was desperately severe. At a solitary inn, where we were obliged to stop for horses, we requested dinner; upon which, the waiter laid a cloth that certainly exhibited every species of dirt ever invented. We called and remonstrating with him, ordered a clean cloth. He was a low, fat fellow, with a countenance perfectly immovable, and seeming to have scarcely a single muscle in it. He nodded, and on our return to the room (which we had quitted during the interval) we found, instead of a clean cloth, that he had only folded up the filthy one into the thickness of a cushion. We now scolded away in good earnest. He looked at us with the greatest sang-froid, and said sententiously, "*Nemo me impune lacessit.*"

He kept his word: when we had proceeded about four miles in deep snow, and through a desperate night, on a bleak road, one of the wheels came off the carriage, and down we went! We were at least two miles from *any* house. The driver cursed, in Irish, Michael the waiter, who, he said, had put a *new* wheel upon the carriage, which had turned out to be an *old* one, and had broken to pieces.

We had to march through the snow to a wretched cottage, and sit up all night to get a genuine *new wheel* ready for the morning.

The Irish peasant, also, never answers any question directly: in some districts, if you ask him where such a gentleman's house is, he will point and reply, "Does your honor see that large house there, all among the trees, with a green field before it?" You answer, "Yes." "Well," says he, "plaze your honor that's *not it.* But do you see that big brick house with the cow-houses by the side of that same, and a pond of water?"

"Yes."

"Well, plaze your honor, *that's* not it. But, if you plaze look quite to the right of that same house, and you'll see the top of a castle among the trees there, with a road going down to it, betune the bushes."

"Yes."

"Well, plaze your honor, *that's not it*, neither—but if your honor will come down this bit of a road a couple of miles, I'll show it you *sure enough*—and if your honor's in a hurry, I can run on *hot foot*,* and tell the squire your honor's *galloping after* me. Ah! who shall I tell the squire, plaze your honor, is coming to see him? he's my own landlord, God save his honor day and night!"

IRISH INNS.

Their General Character—Objections commonly made to Them—Answer thereto—Sir Charles Vernon's Mimicry—Moll Harding—Accident of nearly a Fatal Nature to the Author.

An Irish inn has been an eternal subject of ridicule to every writer upon the habits and appearances of my native country. It is true that, in the early period of my life, most of the inns in Ireland were nearly of the same quality; a composition of slovenliness, bad meat, worse cooking, and few vegetables (save the royal Irish potato), but plenty of fine eggs, smoked bacon, often excellent chickens, and occasionally the hen as soon as she had done hatching them—if you could chew her. They generally had capital claret, and plenty of civility in all its ramifications.

The poor people did their best to entertain their guests, but did not understand their trade; and even had it been otherwise, they had neither furniture, nor money, nor credit, nor cattle, nor *customers* enough to keep things going well together. There were then no post-horses, nor carriages—consequently, very little travelling in Ireland; and if there had been, the ruts and holes would have rendered thirty miles a-day a good journey. Yet I verily believe, on the whole, that the people in general were happier, at least they appeared vastly more contented than at present. I certainly never met with so bad a thing in Ireland as the "Red Cow" in *John Bull:* for whatever might have been the quality, there was plenty of something or other always to be had at the inns to assuage hunger and thirst.

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* A figurative expression for "with all possible *speed*"—used by the Irish peasants: by taking short cuts, and fairly hopping along, a young peasant would beat any good traveller

The best description I ever recollect to have heard of an Irish inn, its incidents, and appurtenances, was in a sort of medley sung and spoken by the present Sir Charles Vernon, when he had some place in the lord-lieutenant's establishment at Dublin castle: it was delivered by him to amuse the company after supper, and was an excellent piece of mimicry. He took off ucks, geese, pigs, chickens, the cook and the landlady, the guests, &c., to the greatest possible perfection.

One anecdote respecting an Irish inn may, with modifications, give some idea of others at that period A Mrs. Moll Harding kept the *natest* inn in Ballyroan, close to my father's house. I recollect to have heard a passenger (they are very scarce there) telling her, that "his sheets had not been aired." With great civility Moll Harding begged his honor's pardon, and said, "They certainly were and *must* have been *well* aired, for there was not a gentleman came to the house the last fortnight that had not slept in them!"

Another incident which occurred in an Irish inn, is for good reasons, much more firmly impressed on my recollection, and may give a hint worth having to some curious travellers in their peregrinations to Kerry, Killarney, &c.

The late Earl Farnham had a most beautiful demesne at a village called Newtown Barry, County Wexford. It is a choice spot, and his lordship resided in a very small house in the village. He was always so obliging as to make me dine with him on my circuit journey, and I slept at the little inn—in those days a very poor one indeed.

The day of my arrival was, on one occasion, wet, and a very large assemblage of barristers were necessitated to put up with any accommodation they could get. I was sure of a good dinner; but every bed was engaged. I dined with Lord F——, took my wine merrily, and adjourned to the inn, determined to sit up all night at the kitchen-fire. I found every one of my brethren in bed; the maid-servant full of good liquor; and the man and woman of the house quite as joyously provided for. The lady declared, she could not think of permitting *my honor* to sit up; and if I would accept of their little snug cupboard-bed by the fireside, I should be warm and comfortable. This arrangement I thought a most agreeable one: the bed was let down from the niche, into which it had been folded up, and, in a few minutes, I was in a comfortable slumber.

My first sensation in the morning was, however, one which it is not in my power to describe now, because I could not do so five minutes after it was over—suffice it to say, I found myself in a state of suffocation, with my head down and my feet upward! I had neither time nor power for reflection; I attempted to cry out, but that was impossible; the agonies of death, I suppose, were coming on me, and some convulsive effort gave me a supernatural strength that probably saved me from a most inglorious and whimsical departure. On a sudden I felt my position change; and with a crash sounding to me like thunder, down the bed and I came upon the floor. I then felt that I had the power of a little articulation, and cried out "Murder!" with as much vehemence as I was able. The man, woman, and maid, by this time all sober, came running into the room together. The woman joined me in crying out murder; the maid alone knew the cause of my disaster, and ran as fast as she could for the apothecary, to bleed me. I had, however, recovered after large draughts of cold water, and obtained sense enough to guess at my situation.

The maid, having been drunk when I went to bed, on awakening just at break of day to begin to set all matters to rights, and perceiving her master and mistress already up, had totally forgotten the counsellor!—and having stronger arms of her own than any barrister of the home-circuit, in order to clear the kitchen, had hoisted up the bed into its proper niche, and turned the button at the top that kept it in its place: in con equence of which, down went my head and up went my heels! and as air is an article indispensably necessary to existence, eath would very soon have ended the argument, had not my violent struggles caused the button to give way, and so brought me once more out of the position of the antipodes. The poor woman was as much alarmed as I was!

I felt no inconvenience afterward. But what has happened once may chance to occur again: and I only wonder that the same accident does not frequently take place among this kind of people and of beds.

FATAL DUEL OF MY BROTHER.

Duel of my Brother William Barrington with Mr. M'Kenzie—He is killed by his Antagonist's Second, General Gillespie—The General's Character—Tried for Murder—Judge Bradstreet's Charge—Extraordinary Incidents of the Trial—The Jury arranged—The High-Sheriff (Mr. Lyons) challenged by Mistake—His Hair cut off by Henry French Barrington—Exhibited in the Ballroom—The Curl Club formed—The Sheriff quits the Country. and never returns—Gillespie goes to India: killed there—Observations on his Cenotaph in Westminster Abbey.

As the circumstances attending the death of my younger brother, William Barrington, by the hand of the celebrated General Gillespie (whom government has honored with a monument in Westminster Abbey), have been variously detailed—seldom indeed, twice the same way—I think it right to take this opportunity of stating the *facts* of that most melancholy transaction. I will do so as concisely as may be, and as dispassionately as the *slaughter* of a beloved brother will admit of.

William Barrington had passed his twentieth year, and had intended, without delay, to embrace the military profession. He was active, lively, full of spirit and of animal courage; his predominant traits were excessive good-nature, and a most zealous attachment to the honor and individuals of his family.

Gillespie, then captain in a cavalry-regiment, had shortly before the period in question married a Miss Taylor, an intimate friend of ours, and was quartered in Athy, where my mother resided

A very close and daily intercourse sprang up between the families. After dinner, one day, at Gillespie's house, when every gentleman had taken more wine than was prudent, a dispute arose between my brother and a Mr. M'Kenzie, lieutenant in an infantry-regiment, quartered at the same place. This dispute should never have been suffered to arise; and, as it was totally private, should, at least, never have proceeded farther. But no attempt was made to either reconcile or check it, on the part of Captain Gillespie, although the thing occurred at his own table.

Gillespie was a very handsome person; but it was not that species of soldier-like and manly beauty which bespeaks the union of courage and generosity. He had a fair and smooth countenance, wherein impetuosity appeared to be the prevailing feature. His, however, was not the rapid flow of transitory anger, which, rushing ingenuously from the heart, is instantly suppressed by reason and repentance: I admire that temper; it never inhabits the same mind with treachery or malice. On the contrary, a livid paleness overspread the countenance of Gillespie upon the slightest ruffle of his humor. The vulgar call such, "*white-livered persons.*" They are no favorites with the world in general: and I have never, throughout the course of a long life, observed one man so constituted possessing a list of virtues.

I never could bear Gillespie!—I had an *instinctive* dislike to him, which I strove, in vain, to conquer. I always considered him to be a dangerous man—an impetuous, unsafe companion—capable of anything in his anger. I know I ought not to speak with prejudice; yet, alas! if I do, who can blame me?

A cenotaph, voted by the British parliament, has raised his fame: but it is the fame of a *sabreur*—erected on piles of slaughter, and cemented by the blood of Indians. No tale of social virtues appears to enrich the cornice of his monument. I wish there had! it would at any rate have indicated repentance.

To return to my story. Midway between Athy and Carlow was agreed on for a meeting. I resided in Dublin, and was ignorant of the transaction till too late! a crowd, as usual, attended the combat; several gentlemen, and some relatives of mine, were, I regret to say, present. In a small, verdant field, on the bank of the Barrow, my brother and M'Kenzie were placed. Gillespie, who had been considered as the friend and intimate of my family, *volunteered* as second to M'Kenzie (a comparative stranger), who was in no way adverse to an amicable arrangement. Gillespie, however, would hear of none; the honor of a military man, he said, must be satisfied, and nothing but *blood,* or at least every effort to draw it, could form that satisfaction.

The combatants fired and missed. They fired again: no mischief was the consequence. A reconciliation was now proposed, but objected to by Gillespie. And will it be believed that, in a civilized country, when both combatants were satisfied, one of the principals should be instantly slain by a *second?* Yet such was the case: my brother stood two fires from his opponent, and, while professing his readiness to be reconciled, was shot dead by the hand of his opponent's second?

Gillespie himself is now departed: he died by the same death that he had inflicted. But he was more favored by Providence: he died the death of a soldier; he fell by the hand of the enemy, not by the weapon of an intimate.

William was my very beloved brother! The news soon reached me in Dublin. I could not, or rather I durst not, give utterance to the nature and extent of my feelings on the communication. Thus much I will admit, that *sorrow* had the least share in those thoughts which predominated. A passion not naturally mine absorbed every other. My determination was fixed: I immediately set out post; but my brother had been interred prior to my arrival; and Gillespie, the sole object of my vengeance, had fled, nor was his retreat to be discovered. I lost no time in procuring a warrant for murder against him from Mr. Rian, a magistrate. I sought him in every place to which I could attach suspicion; day and night my pursuit was continued, but, as it pleased God, in vain. I was not, indeed, in a fit state for such a rencontre; for, had we met, he or I would surely have perished. I returned to Dublin, and, as my mind grew cooler, thanked Heaven that I had not personally found him. I, however, published advertisements widely, offering a reward for his apprehension; and at length he surrendered into the prison of Maryborough.

The assizes approached: and I can not give the sequel of this melancholy story better than by a short recital of Gillespie's extraordinary trial, and the still more extraordinary incidents which terminated the transaction.

The judges arrived at the assize town (it was during the summer assizes of 1788), accompanied in the usual way by the high-sheriff (Mr. Lyons, of Watercastle), and escorted by numerous bailiffs and a grand cavalcade. Mr. Lyons was a gentleman of taste and elegance, who had travelled much; he possessed a small fortune, and a beautiful cottage *ornée*, on the banks of the Nore, near Lord de Vesci's. Mr. Thomas Kemmis (afterward crown solicitor of Ireland) was the attorney very judiciously selected by Captain Gillespie to conduct his defence.

The mode of choosing juries in criminal cases is well known to every lawyer, and its description would be uninteresting to an ordinary reader. Suffice it to say that, by the methods then used of selecting, arranging, and summoning the panel, a sheriff, or sub-sheriff, in good understanding with a prisoner, might afford him very considerable if not decisive aid. And when it is considered that juries must be unanimous, even one dissentient or obstinate juror being capable of effectually preventing any conviction—and further, that the charge we are alluding to was that of murder or homicide, occurring in consequence of a duel, on the same ground and at the same time—it might fairly be expected that the culprit would stand a good chance of acquittal from military men, who, accustomed to duelling, and living in a country where affairs of that kind were then more frequent than in any other, would obviously be inclined to regard the circumstance more indulgently than a jury of mere civilians would do.

To select, by management, a military jury, was therefore the natural object of the prisoner and his friends; and, in fact, the list appeared with a number of half-pay officers at the head of it, who, as gentlemen, were naturally pained at seeing a brother-officer and a man of most prepossessing appearance in the dock for murder. The two prisoners challenged forty-eight: the list was expended, and the prosecutor was driven back to show cause why he objected to the first thirteen. No *legal* ground for such objection could be supported; and thus, out of twelve jurors, no less than ten were military officers. The present Lord Downe and the late Judge Fletcher were the prisoner's counsel.

On this, perhaps, the most interesting trial ever known in that county, numerous witnesses having been examined, the principal facts proved for the prosecution were—that after M'Kenzie and my brother had fired four shots without effect, the latter said he hoped enough had been done for both their honors, at the same time holding out his hand to M'Kenzie, whose second, Captain Gillespie, exclaimed that his friend *should not* be satisfied, and that the affair should proceed. The spectators combined in considering it concluded, and a small circle having been formed, my brother, who persisted in uttering his pacific wishes, interposed some harsh expressions toward Gillespie, who thereupon losing all control over his temper, suddenly threw a handkerchief to William Barrington, asking if he dared to take a corner of that. The unfortunate boy, full of spirit and intrepidity, snatched at the handkerchief, and at the same moment received a ball from Gillespie through his body; so close were they together, that his coat appeared scorched by the powder. He fell, and was carried to a cabin hard by, where he expired in great agony the same evening. As he was in the act of falling, his pistol went off. Gillespie immediately fled, and was followed by three of his own dragoons, whom he had brought with him, and who were present at the transaction, but whom he declined examining on the trial. The spectators were very numerous, and scarcely a dry eye left the field.

Captain Gillespie's defence rested upon an assertion on his part of irritating expressions having been used by my brother, adding that the cock of his own pistol was knocked off by my brother's fire. But that very fact proved everything against him: because his shot *must* have been fired and have taken effect in my brother's body previously; for if the cock had been broken in the first place, Gillespie's pistol could not have gone off. In truth, the whole circumstance of a second killing a principal because he desired reconciliation, was, and remains totally unexampled in the history of duelling, even in the most barbarous eras and countries.

Judge Bradstreet, who tried the prisoners, held it to be clearly murder by law. A verdict of even manslaughter must (he contended) be returned by a forced or rather false construction; but *acquit* him (Gillespie) generally, the jury could not.

The prosecution was not followed up against M'Kenzie, whose conduct throughout had been that of an officer and a gentleman and who had likewise desired reconciliation. Of course, he was acquitted.

The jury had much difficulty in making up their verdict. Some of them, being men of considerable reputation, hesitated long. They could not acquit; they *would* not convict: and hence a course was taken which corresponded neither with the law nor the evidence. A verdict of "*justifiable homicide*" was returned, in consequence of which Captain Gillespie was discharged on his recognizance to appear in the court of king's bench the ensuing term, and plead his majesty's pardon.

Thus was compromised the justice of the country. Thus commenced the brilliant career of that general whom the munificence of the British nation has immortalized by a monument among her heroes! Thus did the blood of one of the finest youths of Ireland first whet Gillespie's appetite for that course of glorious butchery to which he owed his subsequent elevation. But conscience is retributive, and Heaven is just. I hear that he was never happy after. Intrepid to excess, he often tempted fate: and his restless and remorseful existence was at length terminated by a Gentoo under the walls of Bangalore.

The circumstances attending General Gillespie's death are remarkable, and manifest, in my opinion, desperation rather than real bravery. He had, contrary to instructions, attempted to storm: his fire was inadequate—his troops repulsed; new attempts were made, but again unsuccessfully, numerous brave men being sacrificed to no purpose. Still the general persisted: even the guard was taken from the paymaster, who had treasure under his care. Gillespie was aware that he had disobeyed instructions, and was determined to succeed or perish in the attempt. He damned the paymaster, who remonstrated against being left unprotected—looked for a moment through his glass—and seeing his men falling fast, he drew his sword, called upon every soldier to follow him, and in five minutes received several balls, which ended his cares and existence. *Requiescat in pace!*—but never will I set my foot in Westminster abbey.

Scarcely was the melancholy trial referred to over, when the case was succeeded by another almost in the opposite extreme—altogether too ludicrous, indeed, to form the termination of so serious a business, but at the same time too extraordinary and too public to be omitted. It was certainly, in its way, as unparalleled an affair as that which gave rise to it.

On the evening of the trial, my second brother, Henry French Barrington—a gentleman of considerable estate, and whose perfect good temper, but intrepid and irresistible impetuosity when assailed, were well known (the latter quality having been severely felt in the county before)—came to me. He was, in fact, a complete country-gentleman, utterly ignorant of the law, its terms and proceedings; and as I was the first of my name who had ever followed any profession (the army excepted), my opinion, so soon as I became a counsellor, was considered by him as oracular. Indeed, questions far beyond mine, and sometimes beyond the power of any person existing, to solve, were frequently submitted for my decision by our neighbors in the country.

Having called me aside out of the bar-room, my brother seemed greatly agitated, and informed me that a friend of ours, who had seen the jury-list, declared that it had been decidedly *packed!*—concluding his appeal by asking me what he ought to do. I told him we should have "challenged the array."—"That was my opinion, Jonah," said he, "and I will do it now!" adding an oath, and expressing a degree of animation which I could not account for. I apprised him that it was now too late, as it should have been done before trial.

He said no more, but departed instantly, and I did not think again upon the subject. An hour after, however, my brother sent in a second request to see me. I found him, to all appearance, quite cool and tranquil. "I have done it, by G—d!" cried he exultingly; "'twas better late than never!" and with that he produced from his coat-pocket a long queue and a handful of powdered hair and curls. "See here!" continued he, "the cowardly rascal!"

"Heavens!" cried I, "French, are you mad?"

"Mad!" replied he, "no, no! I followed your own advice exactly. I went directly after I left you to the grand-jury room to '*challenge the array,*' and there I challenged the *head* of the array, that cowardly Lyons! He peremptorily refused to fight me; so I knocked him down before the grand-jury, and cut off his curls and tail—see, here they are—the rascal!—and my brother Jack has gone to flog the sub-sheriff!"

I was thunderstruck, and almost thought my brother was *crazy*, since he was obviously not *in liquor* at all. But, after some inquiry, I found that, like many other country gentlemen, he took words in their commonest acceptation. He had seen the high-sheriff coming in with a great "*array*," and had thus conceived my suggestion as to challenging the array was literal; and accordingly, repairing to the grand-jury dining-room, had called the high-sheriff aside, told him he had omitted challenging him before trial, as he ought to have done according to advice of counsel, but that it was better late than never, and that he must immediately come out and fight him. Mr. Lyons conceiving my brother to be intoxicated, drew back, and refused the invitation in a most peremptory manner. French then collared him, tripped up his heels, and putting his foot on his breast, cut off his side-curls and queue with a carving-knife which an old waiter named Spedding (who had been my father's butler, and liked the thing) had readily brought him from the dinner-table. Having secured his spoils, my brother immediately came off in triumph to relate to me his achievement.

Mr. Lyons was a remarkably fine, handsome man; and having lived very much abroad, was by no means acquainted with the humors of Irish country-gentlemen, with whom he had associated but little, and by whom he was not at all liked; and this his first reception must have rather surprised him.

Mr. Flood, one of the grand-jury, afterward informed me that no human gravity could possibly withstand the astonishment and ludicrous figure of the mutilated high-sheriff; the laugh, consequently, was both loud and long. Nobody chose to interfere in the concern; and as Mr. Lyons had sustained no bodily injury, he received very little condolement among the country-gentlemen.

My situation in this curious *dénouement* was truly to be commiserated, since I should be considered as the adviser of my brother; and I therefore determined to consult Mr. Downe (Gillespie's counsel) as to what was best to be done in the matter.

Mr. (afterward Lord) Downe, always proud, icy, and decorous, seemed to think my brother's case irremediable, and that a couple of years' imprisonment, and a heavy fine, at least, must be the necessary result of such a trimming of a high-sheriff in the face of a county—advising French, at the same time, to fly and make terms, if possible. "Fly!" said French Barrington, when I informed him of the suggestion; "no no! tell Counsellor *Thingumbob* to go to the ball to-night, and he'll see more of the matter." In fact, my brother went to the ball-room when it was crowded, and having tied the sheriff's curls and queue to a lamp which hung in the centre of the room, got upon a form and made a loud proclamation of the whole transaction from first to last. A sort of sympathetic feeling caught the young men in the room, many of whom were my brother's companions: they immediately led out their partners, and formed a circle-dance (as about a May-pole) around the sheriff's spoils which were sticking to the lamp. The remonstrances of mothers, and other discreet efforts, were totally vain—the girls liked the fun, and a succession of different sets did honor in turn to Mr. Lyons' late queue and curls. A club was subsequently proposed, to be called the *Curl-club*, and to be held every summer assize; and this was for several years kept up.

The ensuing morning, my brother dressed up the bridle of his hunter with the curls and queue, newly powdered; and having paraded the streets for a considerable time (avoiding the judge's residence) he rode home; and was never called to account or molested on the subject in any way whatsoever.

Mr. Lyons left the country almost immediately, went back to the continent, and never after, at least to my knowledge, returned.

The matter, however, having been justly represented in a serious light to the judge, he sent for me, and I related the entire truth. He had been much dissatisfied with the verdict, and had received strong hints as to the arrangement of the jury: he could not restrain a smile, but said he must, if required, give permission to a magistrate to take examinations against Mr. Barrington. He, however, declined all personal interference on circuit; desiring Mr. Lyons to apply to the king's bench, where no doubt he would be duly attended to, according to the merits of the case. But no examinations whatever were taken; nor was any application made to the king's bench. It could not have been made without involving the question as to the way in which the jury was constituted; and since that matter would not bear sifting, the circumstances were suffered to remain without further investigation.

ENTRANCE INTO PARLIAMENT.

My First Entrance into the Irish House of Commons—Dinner at Sir John Parnel's—Commencement of my Intimacy with Public Men of Celebrity—Maiden Speech—I Attack Grattan and Curran—Suicide of Mr. Thoroton—Lord De Blaquiere—His Character.

THE day on which I first took my seat in the Irish parliament for the city of Tuam, I still reflect on as one of the most gratifying of my life. The circumstance, abstractedly, was but of secondary consideration; but its occurrence brought back to my mind the events of past ages, and the high respectability of the race from which I sprang. I almost fancied, as I entered the house, that I could see my forefathers, ranged upon those seats which they had so long and so honorably occupied in the senate of their country, welcoming their descendant to that post which had not for a few years past been filled by any member of the family. In fact, the purer part of my ambition was hereby gratified. I felt myself an entirely independent representative of an equally independent nation—as a man assuming his proper station in society, not acquiring a new one.

I confess I always had, and still continue to have, and to nourish, the pride which arises from having been born a gentleman. I am aware that wealth, and commerce, and perhaps talent, have, in modern times, occasioned family pride to be classed in the rank of follies, but I feel it, nevertheless, most strongly—and if it be even a crime, I am culpable; if a folly, I submit to be regarded as imbecile. The sensations I experienced were indeed altogether delightful, upon finding myself seated under that grand and solemn dome. I looked around me, and saw the most dignified men of that day—the ablest orators of the period—many of the best-bred courtiers, and some of the most unsophisticated patriots in the empire! These, including a few friends and intimates of my family, were mingled here and there, in amicable groups, and by turns kindly encouraged a young barrister, of only two years' practice, without patronage or party, as a fair aspirant to rank and eminence.

I was very greatly moved and excited; but it was not excitement of an ephemeral or feverish character: on the contrary, my emotions had their source in a tranquil, deep-seated, perhaps proud satisfaction, impossible to be clearly described; and almost impossible to be felt by any but such as might be placed in circumstances precisely similar.

There were members present, I have already said, with whom I was personally acquainted. My friend, Sir John Parnel, partly, I am sure, on my account, and partly, no doubt, with a view to the service of the government, lost no time in introducing me to many of his own particular friends.

I dined with him on that day: he was then chancellor of the exchequer. The entire party I do not recollect; but I remember perfectly those individuals of it with whom I subsequently cultivated acquaintance. Among them were Major Hobart (since Lord Buckinghamshire), Isaac Corry, Sir John (since Lord) De Blacquiere, Robert Thoroton, White, Marcus Beresford (Lord Clare's nephew), the present Lord Oriel (then speaker), Thomas Burgh, of Bert, Sir Hercules Langreish, and James Cuffe (since Lord Tyrawley). The scene was new to me: hitherto, my society in Dublin had naturally fallen among the members of my own profession; we were all barristers, and I felt myself but a barrister: and though certainly we formed at that time the second-best society in Ireland, it was inferior to that of which I had now become a member. I found myself, in fact, associated as an equal in a circle of legislators whose good-breeding, wit, and conviviality, were mingled with political and general information. The first steps of the ladder were mounted; and as meanwhile Sir John's champagne was excellent and quickly passed round, my spirits rose to a pitch far higher than in the morning, and any talent for conversation or anecdote which I might possess, involuntarily coming out, Sir John Parnel, shaking his fat sides with laughter, according to his usual custom, said to me, before we broke up, "Barrington, you'll do!" upon which, Sir Hercules Langreish, who had very much the tone of a methodist preacher, yet was one of the wittiest men in Ireland, immediately said, "No—we must have another trial;" and a day was fixed to dine with him.

My acquaintance soon augmented to a degree almost inconvenient. My *friendship* I limited to such men as I held to possess congeniality of sentiment; and before any long time had elapsed, I was not only the frequent guest of many of the distinguished characters of Ireland, but was considered as an early and favored candidate for any professional promotion which the shortness of my standing at the bar would admit of.

Reflecting, soon after I had taken my seat, on the novel nature of my situation, I felt that it was beset by considerable difficulties. I allude to the decision necessary for me to come to with respect to the line of politics I meant to pursue. I was not a *new* man, by whom any course might be taken, without exciting comment or question. On the contrary, I was of an old family, the importance and influence of which I was desirous to revive, and hence it became requisite that I should weigh my actions well, and avoid precipitancy.

Political parties at that time ran high, though but little individual hostility existed. Grattan, the two Ponsonbys, Curran, Brownlow, Forbes, Bowes, Daly, Connolly, Arthur Brown and numerous other respectable personages, were then linked together in a phalanx of opposition which, under the name of whiggery, not only assailed the government upon every feasible occasion, but was always proposing measures which under the then existing system were utterly inadmissible. The opposition had the advantage in point of ability, and therefore, nothing but supreme talent had any chance, among them, of rendering its possessor useful or valued. Though my nature was patriotic, I ever respected the aristocracy, which, while the democracy exhibits a people's general character and energy, tends to embellish the state, and to give it an imposing grandeur.

The supporters of the Irish government, as I have said, were certainly inferior, except in patronage and power, to the opposition by which they were assailed. But they lived socially: there was a sort of convivial union among them, which, whether in high or low life, is of all other ties, for a while most binding upon my countrymen. It was therefore rather inconsistent in Lord Clare to give offence, as he did, to many of the most respectable gentlemen of Ireland by calling the whigs an "eating and drinking club," since the sarcasm might, at least with equal justice, have been retorted on the supporters of his majesty's government. All the great constitutional questions were, in 1790, supposed to have been arranged. Still the opposition sought a more radical reform, to which the government would not accede. They wrangled, in fact, about every trifle—and that at a time when the local concerns of the country were advancing to the highest pitch of prosperity. To neither party, however, attached any dishonorable stigma, which should prevent an honest man from joining their ranks; and meanwhile, I sought celebrity and advancement. The coast was clear before me. I was my own master, and free to choose my own course. In case of my connecting myself with the whigs, I saw that I must play but a very inferior part in their game. I felt that amid such an assemblage of talent, I had but little right to expect eminence, and still less probability of acquiring professional advancement, even if my friends should become victorious. But above all, I reflected that what at first view had appeared to me a blaze of constitutional patriotism, dwindled, on a closer inspection, into what is generally called party.

The country had prospered beyond all possible anticipation, and was still farther advancing in prosperity, under the then existing system of administration. I did not perceive that any immediate change of men or of measures was at all in prospect, nor that it was at that moment necessary, or even desirable. My immediate personal connections were on the side of the government. I had always doubted the sincerity of the whigs; my doubts were now realized, and, on the whole consideration, I determined to attach myself to the administration. I had previously voted with them on the choice of a speaker; but that I did not consider as constituting any pledge as to my future conduct. I voted for Mr. Foster, as the friend of Sir John Parnel, and because I considered him more fitting for the station than his opponent, Mr. William Ponsonby.

Thus my mind being at length made up, I determined to render myself of some importance to the side I had adopted. The common course of desultory debate (even conquest over disclaimers of my own calibre), would have led to no distinction. I decided either to rise or fall; and with this view, resolved to fly at once at the highest game, in which attempt even if I should not succeed, the trial itself would be honorable. My earliest effort was, therefore, directed against the two most celebrated speakers of that period, Grattan and Curran; and on the first day I rose, I exhibited a specimen of what I may now call true arrogance. The novelty of such unexpected effrontery surprised the house, and afterward surprised myself. It was a species of bold hardihood, which, I believe, no person who had a just sense of his own inferiority would have ventured on without great hesitation. I launched into a strong philippic on the conduct of the most able and respectable opposition that Ireland had ever possessed. I followed and traced the whigs, as I thought, through all their meanderings and designs. In a word, I surpassed the boundaries, not only of what I had myself resolved, but of what common prudence and propriety should have dictated. The government party, at the same time, was evidently not gratified. Its members, no doubt, considered me as a lost partisan, who had courted and called for my own suppression; and with some portion of the same feeling myself, I sat down almost ashamed of my forwardness, and awaiting, if not with resignation, at least with certainty, a just although cruel chastisement. How, then, must I have been surprised, and how wofully rebuked, by the mild and gentlemanly retorts which I received from Grattan! while Curran's good temper never showed itself more conspicuously than in his treating me merely with wit and facetiousness. I was abashed and mortified on contrasting the forbearance of those great men with my own intemperance. Had I perceived anything like contempt in that forbearance, I really believe I should have found it difficult to resume my spirits in the house; but no such feeling appeared toward me, and it is most singular to say, that some incidents which sprang from that very night's debate gave rise both to the friendship of Mr. Grattan, with which I was afterward honored, and to the close intimacy between me and Mr. Curran, which was never after interrupted.

I had the good fortune on that occasion, to make one fair hit as to Grattan, which he afterward told me he was much pleased by. It came across me at the moment—in fact, most of the speeches I ever made have been literally *impromptu*. I never studied a set speech in my life, except on law cases; and perhaps to this circumstance I may honestly attribute an incorrectness of language that frequently attended my best efforts.

Grattan had repeatedly assailed our side of the house, as "a side from which all public virtues had long been banished." I observed, that "the right honorable gentleman had proved unequivocally the falsehood of his own assertion, that public virtue was confined to *one* side of the house—for I had had the honor of seeing the right honorable gentleman himself on *both.*" I alluded to his having supported government against Mr. Flood, after the vote of £50,000 by parliament. This joke was loudly cheered, and perhaps somewhat contributed to save me from discomfiture.

From that day I attached myself zealously and sincerely to the administration of Lord Westmoreland. I became more or less intimate with almost every member of my party in parliament. I formed close and lasting friendships with Edward Cooke, the unfortunate and lamented Robert Thoroton, Isaac Corry, and Sir John De Blacquiere; and it was not very long before the opposition also opened their convivial ranks to receive me. Curran and Arthur Brown were the earliest of my intimates on that side of the house; and before 1792 had expired, I felt myself as happy on all points, and as much befriended, as any man of my standing who had preceded me.

Before I went into parliament, I had become acquainted with Mr. R. Thoroton, who had come over to Ireland with the duke of Rutland. He had the manner of a coxcomb, but the heart of a friend, and the sentiments of a gentleman. He was clerk of the house of commons; and being by no means a common man, formed a necessary part of all our societies. He and I lived much together: and I found the intercourse very advantageous, since my friend knew everything that was going forward, and, under the rose, set me right on many occasions. At the same time, I was aware that circumstances existed, which were the cause, to him, of great anxiety; and, finally, a most unexpected event—namely, the death of Mr. Thoroton by his own hand—deprived me of one of the sincerest and most useful friends I ever possessed.

But among the foremost of all those persons who, from first to last, endeavored to do me service, was a man universally esteemed for his gentlemanly manners, and as universally abused for public jobbing. As to the latter, it concerned not me; while his friendship was of the greatest advantage.

Sir John (afterward Lord) De Blacquiere (I believe of Swiss descent) had been colonel of a regiment of

Ireland; had acted as secretary of legation in France with Lord Harcourt, and, having succeeded him there for a short time as minister, came to Ireland with his lordship as principal secretary, and becoming a permanent resident, attached himself to that side of politics whence only he could derive the great object of his exertions—a revenue sufficiently ample to enable him to entertain his friends as well, and far more agreeably, than any other person I had previously met. Nobody ever understood eating and drinking better than Sir John De Blacquiere; and no man ever was better seconded in the former respect than he was by his cook, Mrs. Smith, whom he brought from Paris, after he had been minister there. His company seldom exceeded ten in number, but so happily was it selected, that I never yet saw a person rise from his table who did not feel gratified. Sir John was one of the old school; and with all the playful good-breeding by which it was distinguished, he had nothing of that starch pride which, in more recent times, has supplanted conviviality without making men either wiser, better, or happier.

Sir John certainly was a *pluralist,* enjoying at one time, the first, the middle, and the last pension on the Irish civil list. He was director of the public works in Dublin; and to his *jobbing* is that capital indebted for its wide streets, paving, lighting, and convenient fountains. He made as much as he could of these works, it is true; but every farthing he acquired in Ireland, he expended in it. If his money came from the public purse, it was distributed to the public benefit: if he received pensions from the crown, butchers, bakers, and other tradesmen, pocketed every shilling of it. He knew employment to be the best species of charity. In short, Sir John De Blacquiere was as much abused, and as much regarded as any public character of any period.

SINGULAR CUSTOMS IN THE IRISH PARLIAMENT.

Anecdote of Tottenham *in his Boots*—Interesting Trial of the Earl of Kingston for Murder—Description of the Forms used on that Occasion.

A VERY singular custom prevailed in the Irish house of commons which never was adopted in England, nor have I ever seen it mentioned in print. The description of it may be amusing.

On the day whereon the routine business of the budget was to be opened for the purpose of voting supplies, the speaker invited the whole of the members to dinner in the house, in his own and the adjoining chambers. Several peers were accustomed to mix in the company; and I believe an equally happy, joyous, and convivial assemblage of legislators never were seen together. All distinctions as to government or opposition parties were totally laid aside; harmony, wit, wine, and good-humor, reigning triumphant. The speaker, clerk, chancellor of the exchequer, and a very few veteran financiers, remained in the house till the necessary routine was gone through, and then joined their happy comrades—the party seldom breaking up till midnight.

On the ensuing day the same festivities were repeated; but on the third day, when the report was to be brought in, and the business discussed in detail, the scene totally changed; the convivialists were now metamorphosed into downright public declamatory enemies, and ranged, on opposite sides of the house, assailed each other without mercy. Every questionable item was debated—every proposition deliberately discussed—and more zealous or assiduous senators could nowhere be found than in the very members who, during two days, had appeared to commit the whole funds of the nation to the management of half a dozen arithmeticians.

But all this was consonant to the national character of the individuals. Set them at table, and no men enjoy themselves half so much; set them to business, no men ever worked with more earnestness and effect. A steady Irishman will do more in an hour, when fairly engaged upon a matter which he understands, than any other countryman (so far, at least, as my observation has gone) in two: the persons of whom I am more immediately speaking—they certainly were extraordinarily quick and sharp! I am, however, at the same time ready to admit that the lower orders of officials—such for instance as mere clerks in the public offices, exhibited no claim to a participation in the praise I have given their superiors: they were, on the other hand, frequently confused and incorrect; and among that description of persons I believe there were then fewer competent men than in most countries.

Another custom in the house gave rise to a very curious anecdote, which I shall here mention. The members of parliament formerly attended the house of commons in full dress—an arrangement first broken through by the following circumstance:—

A very important constitutional question was debating between government and the opposition—a question, by-the-by, at which my English reader will probably feel surprised—namely, "as to the application of a sum of sixty thousand pounds, then lying *unappropriated* in the Irish treasury, being a balance after paying all debts and demands upon the country or its establishments." The numbers seemed to be nearly poised—although it had been supposed that the majority would incline to give it to the king, while the opposition would recommend laying it out upon the country—when the sergeant-at-arms reported that a member wanted to force into the house, *undressed*, in dirty boots, and splashed up to his shoulders!

The speaker could not oppose custom to privilege, and was necessitated to admit him. It proved to be Mr. Tottenham, of Ballycarny, County Wexford, covered with mud, and wearing a pair of huge jack-boots! Having heard that the question was likely to come on sooner than he expected, he had (lest he should not be in time) mounted his horse at Ballycarny, set off in the night, ridden nearly sixty miles up to the parliament-house direct, and rushed in, without washing or cleaning himself, to vote for *the country.* He arrived just at the critical moment!—and critical it was, for the numbers were in truth *equal,* and his casting-vote gave a majority of one to "the country" party.

This anecdote could not die while the Irish parliament lived; and I recollect "Tottenham in his boots" remaining, down to a very late period, a standing toast at certain patriotic Irish tables.

Being on the topic (and, I confess, to me it is still an interesting one), I must remark a singular practical distinction in the rules of the Irish and English houses of commons. In England, the house is cleared of strangers for every division, and no person is supposed to see or know in what way the representatives of the people exercise their trust. In Ireland, on the contrary, the divisions were public, and red and black lists were immediately published of the voters on every important occasion. The origin of this distinction I can not explain, but it must be owned that the Irish was the most *constitutional* practice.

One interesting scene at which I was present merits especial description, on many accounts. No other instance of the kind has occurred in the British empire in my time; and as it forms a very important record with relation to the independent political state of Ireland at the period, and has not yet been made the subject of any historical detail or observation, it can not fail to be interesting in every point of view. I allude to the trial of a peer of the realm of Ireland for murder, by the house of lords in Dublin, after the acknowledgment of Irish independence.

The grand and awful solemnity of that trial made a deep impression on my memory; and, coupled with the recollection that it proclaimed indisputably the sovereignty of the Irish nation, its effect on a contemplative mind was of a penetrating nature.

Robert, earl of Kingston, stood charged with the murder of Colonel Fitzgerald, by shooting him in his bedchamber. The relation of the circumstances of that event would be, in every point of view, improper, and would only serve to recall painful recollections long since sunk into oblivion. I therefore abstain from any further allusion to them. Justice required the trial of the accused party at the bar of his peers; but as no similar case had occurred in Ireland within the memory of man, it was requisite to consult precedents upon the subject, in order to render his lordship's trial conformable to the *lex parliamentaria* common to both countries. The precedents were accordingly sought by the proper officers; and as his lordship was were popular, and his provócation maddening—and as all were ignorant of the evidence which was to be brought forward —the whole affair was of a most exciting nature to every man, more especially to those individuals who possessed the noble lord's acquaintance.

Owing to the great number of attendants, the full muster of peers, and the extensive preparations of every kind necessary in order to adhere to precedent, the house of lords was supposed to be insufficiently large for the occasion.

The Irish house of peers was considered one of the most beautiful and commodious chambers possible. It combined every appearance of dignity and comfort: the walls were covered with tapestry, representing the battle of the Boyne, and the entire *coup-d'œil* was grand and interesting; but being, as I have said, considered too small for all the purposes of the trial in question, the house of commons was made ready in preference.

Whoever had seen the interior of the Irish house of commons must have admired it as one of the most chaste and classic models of architecture. A perfect rotunda, with Ionic pilasters, enclosed a corridor which ran round the interior. The cupola, of immense height, bestowed a magnificence which could rarely be surpassed; while a gallery, supported by columns divided into compartments, and accommodating seven hundred spectators, commanded an uninterrupted view of the chamber.

This gallery, on every important debate, was filled, not by reporters, but by the superior orders of society—the first rows being generally occupied by ladies of fashion and rank, who diffused a brilliance over and excited a gallant decorum in that assembly which the British house certainly does not appear very sedulously to cultivate.

This fine chamber was now fitted up in such a way as to give it the most solemn aspect. One apartment of seats in the body of the house was covêred with scarlet cloth, and appropriated to the peeresses and their daughters, who ranged themselves according to the table of precedence. The commons, their families and friends, lined the galleries: the whole house was superbly carpeted, and the speaker's chair newly adorned for the lord-chancellor. On the whole, it was by far the most impressive and majestic spectacle ever exhibited within those walls.

At length the peers entered, according to their rank, in full dress, and richly robed. Each man took his seat in profound silence; and even the ladies (which was rather extraordinary) were likewise still. The chancellor, bearing a white wand, having taken his chair, the most interesting moment of all was at hand, and its approach really made me shudder.

Sir Chichester Fortescue, king-at-arms, in his parti-colored robe, entered first, carrying the armorial bearings of the accused nobleman emblazoned on his shield: he placed himself on the left of the bar. Next entered Lord Kingston himself, in deep mourning, moving with a slow and melancholy step. His eyes were fixed on the ground; and, walking up to the bar, he was placed next to the king-at-arms, who then held his armorial shield on a level with his shoulder.

The supposed executioner then approached, bearing a large hatchet with an immense broad blade. It was painted black, except within about two inches of the edge, which was of bright, polished steel. Placing himself at the bar on the right of the prisoner, he raised the hatchet about as high as his lordship's neck, but with the shining edge averted; and thus he remained during the whole of the trial. The forms, I understood, prescribed that the shining edge should be averted until the pronouncing of judgment, when, if it were unfavorable, the blade was instantly to be turned by the executioner *toward* the prisoner indicating at once his sentence and his fate.

I could not reconcile my mind to the thought of such a consummation. I knew the late Lord Kingston, and had a high regard for him; and hence I felt a very uneasy sensation, inasmuch as I was profoundly ignorant of what would be the termination of the awful scene.

The usual legal ceremonies were now entered on: the charge was read—the prisoner pleaded not guilty—and the trial proceeded. A proclamation was made (first generally, then name by name) for the witnesses for the prosecution to come forward. It is not easy to describe the anxiety and suspense excited as each name was called over. The eyes of everybody were directed to the bar where the witnesses must enter, and every little movement of the persons who thronged it was held to be intended to make room for some accuser. None, however, appeared: thrice they were called, but in vain. And it was then announced that "no witnesses appearing to substantiate the charge of murder against Robert, earl of Kingston, the trial should terminate in the accustomed manner." The chancellor proceeded to put the question; and every peer, according to his rank, arose and deliberately walking by the chair in which the chancellor was seated, placed his hand as he passed solemnly on his heart, and repeated, "Not guilty, upon my honor!" (The bishops were, very properly, precluded from voting in these criminal cases.) After all had passed, which ceremony occupied an hour, the chancellor rose and declared the opinion of the peers of Ireland—"That Robert, earl of Kingston, was not guilty of the charge against him." His lordship then broke his wand, descended from his chair, and thus ended the trial—most interesting because it had at once a strong political and constitutional bearing, and affected a nobleman universally beloved. The result was highly satisfactory to every one who had learned the circumstance which led to the fatal event for which the earl of Kingston was arraigned; whose conduct, though strictly justifiable neither in law nor morality, might have been adopted by the best of men under similar provocation.

THE SEVEN BARONETS.

Sir John Stuart Hamilton—Sir Richard Musgrave—Sir Edward Newnham—Sir Vesey Colclough—Sir Frederick Flood—Sir John Blacquiere—Sir Boyle Roche: his curious Bulls—Their Characters and Personal Description—Anecdotes and Bon-Mots—Anecdote of the Marquis of Waterford.

Among those parliamentary gentlemen frequently to be found in the coffee-room of the house, were certain baronets of very singular character, who, until some division called them to vote, passed the intermediate time in high conviviality. Sir John Stuart Hamilton, a man of small fortune and large stature, possessing a most liberal appetite for both solids and fluids—much wit, more humor, and indefatigable cheerfulness—might be regarded as their leader.

Sir Richard Musgrave, who (except on the abstract topics of politics, religion, martial law, his wife, the pope, the pretender, the Jesuits, Napper Tandy, and the whipping-post) was generally in his senses, formed, during those intervals, a very entertaining addition to the company.

Sir Edward Newnham, member for Dublin county, afforded a whimsical variety of the affectation of early and exclusive transatlantic intelligence. By repeatedly writing letters of congratulation, he had at length extorted a reply from General Washington, which he exhibited upon every occasion, giving it to be understood, by significant nods, that he knew vastly more than he thought proper to communicate.

Sir Vesey Colclough, member for County Wexford, who understood books and wine better than any of the party, had all his days treated money so extremely ill, that it would continue no longer in his service!—and the dross (as he termed it) having entirely forsaken him, he *bequeathed* an immense landed property, during his life, to the uses of custodiums, eligits, and judgments, which never fail to place a gentleman's acres under the special guardianship of the attorneys. He was father to that excellent man, John Colclough, who was killed at

Wexford, and to the present Cæsar Colclough, whose fall might probably have afforded rather less cause of regret.

Sir Vesey added much to the pleasantry of the party by occasionally forcing on them deep subjects of literature, of which few of his companions could make either head or tail: but to avoid the *imputation* of ignorance, they often gave the most ludicrous *proofs* of it on literary subjects, geography, and astronomy, with which he eternally bored them.

Sir Frederick Flood, also member for County Wexford, whose exhibitions in the imperial parliament have made him tolerably well known in England, was very different in his habits from the last-mentioned baronet; his love of money and spirit of ostentation never losing their hold throughout every action of his life. He was but a second-rate blunderer in Ireland. The bulls of Sir Boyle Roche (of whom we shall speak hereafter) generally involved aphorisms of sound sense, while Sir Frederick's, on the other hand, possessed the qualification of being pure nonsense!

He was a *pretty*, dapper man, very good-tempered; and had a droll habit, of which he could never effectually break himself (at least in Ireland): whenever a person at his back whispered or suggested anything to him while he was speaking in public, without a moment's reflection he almost always involuntarily repeated the suggestion *literatim*.

Sir Frederick was once making a long speech in the Irish parliament, lauding the transcendent merits of the Wexford magistracy, on a motion for extending the criminal jurisdiction in that county, to keep down the disaffected. As he was closing a most turgid oration, by declaring that "the said magistracy ought to receive some signal mark of the lord-lieutenant's favor"—John Egan, who was rather mellow. and sitting behind him, jocularly whispered, "And be whipped at the cart's tail."—"And be whipped at the cart's tail!" repeated Sir Frederick unconsciously, amid peals of the most uncontrollable laughter.

Sir John Blacquiere flew at higher game than the other baronets, though he occasionally fell into the trammels of Sir John Hamilton. Sir John Blacquiere was a little deaf of one ear for which circumstance he gave a very singular reason. His seat, when secretary, was the outside one on the treasury-bench, next to a gangway; and he said that so many members used to come perpetually to whisper to him—and the buzz of importunity was so heavy and continuous, that before one claimant's words had got out of his ear, the demand of another forced its way in, till the ear-drum, being overcharged, absolutely burst!—which, he said, turned out conveniently enough, as he was then obliged to stuff the organ tight, and tell every gentleman that his physician had directed him not to use *that* ear at all, and *the other* as little as possible!

Sir John Stuart Hamilton played him one day, in the corridor of the house of commons, a trick which was a source of great entertainment to all parties. Joseph Hughes, a country farmer and neighbor of Sir John Stuart Hamilton, who knew nothing of great men, and (in common with many remote farmers of that period) had very seldom been in Dublin, was hard pressed to raise some money to pay the fine on a renewal of a bishop's lease—his only property. He came directly to Sir John, who, I believe, had himself drunk the farmer's spring pretty dry, while he could get anything out of it. As they were standing together in one of the corridors of the parliament-house, Sir John Blacquiere stopped to say something to his brother baronet: his star, which he frequently wore on rather shabby coats, struck the farmer's eye, who had never seen such a thing before; and coupling it with the very black visage of the wearer, and his peculiar appearance altogether, our rustic was induced humbly to ask Sir John Hamilton, "who that man was with a silver sign on his coat?"

"Don't you know him?" cried Sir John; "why, that is a famous Jew money-broker."

"May be, please your honor, he could do my little business for me," responded the honest farmer.

"Trial's all!" said Sir John.

"I'll pay well," observed Joseph.

"That's precisely what he likes," replied the baronet.

"Pray, Sir John," continued the farmer, "what's those words on his *sign?*" (alluding to the motto on the star).

"Oh,' answered the other, "they are Latin, 'Tria juncta in uno.'"

"And may I crave the English thereof?" asked the unsuspecting countryman.

"Three in a bond." said Sir John.

"Then I can match him, by J—s," exclaimed Hughes.

"You'll be hard set," cried the malicious baronet; "however, you may try."

Hughes then approaching Blacquiere, who had removed but a very small space, told him with great civility and a significant nod, that he had a little matter to mention, which he trusted would be agreeable to both parties. Blacquiere drew him aside and desired him to proceed. "To come to the point then at once," said Hughes, "the money is not to say a great deal, and I can give you three in a bond—myself and two good men as any in Cavan, along with me, I hope that will answer you. Three in a bond! safe good men."

Sir John, who wanted a supply himself, had the day before sent to a person who had advertised the lending of money; and on hearing the above harangue (taking for granted that it resulted from his own application), he civilly assured Hughes that a bond would be of no use to him! good bills might be negotiated, or securities turned into cash, though at a loss, but *bonds* would not answer at all.

"I think I can get another man, and that's one more than your sign requires," said Hughes.

"I tell you," repeated Sir John, "bonds will not answer at all. sir!—bills, bills!"

"Then it's fitter," retorted the incensed farmer, "for you to be after putting your *sign* there in your pocket, than wearing it to deceive the Christians, you damned usurer! you Jew you!"

Nobody could be more amused by this *dénouement* than Blacquiere himself, who told everybody he knew, of "Hamilton's trick upon *the countryman*."

Sir Richard Musgrave, although he understood *drawing the long bow* as well as most people, never patronised it in any other individual. Sir John Hamilton did not spare the exercise of this accomplishment in telling a story, one day, in the presence of Sir Richard, who declared his incredulity rather abruptly, as indeed was his constant manner. Sir John was much nettled at the mode in which the other dissented, more particularly as there were some strangers present. He asseverated the truth on his *word:* Sir Richard, however, repeating his disbelief, Sir John Hamilton furiously exclaimed—"You say you don't believe my word?"

"I *can't* believe it," replied Sir Richard.

"Well, then," said Sir John, "if you won't believe my *word*, by G—d I'll give it you under my *hand*," clenching, at the same moment his great fist.

The witticism raised a general laugh, in which the parties themselves joined, and in a moment all was good humor. But the company condemned both the offenders—Sir John for *telling* a lie, and Sir Richard for *not believing* it, to the payment of two bottles of hock, each.

Whoever the following story may be fathered on, Sir John Hamilton was certainly its parent. The duke of Rutland, at one of his levees, being at a loss (as probably most kings, princes, and viceroys occasionally are) for something to say to every person he was bound in etiquette to notice, remarked to Sir John Hamilton that there was "a prospect of an excellent crop; the timely rain," observed the duke, "will bring every thing above ground."

"God forbid, your excellency!" exclaimed the courtier.

His excellency stared, while Sir John continued, sighing heavily as he spoke; "Yes, God forbid! for I have got *three wives* under."

At one of those large convivial parties which distinguished the table of Major Hobart, when he was secretary in Ireland, among the usual loyal toasts, "The wooden walls of England" being given, Sir John Hamilton, in his turn, gave "The wooden walls of Ireland!" This toast being quite new to us all, he was asked for an explanation: upon which, filling up a bumper, he very gravely stood up, and, bowing to the marquis of Waterford and several country-gentlemen, who commanded county regiments, he said, "My lords and gentlemen! I have the pleasure of giving you 'The wooden walls of Ireland'—*the colonels of militia!*'

So broad but so good humored a *jeu d'esprit*, excited great merriment; the *truth* was forgotten in the jocularity, but the epithet did not perish. I saw only one grave countenance in the room, and that belonged to the late marquis of Waterford, who was the proudest egotist I ever met with. He had a tremendous squint, nor was there anything prepossessing in the residue of his features to atone for that deformity. Nothing can better exemplify his lordship's opinion of himself and others, than an observation I heard him make at Lord Portarlington's table. Having occasion for a *superlative* degree of *comparison* between two persons, he was at a loss for a climax. At length, however, he luckily hit on one. "That man was," said the marquis, "he was as superior as—as—as—I am to Lord Ranelah!"

I will now advert to Sir Boyle Roche, who certainly was, without exception, the most celebrated and entertaining anti-grammarian in the Irish parliament. I knew him intimately. He was of a very respectable Irish family, and in point of appearance, a fine, bluff, soldier-like old gentleman. He had numerous good qualities; and having been long in the army, his ideas were full of honor and etiquette—of discipline and bravery. He had a claim to the title of Fermoy, which, however, he never pursued; and was brother to the famous Tiger Roche, who fought some desperate duel abroad, and was near being hanged for it. Sir Boyle was perfectly well bred in all his habits; had been appointed gentleman-usher at the Irish court, and executed the duties of that office to the day of his death, with the utmost satisfaction to himself, as well as to every one in connection with him. He was married to the eldest daughter of Sir John Cave, Bart.; and his lady, who was a "bas bleu," prematurely injured Sir Boyle's capacity (it was said) by forcing him to read "Gibbon's Rise and Fall of the Roman Empire," whereat he was so cruelly puzzled without being in the least amused, that in his cups, he often stigmatized the great historian as a low fellow, who ought to have been kicked out of company wherever he was, for turning people's thoughts away from their prayers and their politics to what the devil himself could make neither head nor tail of.

His perpetually bragging that Sir John Cave had given him his *eldest* daughter, afforded Curran an opportunity of replying, "Ay, Sir Boyle, and depend on it, if he had had an *elder* one still he would have given her to you." Sir Boyle thought it best to receive the repartee as a compliment, lest it should come to her ladyship's ears, who, for several years back, had prohibited Sir Boyle from all allusions to chronology.

The baronet had certainly one great advantage over all other bull and blunder makers: he seldom launched a blunder from which some fine aphorism or maxim might not be easily extracted. When a debate arose in the Irish house of commons on the vote of a grant which was recommended by Sir John Parnel, chancellor of the exchequer, as one not likely to be felt burdensome for many years to come—it was observed in reply, that the house had no just right to load posterity with a weighty debt for what could in no degree operate to their advantage. Sir Boyle eager to defend the measures of government, immediately rose, and in a very few words, put forward the most unanswerable argument which human ingenuity could possibly devise. "What, Mr. Speaker!" said he, "and so we are to beggar ourselves for fear of vexing posterity! Now, I would ask the honorable gentleman, and this *still more* honorable house, why we should put ourselves out of our way to do anything for *posterity:* for what has *posterity* done for *us?"*

Sir Boyle, hearing the roar of laughter which of course followed this sensible blunder, but not being conscious that he had said anything out of the way, was rather puzzled, and conceived that the house had misunderstood him. He therefore begged leave to explain, as he apprehended that gentlemen had entirely mistaken his words: he assured the house that "by *posterity*, he did not at all mean our *ancestors*, but those who were to come *immediately* after *them*." Upon hearing this *explanation*, it was impossible to do any serious business for half an hour.

Sir Boyle Roche was induced by government to fight as hard as possible for the union: so he did, and I really believe fancied, by degrees, that he was right. On one occasion, a general titter arose at his florid picture of the happiness which must proceed from this event. "Gentlemen," said Sir Boyle, "may titther, and titther, and titther, and may think it a bad measure; but their heads at present are hot, and will so remain till they grow cool again; and so they can't decide right now; but when the *day of judgment* comes, *then* honorable gentlemen will be satisfied at this most excellent union. Sir, there is no Levitical degrees between nations, and on this occasion I can see neither sin nor shame in *marrying our own sister*."

He was a determined enemy to the French Revolution, and seldom rose in the house for several years without volunteering some abuse of it. "Mr. Speaker," said he, in a mood of this kind, "if we once permitted the villanous French masons to meddle with the buttresses and walls of our ancient constitution, they would never stop, nor stay, sir, till they brought the foundation-stones tumbling down about the ears of the nation! There," continued Sir Boyle, placing his hand earnestly on his heart, his powdered head shaking in unison with his loyal zeal, while he described the probable consequences of an invasion of Ireland by the French republicans; "There, Mr. Speaker! if those Gallician villains should invade us, sir, 'tis on *that very table*, may-be, these honorable members might see their own destinies lying in heaps a-top of one another! Here perhaps, sir, the murderous *Marshallaw-men* (Marseillois) would break in, cut us to mince-meat, and throw our bleeding heads upon that table, to stare us in the face!"

Sir Boyle, on another occasion, was arguing for the habeas corpus suspension bill in Ireland: "It would surely be better, Mr. Speaker," said he, "to give up not only a *part*, but, if necessary, even the *whole*, of our constitution, to preserve *the remainder!*"

This baronet having been one of the Irish parliamentary curiosities before the union, I have only exemplified his *mode* of blundering, as many ridiculous sayings have been attributed to him. He blundered certainly more than any public speaker in Ireland; but his bulls were rather logical perversions, and had some strong point in most of them.

The English people consider a bull as nothing more than a vulgar, nonsensical expression: but Irish blunders are frequently humorous hyperboles or *oxymorons*, and present very often the most energetic mode of expressing the speaker's meaning.

On the motion to expel Lord Edward Fitzgerald from the house of commons, for hasty disrespectful expressions regarding the house and the lord-lieutenant, it was observable that the motion was violently supported by the younger men then in parliament, including the late marquis of Ormonde, &c. The marquis was, indeed, one of the strongest supporters of a measure the object of which was to disgrace a young nobleman, his own equal: and it was likewise worthy of remark that the motion was resisted by the steadiest and oldest members of the house.

Sir Boyle Roche labored hard and successfully for Lord Edward, who was eventually required to make an apology; it was not, however, considered sufficiently ample or repentant. Sir Boyle was at his wit's end and at length produced a natural syllogism, which, by putting the house in good humor, did more than a host of reasoners could have achieved. "Mr. Speaker," said the baronet, "I think the noble young man has no business to make any apology. He is a gentleman, and none such should be asked to make an *apology*, because no *gentleman* could *mean to give offence*."

Dennis M'Carthy, the postillion of Lord Lisle, had an action for crim. con. brought against him by his master, and upon a very forced construction of law in such cases, by the chief baron, the jury found damages for £5,000 against Dennis. He was of course sent to jail; and damages to that amount, and of that nature, excluding the debtor from the benefit of the insolvent act, strong efforts were made in parliament to have Dennis included especially, by name, in the statute, he having remained ten years in close confinement. His liberation was constantly applied for, and as constantly rejected. Sir Boyle, as a last effort, made a florid speech in his best style on behalf of the poor fellow, arguing truly, that "Lady Lisle, and not Dennis, must have been the real seducer;" and concluding thus:—"And what, Mr. Speaker, was this poor servant's crime? after all, sure, Mr. Speaker, it was only doing *his master's business by his mistress's orders:* and is it not very hard to keep a poor servant in jail for that which, if he had not done he would have deserved a horsewhipping?" This way of putting the case had the desired effect: Dennis's name was especially included by the commons; but in the house of lords it was thrown out by Lord Clonmell, chief-justice, though two years had scarcely elapsed since his lordship himself had fought a duel with the late Lord Tyrawley for crim. con. with her ladyship.

Never was there a more *sensible blunder* than the following. We recommend it as a motto to gentlemen in the army. "The best way," said Sir Boyle, "to *avoid* danger, is to *meet it plumb.*"

ENTRANCE INTO OFFICE.

The Author first placed in Office by Lord Westmoreland—Made King's Counsel by Lord Clare—Jealousy of the Bar—Description of Kilkenny Castle—Trial of the Earl of Ormonde for Outrage at Kilkenny—Acquitted—Author's Conduct—Distinguished and Liberal Present from the Earl of Ormonde to the Author, of a Gold Box, and his Subsequent Letter.

In December, 1793, the secretary Lord Buckinghamshire, wrote to say that he wished to see me at the castle. I immediately attended, when he said, "Barrington, I am about to depart from Ireland: and," continued he, after my sincere expressions of regret, "as you have heretofore had nothing from us but convivial intercourse, it is just you should now have fare somewhat more substantial; with the approbation of the lord-lieutenant, therefore, I have managed to secure for you a very handsome office—the ships' entries of the port of Dublin."

At the name and nature of this office I rather demurred; whereupon Lord Buckinghamshire smiled and said, "You have no objection to a good sinecure, I suppose, the emoluments payable every Sunday morning by the deputy the place was lately held by Mr. George Ponsonby, and is at this moment enjoyed by Serjeant Coppinger; but I have negotiated to give him, his son, and his wife, an annuity of eight hundred pounds a year, to resign it to you."

This, so far, was agreeable: but still professional advancement being the object next my heart, I neither felt nor looked totally satisfied.

Lord B—— then said, "You are a grumbling fellow: but I anticipated your grumbling, and the lord-chancellor (Lord Clare) has consented to your being at the same time appointed one of the king's counsel, thus at once giving you a step over the heads of all your circuit seniors, except Sir Frederick Flood, who is not, I fancy, very formidable."

This arrangement altogether met my wishes. I hastened to Lords Westmoreland and Clare, to thank them most cordially; and the fifth year after becoming a barrister, I found myself at the head of my circuit, and high up in the official rank of my profession. Practice generally follows the fortunate: I was immediately considered as on the high-road of preferment; the attorneys pursued me like a flock of rooks! and my business was quadrupled.

I purchased a fine house in Merrion square, from Mr. Robert Johnson, then counsel to the revenue (afterward judge), who at that period felt himself going down hill, and here I launched into an absolute press of business; perhaps justly acquiring thereby the jealousy of many of my seniors. This jealousy, however, gave rise to one of the most gratifying incidents of my life.

John, earl of Ormonde, resided, like a true Irish nobleman, in the utmost splendor and hospitality in his fine ancient castle at Kilkenny. He scarcely ever went even to the Irish metropolis—his entire fortune being expended in his own city; whereby every shopkeeper and trader experienced the advantages of his lordship's residence. His establishment was ample—his table profuse—his friendship warm and unbounded The very appearance of his castle (though only a portion of the old duke's) was still such as to remind the spectator of its former magnificence. Proudly towering over the river Nore, from which it was separated only by the public walk, a high and grand rampart on that side conveyed the idea at once of a palace and a fortress; while toward the city an old princely portal, flanked by round towers, opened into a spacious court, within which were preserved two sides of the original edifice, and a third was, at the period I allude to, rebuilding in a style, however, far too modern and ordinary. The exterior mouldings of the castle exhibited the remains of the gilding which had formerly been laid on with a lavish hand.

The interior of this noble edifice, with the exception of one saloon and the picture-gallery, was not calculated to satisfy expectation: but both those were unique—the one with respect to its form, the other to its prospects. The grand saloon was not shaped like any other, I believe, existing, oval in its figure and not large; but the wall, twelve feet thick, admitted of recesses on the sides, which had the appearance of small rooms, each being terminated by a large window, and the sides covered with mirrors, which reflected the beautiful and varied prospects of city, country, wood, river, and public promenade. When I was at the castle, in fact, everything appeared to me delightful.

Walter, the late marquis of Ormonde, though my junior in years, had been my intimate friend and companion; as was also his cousin, Bryan Cavanagh. Lady Ormonde, mother of Walter, was the only child of Earl Winderford, and, as lady of the castle, was careful to keep up at least her due importance. It is not impossible for women or men either to mistake pomposity for dignity. True pride is accompanied by an amiable condescension: cold, unbending ceremony is the result of false pride, and not of dignity. I thought (perhaps erroneously) that her ladyship made this mistake.

The Earl John, my friend's father, was rather in the opposite extreme. He was well read and friendly—a *hard-goer* (as it was called) and an incessant talker. His lordship occasionally adjourned to a kind of tavern in the city, of which a certain widow Madden was the hostess, and where one Mr. Evans, surnamed "Hellcat," together with the best boozers and other gentlemen of Kilkenny, assembled to amuse his lordship by their jests and warm punch, and to emulate each other in the devouring of oysters and lobsters—the best which could possibly be procured. Hither, in fact, the company from the castle were habituated often to repair.

These boozing-matches sometimes proceeded rather too far; and, one night Mr. Duffy, a sharp, smart, independent-minded apothecary of Kilkenny, who had offended the Ormonde family on some very sensitive point, being alluded to, a member of the party, with more zeal than prudence, proposed as a toast, "a round of rascals!" taking care to designate Doctor Duffy as belonging to that *honorable* fraternity. On departing from the tavern, far more full of liquor than wit, some wild young man in company suggested the demolition of the doctor's windows: no sooner said than done! the piper played, the stones flew, and Duffy's shivered panes bore ample testimony to the strength of the widow's beverage. No personal injury, however, ensued, and the affair *appeared* to have terminated.

A glazier was sent early next morning, by command of my lord, to repair the windows; but this the doctor refused to allow, and in due form applied for and obtained a criminal information in the king's bench for the outrage against Lord Ormonde, his son Walter, James the present marquis, Lord Thurles, and others. The information was, in due legal form, sent down to be tried at the spring assizes, very soon after I had been appointed king's counsel.

None felt more jealousy at my promotion than Mr. William Fletcher (since judge of the common pleas), many years my senior at the bar and on circuit. Lord Ormonde directed briefs to be sent to me and to Fletcher, with fees of fifteen guineas each. I never loved money much in my life, and therefore thought it quite enough; or rather, I did not think about it.

The defendant's case fell, of course, to me, as leading counsel. At this circumstance, Fletcher felt sore and ran sulky—and the sulkier he got, the more zealous became I. We had but a bad case of it. The cross-examination of the irritated apothecary, who grew after a while, quite ferocious, fell to my lot. I performed my duty, and it then devolved on Fletcher to speak to the evidence. This, however, he declined. I pressed him, but be peremptorily refused. I exclaimed, "Nay, Fletcher, you took a fee—why not speak?"—"Yes," answered the angry barrister, "just enough to make me hold my tongue!"—"Do speak," persisted I. "I *won't*," replied he. "Then I must do it for you," was my rejoinder. My zeal was enkindled—my mind was on fire—and I felt myself in earnest and interested. I persevered till I saw the jury smile, for which purpose they only wanted a good pretence. I held on my course till I saw them pleased; and the result was, an acquittal of Lord Ormonde, and a conviction of all the others.

To his lordship this acquittal was invaluable. The conviction of the earl of Ormonde for a nocturnal outrage in his own town, and his committal from his castle to a prison, to undergo the award of the law, would have been to him a source of the utmost dismay. I knew this, and acted accordingly. He had heard of the conversation between Fletcher and me; but he thanked both without distinction, and made no partial remarks. I was hurt for a moment at this apparent neglect, but thought of it no longer; and his lordship never mentioned the circumstance.

On the ensuing summer assizes, Lord Ormonde invited the judges, barristers, several of the grand-jury, and the principal gentlemen of the county, to a magnificent dinner at the castle. It was a long table, and everything in the grandest style. A judge sat on each side of Lady Ormonde, at the head, and Fletcher and myself were their next neighbors. After the cloth had been removed, and Lady Ormonde was retired, his lordship stood up, and in a loud voice said: "I have waited with impatience for this public opportunity of expressing to Mr. Barrington the high sense I entertain of his important and disinterested services to me at the last assizes. I now beg his acceptance of a small testimonial of my gratitude and friendship." And he immediately slid along the table a magnificent gold snuff-box, with his arms, &c., and the following inscription:

"A Token of Friendship and Gratitude from the Earl of Ormonde and Ossory to Jonah Barrington, Esq., one of His Majesty's Counsel-at-Law. August, 1794."

I was utterly astonished by this distinguished and most unexpected favor conferred in so public and honorable a manner; and *involuntarily*, without a moment's thought (but certainly with the appearance of ill-nature), I triumphantly handed round the box for the inspection of my brother-barristers. Fletcher, confused, as might be supposed, slightly shoved it back to me. His conduct on the trial having been known, a sensation became visible among the company, which I would almost have given up the box to have avoided exciting. His countenance. however, though not usually subject to be much impressed by kind feelings, clearly acquitted me of any intentional insult: in truth, I really felt as much as he did, when I perceived my error, and wished to pocket the prize without its creating further notice. But this was impossible: I was obliged to return thanks, which ceremony I went through very badly. Fletcher did not remain long, and I also adjourned at an early hour to the bar-room, where the incident had preceded me. I now tried my best to put all parties into good-humor, and finished the night by a much deeper stoup of wine than I should have indulged in at Lord Ormonde's.

Next morning I found a billet from the earl, enveloping a bank-note for one hundred pounds, with these words:—

"DEAR SIR: My attorney did not do you justice. You will permit me to be my own attorney on this occasion.

"Your friend and humble servant,

"ORMONDE AND OSSORY."

From that time to the day of his lordship's death, I experienced from him, on every occasion within his reach, the utmost extent of kindness, civility, and friendship. His successor, with whom I had been so long and so very intimately acquainted, was whirled at an early age into the vortex of fashionable life and profligacy. Having lost his best guide and truest friend, his cousin Brian Cavanagh, many of his naturally fine qualities were either blunted by dissipation, or absorbed in the licentious influence of a fashionable connection. Thus he became lost to himself and to many of those friends who had most truly valued him.

I have mentioned Walter, marquis of Ormonde, the more particularly, because, extraordinary as it may appear, it certainly was to a fatal connection of his (where I am sure he had not been the seducer) that I owe several of the most painful and injurious events of my life. Of the existence of this connection I had irrefragable proof; and of its having operated as a bar to the chief objects of my life and ambition, I have equal reason to feel convinced.

His lordship married his own god-daughter, but too late to give a chance for reformation; and never have I remarked, through the course of a long, observing life, any progress more complete from the natural levities of youth to the confirmed habits of dissipation, from the first order of early talent to the humblest state of premature imbecility, than that of the late marquis of Ormonde!—who had, at one period of our intimacy, as engaging a person, as many manly qualities, and to the full as much intellectual promise, as any young man of his country.

DR. ACHMET BORUMBORAD.

Singular Anecdotes of Dr. Achmet Borumborad—He proposes to erect Baths in Dublin, in the Turkish Fashion—Obtains Grants from Parliament for that Purpose—The Baths well executed—The Doctor's Banquet—Ludicrous Anecdote of Nineteen Noblemen and Members of Parliament falling into his Grand Salt-Water Bath—The Accident nearly causes the Ruin of the Doctor and his Establishment—He falls in Love with Miss Hartigan, and marries her—Sudden Metamorphosis of the Turk into Mr. Patrick Joyce.

Until England dragged the sister-kingdom with herself into the ruinous expenses of the American war, Ireland owed no public debt. There were no taxes, save local ones: the parliament, being composed of resident gentlemen, interested in the prosperity and welfare of their country, was profuse in promoting all useful schemes; and no projector, who could show any reasonable grounds for seeking assistance, had difficulty in finding a patron. On these points, indeed, the gentlemen who possessed influence were often unguarded, and sometimes extravagant.

Among other projectors whose ingenuity was excited by this liberal conduct, was one of a very singular description—a Turk who had come over, or (as the *ondit* went) had *fled* from Constantinople. He proposed to establish, what was greatly wanted at that time in the Irish metropolis, "hot and cold sea-water baths;" and by way of advancing his pretensions to public encouragement, offered to open free baths for the poor, on an extensive plan—giving them, as a doctor, attendance and advice gratis, every day in the year. He spoke English very intelligibly. His person was extremely remarkable; and the more so, as he was the first *Turk* who had ever walked the streets of Dublin in his native costume. He was in height considerably above six feet, rather pompous in his gait, and apparently powerful; an immense black beard covering his chin and upper lip. There was, at the same time, something cheerful and cordial in the man's address; and altogether he cut a very imposing figure. Everybody liked Doctor Achmet Borumborad: his Turkish dress, being extremely handsome, without any approach to the tawdry, and crowned with an immense turban, drew the eyes of every passer-by; and I must say that I have never myself seen a more stately-looking Turk since that period.

The eccentricity of the doctor's appearance was, indeed, as will be readily imagined, the occasion of much idle observation and conjecture. At first, whenever he went abroad, a crowd of people, chiefly boys, was sure to attend him—but at a respectful distance; and if he turned to look behind him, the gaping boobies fled, as if they conceived even his looks to be mortal. These fears, however, gradually wore away, and were entirely shaken off, on the fact being made public that he meant to attend the poor: which undertaking was, in the usual spirit of exaggeration, soon construed into an engagement on the part of the doctor to cure *all disorders whatever!* and hence he quickly became as much admired and respected as he had previously been dreaded.

My fair readers will perhaps smile when I assure them that the persons who seemed to have the least apprehension of Doctor Borumborad, or rather to think him "a very *nice* Turk!" were the ladies of the metropolis. Many a smart, snug little husband, who had been heretofore considered "quite the thing" —despotic in his own house, and peremptory commandant of his own family—was now regarded as a wretched, contemptible, close-shaven pigmy, in comparison with the immensity of the doctor's figure and whiskers; and, what is more extraordinary, his good-humor and engaging manners gained him many friends even among the husbands themselves!—he thus becoming, in a shorter period than could be imagined, a particular favorite with the entire city, male and female.

Doctor Achmet Borumborad, having obtained footing thus far, next succeeded surprisingly in making his way among the members of parliament. He was full of conversation, yet knew his proper distance; pregnant with anecdote, but discreet in its expenditure; and he had the peculiar talent of being humble without the *appearance* of humility. A submissive Turk would have been out of character, and a haughty one excluded from society. The doctor was aware of this, and regulated his demeanor with remarkable skill upon every occasion (and they were numerous) whereon (as a *lion)* he was invited to the tables of the great. By this line of conduct, he managed to warm those who patronized him into becoming violent partisans; and, accordingly, little or no difficulty was experienced in getting a grant from parliament for a sufficient fund to commence his great metropolitan undertaking.

Baths were now planned after Turkish models. The money voted was most faithfully appropriated; and a more ingenious or useful establishment could not be formed in any metropolis. But the cash, it was soon discovered, ran too short to enable the doctor to complete his scheme; and on the ensuing session a further vote became necessary, which was by no means opposed, as the institution was good, fairly executed, and charitably applied. The worthy doctor kept his ground; session after session he petitioned for fresh assistance, and never met with refusal. His profits were good, and he lived well, while the baths proved of the utmost benefit, and the poor received attention and service from his establishment without cost. An immense cold bath was constructed, to communicate with the river: it was large and deep, and entirely renewed every tide.

The neatest lodging-rooms, for those patients who chose to remain during a course of bathing, were added to the establishment, and always occupied. In short, the whole affair became so popular, and Doctor Achmet acquired so many friends, that the annual grants of parliament were considered nearly as matters of course.

But, alas! fortune is treacherous, and prosperity unstable. While the ingenious Borumborad was thus rapidly flourishing, an unlucky though most ludicrous incident threw the poor fellow completely aback, and, without any fault on his part, nearly ruined both himself and his institution.

Preparatory to every session, it was the doctor's invariable custom to give a grand dinner, at the baths, to a large number of his patrons, members of parliament, who were in the habit of proposing and supporting his grants. He always, on these occasions, procured some professional singers, as well as the finest wines in Ireland; endeavoring to render the parties as joyous and convivial as possible. Some nobleman, or commoner of note, always acted for him as chairman, the doctor himself being quite unassuming.

At the last commencement of a session, whereupon he anticipated this patronage, it was intended to increase his grant, in order to meet the expenses of certain new works, &c., which he had executed on the strength of the ensuing supply; and the doctor had invited nearly thirty of the leading members to a grand dinner in his spacious saloon. The singers were of the first order; the claret and champagne excellent; and never was the Turk's hospitality shown off to better advantage, or the appetites of his guests administered to with greater success. The effects of the wine, as usual on all such meetings in Ireland, began to grow obvious. The elder and more discreet members were for adjourning; while the juveniles declared they would stay for another dozen!—and Doctor Borumborad accordingly went down himself to his cellar, to select and send up a choice dozen by way of *bonne bouche* for *finishing* the refractory members of parliament.

In his absence, Sir John Stuart Hamilton, though a very *dry* member, took it into his head that he had taken enough, and rose to go away, as is customary in these days of freedom when people are so circumstanced: but at that period men were not always their own masters on such occasions, and a general cry arose of—"Stop, Sir John!—stop him!—the *bonne bouche!* the *bonne bouche!*" The carousers were on the alert instantly. Sir John opened the door and rushed out; the ante-chamber was not lighted; some one or two-and-twenty stanch members stuck to his skirts; when *splash* at once comes Sir John, not into the street, but into the great *cold bath*, the door of which he had retreated by, in mistake! The other parliament-men were too close upon the baronet to stop short (like the horse of a Cossack): in they went, by fours and fives; and one or two, who, hearing the splashing of the water, cunningly threw themselves down on the brink to avoid popping in, operated directly as stumbling-blocks to those behind, who thus obtained their full share of *bonne bouche* none of the parties had bargained for.

When Doctor Borumborad re-entered, ushering a couple of servants laden with a dozen of his best wine, and missed all his company, he thought some devil had carried them off; but perceiving the door of his noble, deep, cold, salt-water bath open, he with dismay rushed thither, and espied eighteen or nineteen Irish parliament-men either floating like so many corks upon the surface, or scrambling to get out like mice who had fallen into a basin! The doctor's *posse* of attendants were immediately set at work, and every one of the honorable members extricated. The quantity of salt water, however, which had made its way into their stomachs, was not so easily removed, and most of them carried the beverage home to their own bedchambers.

It was unlucky, also, that as the doctor was a Turk, he had no Christian wardrobe to substitute for the well-soaked garments of the honorable members. Such dresses, however, as he had, were speedily put into requisition; the bathing-attendants furnished their quota of dry apparel; and all was speedily distributed among the swimmers, some of whom exhibited in Turkish costume, others in bathing-shifts; and when the clothes failed, blankets were pinned round the rest. Large fires were made in every room; brandy and mulled wine liberally resorted to; and as fast as sedan-chairs could be procured, the Irish commoners were sent home, cursing all Turks and infidels, and denouncing a crusade against anything coming from the same quarter of the globe as Constantinople!

Poor Doctor Achmet Borumborad was distracted and quite inconsolable! Next day he duly visited every suffering member, and though well received, was acute enough to see that the ridicule with which they had covered themselves, was likely to work out eventually his ruin. His anticipations were well-founded: though the members sought to hush up the ridiculous parts of the story, they became, from that very attempt, still more celebrated. In fact, it was too good a joke to escape the embellishments of Irish humor; and the statement universally circulated was, that "Doctor Borumborad had nearly drowned nineteen members of parliament, because they would not promise to vote for him!"

The poor doctor was now assailed in every way. Among other things, it was asserted that he was the Turk who had strangled the Christians in the Seven Towers at Constantinople! Though everybody laughed at *their own* inventions, they believed those of *other people*, and the conclusion was, that no more grants could be proposed, since not a single member was stout enough to mention the name of Borumborad! the laugh, indeed, would have overwhelmed the best speech ever delivered in the Irish parliament.

Still, the new works must be paid for, although no convenient vote came to make the necessary provision: the poor doctor was therefore cramped a little; but notwithstanding his embarrassment, he kept his ground well, and lost no private friends except such as the wearing off of novelty estranged. He continued to get on, and at length a new circumstance intervened to restore his happiness, in a way as little to be anticipated by the reader as was his previous discomfiture.

Love had actually seized upon the Turk above two years before the accident we have been recording. A respectable surgeon of Dublin, of the name of Hartigan, had what might be termed a very "neat" sister, and this lady had made a lasting impression on the heart of Borumborad, who had no reason to complain of his suit being treated with disdain or even indifference. On the contrary, Miss H. liked the doctor vastly and praised the Turks in general, both for their dashing spirit and their beautiful whiskers. It was not, however, consistent either with her own or her brother's Christianity, to submit to the doctor's tremendous beard, or think of matrimony till "he had shaved the chin, at least, and got a parson to turn him into a Christian or something of that kind." Upon those terms only would she surrender her charms and her money—for some she had—to Doctor Achmet Borumborad, however amiable.

The doctor's courtship with the members of parliament having now terminated, so far at any rate as farther grants were concerned, and a *grant* of a much more tender nature being now within his reach, he began seriously to consider if he should not at once capitulate to Miss H., and exchange his beard and his Alcoran for a razor and New Testament. After weighing matters deliberately, love prevailed, and he intimated by letter, in the proper vehemence of Asiatic passion, his determination to turn Christian, discard his beard, and, throwing himself at the feet of his beloved, vow eternal fidelity to her in the holy bands of matrimony. He concluded by requesting an interview in the presence of the young lady's confidant, a Miss Owen, who resided next door. His request was granted, and he repeated his proposal, which was duly accepted, Miss Hartigan stipulating that he should never see her again until the double promise in his letter was fully redeemed; upon which he might mention his own day for the ceremony. The doctor having engaged to comply, took leave.

On the evening of the same day, a gentleman was announced to the bride-elect, with a message from Doctor Achmet Borumborad. Her confidential neighbor was immediately summoned, the gentleman waiting meantime in a coach at the door. At length Miss Hartigan and her friend being ready to receive him, in walked a Christian gallant, in a suit of full-dress black, and a very tall, fine-looking Christian he was! Miss H. was surprised; she did not recognise her lover, particularly as she thought it impossible he could have been made a Christian before the ensuing Sunday. He immediately, however, fell on his knees, seized and kissed her lily hand, and on her beginning to expostulate, cried out at once, "Don't be angry, my dear creature! to tell the honest truth, I am as good a Christian as the archbishop; I'm your own countryman, sure enough! Mr. Patrick Joyce from Kilkenny county; the devil a Turk, any more than yourself, my sweet angel!" The ladies were astonished, but astonishment did not prevent Miss Hartigan from keeping her word, and Mr. and Mrs. Joyce became a very lovely and happy couple.

The doctor's great skill, however, was supposed to lie in his beard and faith; consequently, on this *denouement*, the baths declined. But the honest fellow never had done any discreditable or improper act; none indeed was ever laid to his charge: he fully performed every engagement with the parliament while he retained the power to do so.

His beauty and portly appearance were considerably diminished by his change of garb. The long beard and picturesque dress had been half the battle; and he was, after his transformation, but a plain, rather coarse, but still brave-looking fellow. An old memorandum-book reminded me of these circumstances, as it noted a payment made to him by me on behalf of my elder brother, who had been lodging in the bath-house at the time of the *swimming match*.

I regret that I never inquired as to Joyce's subsequent career, nor can I say whether he is or not still in the land of the living. This little story shows the facility with which public money was formerly voted, and at the same time the comparatively fortunate financial state of Ireland at that period, when the public purse could afford a multiplicity of such supplies without any tax or imposition whatsoever being laid upon the people to provide for them! How very different were the measures of that parliament even ten years afterward!

ALDERMEN OF SKINNERS' ALLEY.

The Institution of Orangemen—United Irishmen—Protestant Ascendency—Dr. Duigenan—Origin, Progress, and Customs of the Aldermen of Skinners' Alley described—Their Revels—Orange Toast, never before published—The Aldermen throw Mr. M'Mahon, an Apothecary, out of a Window for Striking the Bust of King William—New Association—Anecdotes of Sir John Bourke and Sir Francis Gould—The Pope's Bull of Absolution to Sir Francis G.—Its Delivery suspended till he had taken away his Landlady's Daughter—His Death.

Orange societies, as they are termed, were first formed by the protestants to oppose and counteract the turbulent demonstrations of the catholics, who formed the population of the south of Ireland. But at their commencement, the Orangemen certainly adopted a principle of interference which was not confined to religious points alone, but went to put down *all* popular insurrections which might arise on any point. The term *protestant ascendency*, was coined by Mr. John Gifford (of whom more hereafter), and became an epithet very fatal to the peace of Ireland. Many associations indeed were, from time to time, originated : some for *reform*, others to oppose it : some for *toleration*, others for intolerance ! There were good men and loyal subjects among the members of each, including many who never entertained the most distant idea of those disastrous results to be apprehended, at the feverish period preceding the revolution of 1798, from any encouragement to innovation.

I followed up the principles my family had invariably pursued from their first settlement in Ireland ; namely, an attachment divided between the crown and the people. In the year 1795, I saw that the people were likely to grow too strong for the crown ; and therefore became at once, not indeed an *ultra*, but one in whom loyalty absorbed almost every other consideration. I willingly united in every effort to check the rising spirit of popular disaffection—the dreadful results of which were manifested in the atrocities acting throughout France, and in the tottering state of the crowns of Europe.

I had been previously initiated by my friend, Dr. Duigenan, judge of the prerogative court, into a very curious but most loyal society, whereof he was grand-master at the time of my election; and as this club differed essentially from any other in the empire, it may be amusing to describe it—a labor which nobody has hitherto, I believe, undertaken.

This curious assemblage was called "The Aldermen of Skinners' Alley:" it was the first Orange association ever formed; and having, at the period alluded to, existed a full century in pristine vigor, it had acquired considerable local influence and importance. Its origin was as follows: after William III. had mounted the English throne, and King James had assumed the reins of government in Ireland, the latter monarch annulled the then existing charter of the Dublin corporation, dismissed all the aldermen who had espoused the revolutionary cause, and replaced them by others attached to himself. In doing this he was certainly justifiable; the deposed aldermen, however, had secreted some little articles of their paraphernalia, and privately assembled in an ale-house in Skinners' alley, a very obscure part of the capital: here they continued to hold anti-Jacobite meetings; elected their own lord-mayor and officers; and got a marble bust of King William, which they regarded as a sort of deity! These meetings were carried on till the battle of the Boyne put William in possession of Dublin, when King James's aldermen were immediately cashiered, and *the Aldermen of Skinners' Alley* reinvested with their mace and aldermanic glories.

To honor the memory of their restorer, therefore, a permanent association was formed, and invested with all the memorials of their former disgrace and latter reinstatement. This organization, constituted near a century before, remained, I fancy, quite unaltered at the time I became a member. To make the general influence of this association the greater, the number of members was unlimited, and the mode of admission solely by the proposal and seconding of tried *aldermen.* For the same reason, no class, however humble, was excluded—equality reigning in its most perfect state at the assemblies. Generals and wig-makers—king's counsel and hackney clerks, &c., all mingled without distinction as brother-aldermen: a lord-mayor was annually appointed; and regularity and decorum always prevailed—until, at least, toward the *conclusion* of the meetings, when the aldermen became more than usually noisy and exhilarated—King William's bust being placed in the centre of the supper table, to overlook their extreme loyalty. The times of meeting were monthly: and every member paid sixpence per month, which sum (allowing for the absentees) afforded plenty of eatables, porter and punch, for the supping aldermen.

Their charter-dish was *sheep's trotters* (in allusion to King James's running away from Dublin); rum-punch in blue jugs, whiskey-punch in white ones, and *porter* in its *pewter*, were scattered plentifully over the table; and all regular formalities being gone through, and the eating part of the ceremony ended, the real *business* began by a general chorus of "God save the King!" whereupon the grand engine, which, as a loyal and facetious shoemaker observed, would *bind* every *sole* of them together, and commemorate them *all* till the end of time, was set at work by order of the *lord-mayor*. This engine was the charter-toast, always given with nine times nine! and duly succeeded by vociferous acclamations.

The 1st of July (anniversary of the battle of the Boyne) was the favorite night of assembly: then every man unbuttoned the knees of his breeches, and drank the toast on his bare joints—it being pronounced by his *lordship* in the following words, composed expressly for the purpose in the year 1689; afterward adopted by the Orange societies generally; and still, I believe, considered as the charter-toast of them all. This most ancient and unparalleled *sentiment* runs thus:—

ORANGE TOAST.

"The glorious—pious—and immortal memory of the great and good King William: not forgetting Oliver Cromwell, who assisted in redeeming us from popery, slavery, arbitrary power, brass-money, and wooden shoes. May we never want a Williamite to kick the * * * * of a Jacobite!—and a * * * * for the *bishop of Cork!* And he that won't drink this, whether he be priest, bishop, deacon, bellows-blower, grave-digger, or any other of the fraternity of *the clergy;* may a north wind blow him to the south, and a west wind blow him to the east! May he have a dark night—a lee shore, a rank storm, and a leaky vessel, to carry him over the river Styx! May the dog Cerberus make a meal of his r—p, and Pluto a snuff-box of his skull; and may the devil jump down his throat with a red-hot harrow, with every pin tear out a gut, and blow him with a *clean* carcase to hell! *Amen.*

The extraordinary zeal wherewith this toast was drunk, could only be equalled by the enthusiasm with which the blue and white jugs and pewter pots were resorted to, to ascertain the quality of the potation within: both processes serving to indicate the quantity of loyalty entertained by every alderman toward the king, Doctor Duigenan, and the protestant religion! they then rebuttoned the knees of their breeches (trousers had not come into fashion), and sat down *to work* again in downright earnest. Mr. Powell, a jolly apothecary (till he was killed, by *singing* I suppose), led, in my time, the vocal band: and after a dozen speeches, accompanied by numerous replenishments of the jugs, &c., everybody who had *anything to do in the morning* generally withdrew, leaving the rest of the loyalists to finish the last drop.

The idea of "Orange societies" arose, in my opinion, from this association. I believe it exists still; but has, I understand, degenerated into a sort of *half-mounted* club—not exclusive enough for gentlemen, and too fine for wig-makers: it has sunk into a paltry and unimportant corporate utensil.

I recollect an amusing circumstance which many years back occurred in this lodge. Until politics grew too hot, Napper Tandy and several other of the *patriots* were *aldermen:* but finding that ultra-loyalty was making way too fast for their notions, they sought some fair opportunity of seceding from the club, stealing the mace, and regenerating the whole board and establishment of Skinner's alley! and the opportunity was not long wanting.

An apothecary, by the name of M'Mahon, had become an alderman solely to avoid being considered a friend of the pope; this, in point of reality, he was; but since, at that period, his creed was not the popular one, he conceived that he might thrive better in his business by appearing a stanch protestant; or at least might learn by association, some valuable secrets, and then betray them to his own sect.

But M'Mahon, although a clever person, was, like many an honest fellow, vastly more candid when he got "the sup in" than he had ever intended to be; indeed, in these circumstances, whatever a man thinks often comes out in spite of him, as if it disagreed with his liquor! Thus one unfortunate night, "Doctor M'Mahon, the apothecary" (as he was termed in Amiger street), having made too free with his brother-aldermen, and being completely overmastered by the blue jug, forgot his company, and began to speak rather unkindly of King William. His worthy associates, who had made similar applications to the *blue* and *white*, took fire at this *sacrilege* offered to their patron saint; one word brought on another; the doctor grew outrageous; and, in his paroxysm (not having the fear of flogging before his eyes), actually *damned* King William! proceeding in the enthusiasm of his popery, most thoughtlessly for himself and for the unhappy king's bust then staring before him, to strike it with his huge fat fist plump in the face!

The bust immediately showed most evident and marvellous symptons of maltreatment by the apothecary; its beautiful virgin white marble appearing to be actually stained with blood! This miracle caused one of the aldermen to roar out in a fright, "That villain, M'Mahon, has broken the king's nose!"—"The king's nose?" ran throughout the room: some, who had been dozing, hearing this cry of high treason from every quarter, rose and rushed with the rest upon the doctor: his clothes were soon turned into ribands, and the cry of "Throw him out of the window!" was unanimously and resolutely adopted: the window was opened; the doctor, after exerting all his powers (and he was a strong, active man), was compelled to yield to numbers, and out he went into the street, very much to the ease and satisfaction of the loyal aldermen. The window was now closed again, the "Glorious Memory" drunk, the king's nose washed clean from the blood, formerly belonging to the doctor's knuckles (which his majesty's feature had unmercifully scarified), and all restored to peace and tranquillity.

As for the poor doctor, out he went, as we have said, clean and cleverly, one good story. But (whether through chance or Providence we will not pretend to determine) fortunately for him, a lamp and lamp-iron stood immediately under the window whereby he had made so sudden an exit! Hence, the doctor's route downward was impeded by a crash against the lamp; the glass and other materials all yielded to the precious weight, and very probably prevented the pavement from having the honor of braining him: he held a moment by the iron, and then dropped quite gently into the arms of a couple of guardians of the night, who, attracted by the uproar in the room above, and seeing the window open, and the doctor getting out feet foremost, conceived that it was only a drunken frolic, and so placed themselves underneath "to keep the gentleman out of the gutter."

The doctor scarcely waited to thank his preservers, set out pretty well sobered to his home, and the next day, summoning all the humane and *patriotic* aldermen, to whom he told his own story, they determined to secede and set up a new corps at the King's Arms in Fowns' street. The old aldermen defended their conduct as loyal subjects; the others stigmatized it as the act of a set of manslaughterers; these old and young guards of the British constitution from that day set about *advertising* each other, and making proselytes on either side; and the *Orange* and *United Irishmen* parties gained as many recruiting sergeants by the fracas, as there were permanents or seceders among those illustrious aldermen.

As nothing is so much calculated to gratify the aldermen of Skinners' alley as anecdotes respecting his holiness the pope, or their eminences the cardinals, I am happy in being enabled to afford them one, of which I was an eye-witness. I had the honor of touching his holiness's bull to the late Sir Francis Gould (of gallant memory), and of seeing the beautiful candles therewith, six feet and an inch in their sockets: and if the *saving clause* in the bull should disappoint the aldermen, they must blame the caution of Cardinal Gonsalvi for having it inserted (though I believe, a lay cardinal). I regret that at present I can furnish them with no other anecdotes of the kind, (at least that came within my own knowledge); but the following will serve excellently well to elucidate the pope's bulls of absolution.

A few years since, the present Sir John Bourke, of Glinsk, Bart., travelled with his new-married lady and establishment to Rome, not solely for his pleasure, but as an Irish catholic, to pay his respects to the pope, kiss his holiness's toe, and purchase antiquities.

The late Sir Francis Gould, then at Paris, requested Sir John (before me) that as he fancied he felt himself in a declining state of health, and unable to travel so far as Rome, he (Sir John) would take the proper steps, through Cardinal Gonsalvi, to procure him from his holiness a bull of plenary absolution, and if possible, an indulgence also; adding that Sir John might *hint* to the cardinal, that he intended to bequeath a good deal of his property among the clergy.

Sir John undertook the matter, proceeded to Rome, saw the cardinal, and, as far as the absolution went, succeeded. He was himself at the same time created "Marchese de Bourke of the Holy Roman Empire;" and a bull was duly made out for Sir Francis Gould, at very considerable expense. Sir John received also a couple of blessed candles, six feet long, to burn while the bull was being read. Its express terms, and conditions, however were—"Provided the penitent, Sir Francis Gould, should not again voluntarily commit the same sins now forgiven;" (which list included nearly all the sins the cardinal could think of!) in the other case, the forgiveness would be void, and the two sets of sins come slap upon the soul of Sir Francis at once, no doubt with compound interest; and which nothing but severe penance, some hundred full masses, and a great deal of mass-money, would ever be able to bring him through.

Sir John having brought home the bull magnificently enclosed, and sewed up in a silk bag, sealed officially by the cardinal, informed Sir Francis (as we were all dining together at Bourke's hotel) that he had that day unpacked his luggage, had the pope's bull perfectly safe, and would hand it to him instantly.

Sir Francis asked him its exact purport. "I have had two others," said he, "but they are null, for I sinned again, and so can't depend upon them."

Sir John informed him of the purport, so far as his Latin went; when Sir Francis calmly said, "My dear Bourke, don't give me the bull *yet awhile;* its operation, I find, is only retrospective, and does not affect sins committed after its delivery; why did you not bring me one that would answer always?"

"Such a one would cost a damned deal more," replied Sir John.

"Well, then," said Sir Francis, "send it to me in about ten days or a fortnight—*not sooner*—it will answer then pretty well, as I am about taking away a beautiful young creature, my landlady's daughter, next week, and I should have that sin to answer for, if you gave me the bull before I had her clean out of Paris."

He kept his word, took off the girl, then got the *absolution;* and in a very short time, poor fellow! was afforded, by death, an opportunity of trying its efficacy.

PROCESSION OF THE TRADES.

Dublin Corporation Anecdotes—Splendid Triennial Procession of the Dublin Corporation, called *Fringes* (Franchises) described.

Nothing can better show the high opinion entertained by the Irish of their own importance, and particularly by that celebrated body called the corporation of Dublin, than the following incident. Mr. Willis, a leather-breechesmaker in Dame street, and a famous orator at the corporation meetings, holding forth one day about the parochial watch (a subject which he considered as of the utmost general importance) discoursed as follows: "This, my friends, is a subject neither trifling nor obscure; the character of our corporation is at stake on your decision! recollect," continued he, "recollect, brother freemen, that the *eyes of all Europe are upon us!*"

One of the customs of Dublin which prevailed in my early days made such a strong impression upon my mind, that it never could be obliterated. The most magnificent and showy procession, I really believe, except those of Rome, then took place in the Irish metropolis every third year, and attracted a number of English quite surprising, if we take into account the great difficulty existing at that time with regard to travelling from London to Dublin.

The corporation of the latter city were, by the terms of their charter, bound, once in three years, to perambulate the limits of the lord-mayor's jurisdiction, to make stands or stations at various points, and to skirt the earl of Meath's liberties—a part of the city at that era in great prosperity, but forming a local jurisdiction of its own (in the nature of a manor), totally distinct from that of Dublin.

This procession being in fact partly intended to mark and to designate the extreme boundaries of his lordship's jurisdiction, at those points where they touch the earl of Meath's liberty, the lord-mayor thrust his sword through the wall of a certain house, and then concluded the ceremony by approaching the sea at low water, and hurling a javelin as far upon the sands as his strength admitted, which was understood to form the boundary between him and Neptune.

The trade of Dublin is comprised of twenty-five corporations, or guilds, each independent of the other, and represented, as in London, by a common council. Every one of these comprised its masters, journeymen, and apprentices; and each guild had a patron-saint, or protector, whose image or emblem was on all great occasions dressed up in appropriate habiliments.

For this procession, every member of the twenty-five corporations prepared as for a jubilee. Small funds only were collected, and each individual gladly bore his extra charges—the masters and journeymen being desirous of outvying one another, and conceiving that the gayer they appeared on that great day, the more consideration would they be entitled to throughout the ensuing three years. Of course, therefore, such as could afford it spared no expense; they borrowed the finest horses and trappings which could be procured; the masters rode, the journeymen walked, and were succeeded by the apprentices.

Every corporation had an immense carriage, with a great platform and high canopy, the whole radiant with gilding, ribands, and draperies, and drawn by six or eight horses equally decked and caparisoned; their colors and flags flying in all directions. On these platforms, which were fitted up as workshops, were the implements of the respective trades, and expert hands were actually at work during the entire perambulation, which generally lasted eight or nine hours; the procession indeed took two hours to pass. The narrow-weavers wove ribands which they threw to the spectators: the others tossed into the air small patterns of the fabric they worked upon; the printers were employed in striking off innumerable hand-bills, with songs and odes to the lord-mayor.

But the smiths' part of the spectacle was the most gaudy: they had their forge in full work, and were attended by a very high phæton adorned in every way they could think of, the horses covered with flowers and colored streamers. In this phæton sat the most beautiful girl they could possibly procure, in the character of a wife to their patron, Vulcan. It is unnecessary to describe her dress, suffice it to say, it approached that of a Venus as nearly as decency would permit: a blue scarf, covered with silver doves, was used at her discretion, and four or five little Cupids, attired like pages (aiming with bows and arrows at the ladies in the windows), played at her feet. On one side rode, on the largest horse which could be provided, a huge fellow, representing Vulcan, dressed *cap-a-pie* in coal-black armor, and flourishing an immense smith's sledge-hammer. On the other side pranced his rival, Mars, on a tawdry-caparisoned charger, in shining armor (with an immensity of feathers and horse-hair), and brandishing a two-edged glittering sword six or eight feet long—Venus meantime seemed to pay much more attention to her gallant than to her husband. Behind the phæton, rode Argus, with an immense peacock's tail; while numerous other gods and goddesses, saints, devils, satyrs, &c., were distributed in the procession.

The skinners and tanners seemed to undergo no slight penance; a considerable number of these artisans being dressed up close in sheep and goat skins of different colors. The representatives of the butchers were enveloped in hides, with long towering horns, and rode along brandishing knives and cleavers — a most formidable-looking corporation. The apothecaries made up and distributed pills and boluses on their platform, which was furnished with numerous pestles and mortars so contrived as to sound, in the grinding, like bells, and pounding out some popular air. Each corporation had its appropriate band and colors; perfect order was maintained; and so proud was the Dublin mob of what they called their *fringes*, that on these peculiar occasions, they managed to behave with great decorum and propriety. I never could guess the reason why, but the crowd seemed ever in the most anxious expectation to see *the tailors*, who were certainly the favorites. The master-tailors usually borrowed the best horses from their customers; and as they were not accustomed to horseback, the scene was highly ludicrous. A tailor on a spirited horse has always been esteemed a curiosity; but a troop of a hundred and fifty tailors, all decked with ribands, and lace, and every species of finery, on horses equally smart, presented a spectacle outvying description. The journeymen and apprentices walked — except that number of workmen on the platform. St. Crispin with his last, St. Andrew with his cross, and St. Luke with his gridiron, were all included in the show; as were the city officers in their full robes and paraphernalia. The guild of merchants, being under the especial patronage of the Holy Trinity, could not, with all their ingenuity, find out any unprofane emblem, except a shamrock of huge dimensions, the three distinct leaves whereof are on one stalk. This, by the way, offered St. Patrick means of explaining the Trinity, and thereby of converting the Irish to Christianity; and hence, the shamrock became the national emblem of Ireland. The merchants had also a large ship on wheels, drawn and manned by *real* sailors.

This singular procession I twice witnessed. It has since been abolished, after having worked well, and done no harm from the days of the very first lord-mayor of Dublin The city authorities, however, began at length to think venison and claret would be better things for the same expense; and so it was decided that the money should remain in the purse of the corporation, and a wretched substitute for the old ceremony was arranged. The lord-mayor and sheriffs, with some dozen of dirty constables, now perambulate these bounds in privacy and silence; thus defeating, in my mind, the very *intention* of their charter, and taking away a triennial prospective object of great attraction and pride to the inhabitants of the metropolis of Ireland, for the sole purpose of gratifying the sensual appetites of a city aristocracy, who court satiety and indigestion at the expense of their humbler brethren.

IRISH REBELLION.

Rebellion in Ireland, in 1798—Mr. Waddy's Castle—A Priest cut in two by the Portcullis, and partly eaten by Waddy—Dinner-Party at Lady Colclough's—Names and Characters of the Company, including Mr. Bagenal Harvey, Captain Keogh, &c.—Most of them executed soon after—Tour through, and State of, County Wexford, after the Battles and Storming of the Town—Colonel Walpole killed and his Regiment defeated at Gorey—Unaccountable Circumstance of Captain Keogh's Head not decaying.

Many incidents which, I really think, could not have occurred in any country except Ireland, took place there in the year 1798. There is something so very different from other people in every deed or word of the unsophisticated Irish, that in fact one has no right to be surprised, whatever scenes may by them be acted.

One of these curious occurrences remains even to this day a subject of surmise and mystery. During the rebellion in County Wexford, in 1798, Mr. Waddy, a violent loyalist, but surrounded by a neighborhood of inveterate insurgents, fled to a castle at a considerable distance from the town of Wexford. Though not in repair, it was not unfit for habitation, and might secure its tenant from any *coup-de-main* of undisciplined insurgents. He dreaded discovery so much, that he would intrust his place of refuge to no person whatsoever; and, as he conceived, took sufficient food to last until he might escape out of the country. There was but one entrance to the castle, and that was furnished with an old ponderous portcullis, which drew up and let down as in ancient fortresses.

Here Mr. Waddy concealed himself; and everybody was for a long time utterly ignorant as to his fate. Some said he was drowned; some, burnt alive; others, murdered and buried in ploughed ground!—but while each was willing to give an opinion as to the mode of his destruction, no one supposed him to be still alive. At length, it occurred to certain of his friends to seek him through the country; with which view they set out, attended by an armed body. Their search was in vain, until approaching by chance the old castle, they became aware of a stench, which the seekers conjectured to proceed from the putrid corpse of murdered Waddy. On getting nearer, this opinion was confirmed; for a dead body lay half within and half without the castle, which the descent of the portcullis had cut nearly into equal portions. Poor Mr. Waddy was deeply lamented; and, though with great disgust, the party proceeded to remove that half of the carcass which lay outside the entrance—when, to their infinite astonishment, they perceived that it was *not* Waddy, but a neighboring priest, who had been so expertly cut in two. How the accident had happened, nobody could surmise. They now rapped and shouted—but no reply: Waddy, in good truth, lay close within, supposing them to be rebels. At length, on venturing to peep out, he discovered his friends, whom he joyfully requested to raise the portcullis, and let him out—as he was almost starved to death.

This, with difficulty, was effected, and the other half of the priest was discovered immediately within the entrance—but by no means in equally good condition with that outside; inasmuch as it appeared that numerous collops and rump-steaks had been cut off the reverend gentleman's hind-quarters by Waddy, who, early one morning, had found the priest thus divided: and being alike unable to raise the portcullus or get out to look for food (certain, indeed, in the latter case, of being piked by any of the rebels who knew him), he thought it better to feed on the priest, and remain in the castle till fortune smiled, than run a risk of breaking all his bones by dropping from the battlements—his only alternative.

To the day of Waddy's death he could give no collected or rational account of this incident: indeed, so confused had his head become in consequence of his critical circumstances, that the whole appeared to him ever after as a dream or vision quite beyond his comprehension.

The foregoing, though among the most curious, is but one of the extraordinary occurrences of that dreadful insurrection—some of which tend to strengthen my superstitious feeling, which is, I confess, very deep-rooted, as also is my conviction that "whatever is, is right." Scarcely any except the *fortunate* will, I suppose, be ready to join me in the latter notion, though in the former I am aware I have many associates, particularly among old women and hypochondriacs: I am, it is true, laughed at for both by *clever* ladies and *strong-minded* gentlemen, but still think proper to retain my own impressions.

I will detail the following circumstance in illustration of these principles. It took place immediately previous to the breaking out of the rebellion:—

I dined at the house of Lady Colclough (a near relative of Lady Barrington), in the town of Wexford, in April, 1798. The company, so far as I recollect, consisted of about seventeen persons. among whom were several other of Lady B.'s relatives, then members of the grand-jury: Mr. Cornelius Grogan, of Johnstown, a gentleman of very large fortune who had represented the county; his two brothers, both wealthy men; Captain Keogh, afterward rebel governor of Wexford, the husband of Lady B.'s aunt; the unfortunate John Colclough, of Tintern, and the still more unfortunate Mr. Colclough; Counsellor John Beauman; Counsellor Bagenal Harvey, afterward the rebel generalissimo; Mr. William Hatton, and some others. The conversation after dinner turning on the distracted state of the country, became rather too free, and I begged some of the party to be more moderate, as our ways of thinking were so different, and my public situation did not permit me, especially at that particular period, to hear such strong language; the loyalists among us did not exceed four or five.

The tone of the conversation was soon lowered, but not before I had made up my mind as to the probable fate of several in the company, though I certainly had no idea that, in little more than a month, a sanguinary rebellion would desolate my native land, and violent deaths, within *three* months, befall a great proportion of that joyous assemblage. I had seen enough, however, to convince me that all was not right; and that, by plunging one step farther, most of my relatives and friends would be in imminent danger. The party, however, broke up; and next morning, Mr. Beauman and myself, happening to meet on the bridge, talked over the occurrences of the previous day, uniting in opinion as to the inauspicious aspect of things, and actually proceeding to make out a list of those among the dinner-party whom we considered likely to fall victims!—and it so turned out that *every one* of our predictions was verified. It was superficial observation alone that led me to think as I did at that moment, but a decided presentiment of what eventually happened soon after took possession of me; and indeed so full was I of forebodings, that I have more than once been roused out of my sleep by the horrid ideas floating through my mind!

Bagenal Harvey (already mentioned in this work), who had been my schoolfellow and constant circuit-companion for many years, laughed, at Lady Colclough's, at my political prudery; assured me I was totally wrong in suspecting him; and insisted on my going to Bargay castle, his residence, to meet some old temple friends of ours on the ensuing Monday. My relative Captain Keogh was to be of the party.

I accordingly went there to dinner, but that evening proved to me of great uneasiness, and made a very disagreeable impression on both my mind and spirits. The company I met included Captain Keogh; the two unfortunate Counsellors Sheers, who were both hung shortly afterward; Mr. Colclough, who was hung on the bridge; Mr. Hay, who was also executed; Mr. William Hatton, one of the rebel directory of Wexford, who unaccountably escaped; and a gentleman of the bar whose name I shall not mention, as he still lives.

The entertainment was good, and the party cheerful. Temple freaks were talked over; the bottle circulated; but, at length, Irish politics became the topic, and proceeded to an extent of disclosure which utterly surprised me. With the Messrs. Sheers (particularly Henry) I had always been on terms of the greatest intimacy: I had extricated both of them not long before from considerable difficulty, through the kindness of Lord Kilwarden; and I had no idea that matters wherein they were concerned had proceeded to the lengths developed on that night. The probability of a speedy revolt was freely discussed, though in the most artful manner, not a word of any of the party committing themselves: but they talked it over as a result which might be expected from the complexion of the times and the irritation excited in consequence of the severities exercised by the government. The chances of success, in the event of a rising, were openly debated, as were also the circumstances likely to spring from that success, and the examples which the insurgents would in such a case probably make. All this was at the same time talked over, without one word being uttered in favor of rebellion — a system of caution which, I afterward learned, was much practised for the purpose of gradually making proselytes without alarming them. I saw through it clearly, and here my presentiments came strong upon me. I found myself in the midst of absolute though unavowed conspirators. I perceived that the explosion was much nearer than the government expected; and I was startled at the decided manner in which my host and his friends spoke.

Under these circumstances, my alternative was evidently to quit the house or give a turn to the conversation. I therefore began to laugh at the subject, and ridicule it as quite visionary, observing jestingly to Keogh — "Now, my dear Keogh, it is quite clear that you and I, in this famous rebellion, shall be on different sides of the question, and of course one or the other of us must necessarily be hanged at or before its termination; I upon a lamp-iron in Dublin, or you on the bridge of Wexford. Now, we'll make a bargain! — if we beat you, upon my honor I'll do all I can to save your neck; and if your folks beat us, you'll save me from the honor of the lamp-iron.

We shook hands on the bargain, which created much merriment, and gave the whole after-talk a cheerful character; and I returned to Wexford at twelve at night, with a most decided impression of the danger of the country, and a complete presentiment that either myself or Captain Keogh would never see the conclusion of that summer.

I immediately wrote to Mr. Secretary Cooke, without mentioning names, place, or any particular source of knowledge, but simply to assure him that there was not a doubt that an insurrection would break out at a much earlier period than the government expected. I desired him to ask me no questions, but said that he might depend upon the fact; adding that a commanding force ought instantly to be sent down to garrison the town of Wexford. "If the government," said I, in conclusion, "does not attend to my warning, it must take the consequences." My warning was not attended to; but his majesty's government soon found I was right. They lost Wexford, and might have lost Ireland, by that culpable inattention.

The result need scarcely be mentioned; every member of that jovial dinner-party (with the exception of myself, the barrister before alluded to, and Mr. Hatton), was executed within three months! and on my next visit to Wexford, I saw the heads of Captain Keogh, Mr. Harvey, and Mr. Colclough, on spikes over the court-house door.

Previously to the final catastrophe, however, when the insurgents had been beaten, Wexford retaken by our troops, and Keogh made prisoner, I did not forget my promise to him at Bargay castle. Many certificates had reached Dublin of his humanity to the royalists while the town of Wexford was under his government, and of attempts made upon his life by Dixon, a chief of his own party, for his endeavoring to resist the rebel butcheries. I had intended to go with these directly to Lord Camden, the lord lieutenant; but I first saw Mr. Secretary Cooke, to whom I related the entire story, and showed him several favorable documents. He told me I might save myself the trouble of going to Lord Camden: and at the same time handed me a despatch received that morning from General Lake, who stated that he had thought it necessary, on recapturing Wexford, to lose no time in "making examples" of the rebel chiefs; and that accordingly, Mr. Grogan, of Johnstown, Mr. Bagenal Harvey, of Bargay castle, Captain Keogh, Mr. Colclough, and some other gentlemen, had been hanged on the bridge and beheaded the previous morning.

I felt shocked beyond measure at this intelligence, particularly as I knew Mr. Cornelius Grogan (an excellent gentleman, seventy years of age, of very large fortune and establishments) to be no more a rebel than myself. Being unable, from infirmity, to walk without assistance, he was led to execution.

I was at all times ready and willing to risk my life to put down that spirit of mad democracy which sought to subvert all legal institutions, and to support every true principle of the constitution which protected us: but at the same time I must in truth and candor say (and I say it with reluctance), that during those most sanguinary scenes, the brutal conduct of certain frantic royalists was at least on a parallel with that of the frantic rebels.

A short time after the recapture of Wexford, I traversed that country, to see the ruins which had been occasioned by warfare. Enniscorthy had been twice stormed, and was dilapidated and nearly burned. New Ross showed most melancholy relics of the obstinate and bloody battle of full ten hours' duration, which had been fought in every street of it. The numerous pits crammed with dead bodies, on Vinegar hill, seemed on some spots actually elastic as we stood upon them; while the walls of an old windmill on its summit, appeared stained and splashed with the blood and brains of the many victims who had been piked or shot against it by the rebels. The court-house of Enniscorthy, wherein our troops had burned alive above eighty of the wounded rebels, and the barn of Scullabogue, where the rebels had retaliated by burning alive above one hundred and twenty protestants, were terrific ruins! The town of Gorey was utterly destroyed, not a house being left perfect, and the bodies of the killed were lying half-covered in sundry ditches in its vicinity. It was here that Colonel Walpole had been defeated and killed a few days before.*

An unaccountable circumstance was witnessed by me on that tour immediately after the retaking of Wexford. General Lake, as I have before mentioned, had ordered the heads of Mr. Grogan, Captain Keogh, Mr. Bagenal Harvey, and Mr. Colclough, to be placed on very low spikes, over the court-house door of Wexford. A faithful servant of Mr. Grogan had taken away his head; but the other three remained there when I visited the town. The mutilated countenances of friends and relatives, in such a situation, would, it may be imagined, give any man most horrifying sensations! The heads of Mr. Colclough and Harvey appeared black lumps, the features being utterly undistinguishable; that of Keogh was uppermost, but the air had made no impression on it whatever! His comely and respect-inspiring face (except the *pale* hue, scarcely to be called *livid*), was the same as in life: his eyes were not closed; his hair not much ruffled: in fact, it appeared to me rather as a head of chiselled marble, with glass eyes, than as the lifeless remains of a human creature: this circumstance I never could get any medical man to give me the least explanation of. I prevailed on General Hunter, who then commanded in Wexford, to suffer the three heads to be taken down and buried.

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* No man ever came to a violent death more unwarily! Colonel Walpole was a peculiarly handsome man, an aid-de-camp to Lord Camden. With somewhat of the air of a *petit-maître*, he fluttered much about the drawing-room of the castle; but, as he had not seen actual service, he felt a sort of military inferiority to veterans who had spent the early part of their lives in blowing other people's brains out; and he earnestly begged to be intrusted with some command that might give him an opportunity of fighting for a few weeks in the county of Wexford, and of writing some elegant despatches to his excellency, the lord lieutenant. The lord lieutenant most kindly indulged him with a body of troops, and sent him to fight in the County Wexford, as he requested: but on passing the town of Gorey, not being accustomed to advanced guards or flankers, he overlooked such trifles altogether! and having got into a defile with some cannon and the Antrim regiment, in a few minutes the colonel was shot through the head—the cannon changed masters, and most of the Antrim heroes had each a pike, ten or twelve feet long, sticking in his carcass—"Sic transit gloria mundi!"

WOLF TONE.

Counsellor Theobald Wolf Tone—His resemblance to Mr. Croker—He is ordered to be Hanged by a Military Court—General Craig attached in Court of Common Pleas—Tone's Attempt at Suicide—Cruel Suggestion respecting him.

Theobald Wolf Tone was one of the most remarkable of the persons who lost their lives in consequence of that wild democratic mania, which, at the period treated of in the former sketch, had seized upon the reason of so many otherwise sensible individuals. His catastrophe can not fail to be interesting.

This gentleman's enthusiastic mind was eternally surrounded by the mist of visionary speculation: it was a fine sailer, but wanted ballast. He had distinguished himself somewhat in the university as a desultory declaimer, but, in my judgment, that was the full extent of his powers. He was neither high-born, nor wealthy; in fact, I fear even a steady competency was not at his command; and hence his spirit, naturally restless, was additionally goaded and inflamed.

It is a curious circumstance that Mr. Tone, a decided revolutionist and rebel, married improvidently enough, one sister while Mr. Thomas Reynolds, who betrayed the friends of Tone and of himself, espoused another.

Tone was called to the Irish bar; but had been previously over-rated, and did not succeed. I thought it a pity (as he was really a good-hearted person) that he should not be fairly tried, and, if possible, pushed forward; and being myself high on the circuit, I took him round in my carriage three times, and then thought well of him; but he was too light and visionary; and as for law, was quite incapable of imbibing that species of science. His person was unfavorable—his countenance thin and sallow; and he had in his speech a harsh guttural pronunciation of the letter *R*—a defect shared by him in common with Mr. Croker, of the admiralty, who indeed resembled him in personal appearance greatly, but was somewhat Tone's inferior in elocution.

It is my belief, that Tone could not have succeeded in any steady civil profession. He was not worldly enough, nor had he sufficient common sense for his guidance. His biography has been repeatedly published, and I only intend here to allude to the extraordinary circumstances of his death; an event upon which I confess I had many painful feelings, and not the less so from its being connected with my own judicial functions.

He had been taken in arms by Sir John Borlase Warren, at sea, in a French frigate, proceeding to land troops in Ireland. He wore the uniform of a French officer, but being recognised, brought prisoner to Dublin, and delivered over for trial to the provost-marshal and military authorities, he was of course condemned to be hanged. I did not see him under these distressing circumstances, nor in truth was it my wish to do so; for although there existed between us no actual friendship, still I had a strong feeling for a gentleman with whom I had been so well acquainted.

It occurred to his counsel that the jurisdiction of martial-law could not extend to him, as it only operated on land, and he had been taken at sea. An application was therefore made to the common pleas, to have him brought up by *habeas corpus*, in order (the point being ascertained) to be regularly tried before the competent tribunal—the court of admiralty. The *habeas corpus* being granted, was served on General Craig, who then commanded in Dublin, but who refused to obey it, and was attached for his disobedience; an order being consequently made for the general and some of his staff to be taken into custody by the officers of the court.

To me (as judge of the admiralty) this appeal was most distressing. Had Tone the least chance of escape in any court, or upon any trial, it might have been otherwise; but he could not be defended; and to have him brought before me only to witness his conviction, and to pronounce his sentence, shocked me extremely. His friends thought this course might prolong his fate a considerable time, and it was supposed that something might intermediately occur calculated to affect a commutation of the capital punishment. I knew better! I was convinced that his execution was determined on; it was unavoidable, and I felt *great* uneasiness.

The court having ordered General Craig, and Major Sandys (provost-marshal) to be arrested for disobedience, both these gentlemen submitted, and the *pursuivant* was then directed to bring up the body of Theobald Wolf Tone, on the writ of habeas corpus. The judges sat patiently awaiting the officer's return: and the decision being of great importance, the court was crowded to suffocation.

A considerable time elapsed, and still the *pursuivant* returned not. At length he appeared, with horror in his looks, and scarcely able to speak. He informed the court, that Mr. Tone feeling certain of execution by order of the military, and being ignorant of the motion which his friends thought might give him some chance for his life, had cut his throat from ear to ear, and, he believed, was dying! A surgeon now attended, who reported that the prisoner had certainly cut his throat, but that recovery was possible: the incision was long and deep, but had missed the artery, and he still lived. Of course, the trial was postponed; every friend he had (and I think he had many among the bar), rejoicing that poor Tone had escaped a public execution. He lingered awhile: and will it be believed, that when the wound had been connected, and while life still seemed to be precarious, owing to the extreme inflammation—I say, will it be believed that there existed cruelty sufficient in the breast of any human creature to advise his execution—though it would have been impossible to put the sentence in force without inserting the rope within the wound, and nearly tearing away the unfortunate gentleman's head from his body? Yet such advice was given, "for the sake of example;" and rejected, I am happy to say, with horror. I will spare the man who gave it the ignominy which would thence attach to his name were it mentioned.

DUBLIN ELECTION.

My Contest for Dublin City—Supported by Grattan, Ponsonby, Plunkett, and Curran—Singularity of a Canvass for Dublin—The Election—Curious Incidents—Grattan's Famous Philippic never before Published—Memoirs of Mr. John Giffard, called the "Dog in Office"—Horish the Chimney-Sweeper's Bon-mot.

In 1803, I had become particularly popular in Dublin. I was not at enmity with any sect or any party. The losses and deprivations which the citizens of Dublin were suffering in consequence of the union brought to their recollection the fact of my having been one of its most zealous opponents. They knew that I had entertained professional ambition; and they also knew that, in order to oppose that measure, and support the independence of the nation as well as my own, I had with open eyes sacrificed all the objects of my ambition:—that I had refused the most gratifying proposals; and, in maintenance of principle, had set my face decidedly against the measures of that government which I had on other occasions supported, and which alone possessed the power to advance me. They knew that I had braved the animosity of Chancellor Clare, whom few had ever ventured to oppose so decidedly as myself; and that I had utterly renounced Lord Castlereagh, by whom all means were employed to attach me. In fact, the citizens of Dublin recollected that I had abandoned every prospect in life to uphold their interest; and consequently many persons on both sides of politics had proposed to me to become a candidate for the representation of the metropolis in parliament. Some entire corporations voted me their freedom and support; and a great number of the freeholders tendered me their aid. Having, in addition, an extensive personal interest of my own, I at length determined to stand the contest.

Persons of the first weight and rank came forward in my favor; and among these I am proud to enumerate—his grace the duke of Leinster, Mr. Grattan, Mr. George Ponsonby, Mr. Curran, Mr. Plunkett, several of the most respectable members of my own profession, and many private gentlemen. Indeed, the mode wherein I was brought forward, and the parties by whom I was encouraged, could not but combine to gratify me highly.

The city, however, immediately divided into two inveterate factions, one of which declared for Mr. Beresford, the banker, and Mr. Ogle, the Orange chieftain; while the other supported Mr. Latouche and myself. A fifth gentleman, Sir John Jervoise White Jervoise, Bart., also announced himself a candidate, on the strength of his own personal connections, and individual property in the city, backed by any second votes he could pick up among the rest.

Dublin differs from London in this respect—inasmuch as, there must be an *individual* canvass requiring hard labor of at least two months or ten weeks, by day and by night, to get through it cleverly. One custom alone takes up an immensity of time, which, though I believe it never existed anywhere else, has good sense to recommend it. The grand corporation of Dublin comprises twenty-five minor corporations or trades, each independent of the other; and all (knowing their own importance previous to an election, and their insignificance after it is over) affect the state and authority of a Venetian senate, and say (shrewdly enough), "How can we, ignorant men! tell who is fittest to represent Dublin till we have an opportnnity of knowing their abilities?" And for the purpose of acquiring this knowledge, each corporation appoints a day to receive the candidates in due formality in its hall; and each candidate in then called on to make an oration, in order to give the electors power of judging as to his capability to speak in parliament. So that, in the progress of his canvass, every candidate must make twenty-four or twenty-six speeches in his best style. Nothing can be more amusing than the gravity and decorum, wherewith the journeymen barbers,* hosiers, skinners, cooks, &c., &c., receive the candidates, listen to their fine florid harangues, and then begin to debate among themselves as to their comparative merits; and, in truth, assume as much importance as the diplomatists at Vienna, with intentions to the full as good.

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* Who very lately addressed the duke of York as "the corporation of surgeons,"—i. e. *barber-surgeons.*

However, I got through my canvass of nearly three months, and remained tolerably in my senses at the conclusion of it: though most undoubtedly, I drank as much porter and whiskey with the electors themselves; and as much tea and cherry-brandy with their wives, as would have ended my days on any other occasion. But I loved the people of Dublin; I had lived more than thirty years among them; was upon good terms with all parties and societies; and, if elected, I should have been a very faithful, and I trust, an effective representative.

The humors of an Irish canvass can only be known to those who have witnessed them; and I believe, no election, even in Ireland, ever gave rise to more of what is termed real *fun*. Most of the incidents are too trivial and too local for detail: but there were some so ludicrous, that even at this moment, I can scarce refrain from laughing at their recollection.

Never was a business of the kind conducted with more spirit; and, at the same time, a degree of good temper prevailed, not to have been expected in a contest which called into play the most fiery and rancorous party feelings; and the genuine stream of humor that steadily flowed on, had a great effect in washing away any marks of ill blood. It is with pride I relate that the four voters who formed my first tally were, Mr. George Ponsonby (afterward lord-chancellor), Mr. Henry Grattan, Mr. William Plunkett (the present attorney-general), and Mr. John Philpot Curran (afterward master of the rolls); and that the two former accompanied their votes by far more than merited eulogies.

I lost the election: but I polled to the end of the fifteen days, and had the gratification of thinking that I broke the knot of a virulant ascendency; was the means of Mr. Latouche's success, and likewise of Mr. Grattan's subsequent return.

In the course of that election many curious incidents occurred; and as everything which relates to Mr. Grattan, and tends to elucidate the character and peculiarities of that most pure and eminent of my countrymen, must necessarily be interesting (anecdotes, which if not recorded now by me, would be lost forever), I feel myself justified in detailing a few, though in themselves of no particular importance.

In the days of unsophisticated patriotism, when the very name of Grattan operated as a spell to rouse the energies and spirit of his country; when the schisms of party bigotry had yielded to the common weal, and public men obtained that public gratitude which they merited; the corporation of Dublin (in some lucid interval of the Scottish malady which has ever distinguished that inconsiderate and intemperate body), obtained a full-length portrait of Henry Grattan, then termed their great deliverer. His name graced their corporate rolls as an hereditary freeman,* when the jealous malice of that rancorous and persevering enemy of every man opposed to him, the earl of Clare, in a secret committee of the house of lords, introduced into their report some lines of a deposition by one Hughes (a rebel who had been made a witness, and was induced to coin evidence to save his own life), detailing a conversation which he alleged himself to have had with Mr. Grattan, wherein the latter had owned that he was an United Irishman. Everybody knew the total falsity of this. Indeed, Mr. Grattan was, on the other hand, a man whose principles had been on certain occasions considered too aristocratic; and yet he was now denounced, in the slang of the lord-chancellor, "an infernal *democrat.*" The corporation of Dublin caught the sound, and, without one atom of inquiry, tore down from their walls the portrait which had done them so much honor, and expelled Grattan from the corporation without trial or even notice: thus proclaiming one of the most loyal and constitutional subjects of the British empire to be a rebel and incendiary. He despised and took no notice of their extravagance.

On the election in question, I was proposed by Mr. George Ponsonby, and upon Mr. Grattan rising next to vote upon my tally, he was immediately objected to as having been expelled on the report of Lord Clare's committee. A burst of indignation on the one side, and a boisterous declamation on the other, forthwith succeeded. It was of an alarming nature: Grattan meanwhile standing silent, and regarding, with a smile of the most ineffable contempt ever expressed, his shameless accusers. The objection was made by Mr. John Giffard, of whom hereafter. On the first intermission of the tumult, with a calm and dignified air, but in that energetic tone and style so peculiar to himself, Mr. Grattan delivered the following memorable words—memorable, because conveying in a few short sentences the most overwhelming philippic—the most irresistible assemblage of terms imputing public depravity, that the English, or, I believe, any other language, is capable of affording:—

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* Mr. Grattan's father had been recorder of Dublin, and representative in parliament for that city.

"Mr. Sheriff, when I observe the quarter whence the objection comes, I am not surprised at its being made! It proceeds from the hired traducer of his country—the excommunicated of his fellow-citizens—the regal rebel—the unpunished ruffian—the bigoted agitator! In the city a firebrand—in the court a liar—in the streets a bully—in the field a coward! And so obnoxious is he to the very party he wishes to espouse, that he is only supportable by doing those dirty acts the less vile refuse to execute."

Giffard, thunderstruck, lost his usual assurance; and replied, in one single sentence, "I would spit upon him in a desert!" which vapid and unmeaning exclamation was his sole retort!

I called for the roll, and on inspection, Mr. Grattan's name appeared never to have been erased. Of course, the objection was overruled—my friend voted, and his triumph was complete.

The erasure of his name from the roll was never afterward attempted; and, on the dissolution of that parliament, he was requested by the very same body to stand forward as their "most illustrious countryman," and elected by acclamation in that very same court-house, as the representative of the city and corporation which had so recently endeavored to debase and destroy him; his chairing being attended with enthusiasm by those who some time before would with equal zeal have attended his execution. Never was there exhibited a more complete proof of causeless popular versatility; which, indeed was repeatedly practised on that real patriot.

Mr. John Giffard, the subject of the foregoing philippic, was a very remarkable person. He had a great deal of vulgar talent; a daring impetuosity; and was wholly indifferent to opinion. From first to last he fought his way through the world, and finally worked himself up to be the most sturdy partisan I ever recollect in the train of government. His detestation of the pope and his adoration of King William, he carried to an excess quite ridiculous; in fact, on both subjects he seemed occasionally delirious. His life had many curious incidents connected with it, and as it would be wrong that a name so frequently occurring in the local history of Ireland should remain unnoticed, I have, therefore, in these fragments introduced it.

I did not agree with Mr. Grattan as to all the epithets wherewith he honored the captain. "A coward" he most certainly was not. With all his faults (or crimes if they should be called so), he had several qualities which in social intercourse are highly valuable; and hence it is just to make a clear distinction between his private and his public character. He was as warm-hearted and friendly a person as I ever met with; and, on the other hand, a bitterer enemy never existed: I don't think he ever was mine.

Giffard was originally an apothecary. When I was at the Dublin university, the students were wild and lawless; any offence to one was considered as an offence to all; and as the elder sons of most men of rank and fortune in Ireland were then educated in Dublin college, it was dangerous to meddle with so powerful a set of students, who consequently did precisely what they chose (outside the college-gates). If they conceived offence against anybody, the collegians made no scruple of bringing the offender into the court, and pumping him well; and their unanimity and numbers were so great that it was quite impossible any youth could be selected for punishment. In my time, we used to break open what houses we pleased! regularly beating the watch every night, except in one parish, which we always kept in pay, to lend us their poles wherewith to fight the others. In short our conduct was outrageous, and the first check we ever received was from Giffard, who was a director of the watch, and kept a shop close to the parliament-house.

He having in some way annoyed the collegians, they determined to pump Giffard, but they reckoned without their host! He entrenched himself in his house, which we assailed, breaking all his windows. He gave repeated warnings to no purpose, and a new assault being commenced, Giffard fired a pistol, and a collegian was wounded in the wrist, whereupon the besiegers immediately retired from the fortress.

It was a lucky shot for Giffard, who immediately obtained some parochial office for his firmness; made himself of importance on every trifling subject; and harangued constantly in the vestry. Of his subsequent progress, I know nothing till about the year 1790, when I became a public character, and found Giffard an *attaché* to the castle in divers capacities. He was afterward placed in the revenue department, became a common-councilman, and at length high-sheriff; at which epoch he acquired the title which forsook him not, of "*The Dog in Office*," though wherefore, I could never rightly make out. His acts from that period became part of the general statistical history of Irish politics. One of his sons was butchered in cool blood by the rebels at Kildare, which naturally increased his ferocity. His eldest son, Harding Giffard, and Mr. Croker, of the admiralty, married two sisters in Waterford. Mr. Croker's good luck enabled him to aid his relative, who, having tried the Irish bar in vain for several years, has become chief justice of Ceylon; Mr. Croker himself, after *his* unsuccessful professional essay, being casually indebted to several persons of celebrity for his very rapid elevation.

During the election we are speaking of, one Horish, a master chimney-sweeper, appeared on the hustings. This man, being known to have several votes at command besides his own, had been strongly canvassed, but would promise neither of the candidates, nor give the least hint how he intended to vote.

During the rebellion of 1798, Mr. John Beresford, one of the candidates, had built a riding-house for his yeomanry troop, which had been also much used as a place for whipping *suspected* persons in, to make them discover what in all probability they never knew; a practice equally just and humane, and liberally resorted to, perhaps for sport, by military officers, pending that troublous era.

In Mr. Beresford's riding-house, this infernal system was carried on to a greater extent than in any of the similar slaughter-houses then tolerated in the metropolis; to such an extent, indeed, that some Irish wags (who never fail even upon the most melancholy occasions to exercise their native humor) had one night the words, "Mangling done here by J. Beresford & Co." painted upon a sign-board, and fixed over the entrance.

It happened that this same Horish had been among those who had paid to their king and country a full share of skin for the crime of being anonymously suspected. He had not forgotten the couple of hundred lashes on his bare carcass, which he had received in Mr. Beresford's riding-house, but the circumstance, being of such an ordinary nature, was, of course, totally forgotten by the worthy candidate, notwithstanding the tenacious sensation of the elector's loins, where many a good thick welt remained to remind him of the pastime.

Horish, a coarse, rough-looking, strong-built, independent, and at the moment well-dressed brute of a fellow, remained quite coquettish as to his votes. "Let me see!" said he, feeling his importance, and unwilling to part with it (which would be the case the moment he had polled), and looking earnestly at all the candidates—"Let me see! who shall I vote for?—I'm very hard to please, gentlemen, I assure you!" He hesitated; we all pressed—"Fair and easy, gentlemen," said Horish, looking at each of us again, "don't hurry a man!"

"Barrington," cried impatient Beresford, "I know that honest fellow Horish will vote for me!" Horish stared, but said nothing.

"Indeed he will not," replied I, "eh, Horish!" Horish looked, but remained silent.

"I'll lay you a *rump and dozen*," exclaimed Beresford, "on the matter!"

Horish now started into a sort of animation, but coolly replied—"You'll lose that same rump and dozen, Mr. Beresford! 'twas many a *dozen* you gave my *r—p* already in the riding-house, and to the devil I bob that kind of entertainment! but if ever I have the honor of meeting you up a chimney, depend on it, Mr. Beresford, I'll treat you with all the *civility* imaginable! Come, boys, we'll poll away for the counsellor!" and I was supported, I believe, by every chimney-sweeper in the city of Dublin (and they were many) who had votes.

ELECTION FOR COUNTY WEXFORD.

Mr Richard Brinsley Sheridan's Contest for County Wexford, omitted by all his Pseudo-Biographers—Duel of Mr. Alcock and Mr. Colclough (Candidates on a Question Respecting Mr. Sheridan's Poll)—Mr. Colclough Killed—A Lamentable Incident—Mr. Alcock's Trial—He afterward goes Mad and dies—His Sister, Miss Alcock, also dies a Lunatic in Coosequence—Marquis of Ely Tried for an Outrage at Wexford, and fined.

It is to be regretted that the biographers and eulogists of Richard Brinsley Sheridan should have suppressed some of the most creditable incidents of his variegated life, while his memory is disgraced by pretended friends and literary admirers.

These writers have raked up from his ashes, and exposed to public indignation, every failing of that great and gifted man: so that, if their own productions were by any chance to become permanent, they would send him down to posterity as a witty, but low and dissipated *sharper;* or, in their very best coloring, as the most talented of mean and worthless mendicants. But Sheridan's reputation will outlive all such attempts to obliterate it; while the ignorance of his libellers is conspicuous from their omission of some of the most interesting events of his career, at the same time that others are vouched for, which to my individual knowledge are gross misrepresentations.

Among the incidents that have been overlooked is one both extraordinary and melancholy, and forming an honorable comment on Mr. Sheridan's public character. I was, myself, mentally interested in the whole transaction, and can therefore give it on my own responsibility. I am, indeed, most anxious to rescue his memory from the rough hands which, in sketching their subject, have placed the mane of a lion upon the shoulders of a mountebank.

In speaking thus, I deeply regret that one of his biographers should be a man whom I esteem; and I regret it the more, since he has used poor Sheridan as a chopping-block, whereon to hack the character of the most illustrious person of the British empire, who (for the first time in his life, I believe) has been accused of *pecuniary illiberality*. A circumstance accidentally came to my knowledge to *prove* that charge the very reverse of truth. But an opportunity will be taken by me of observing still more explicitly on these *friends* of Mr Sheridan.

On the general election of 1808, Mr. John Colclough, of Tintern Abbey, County Wexford, a near relative of mine (and *locum tenens* of his elder brother, Mr. Cæsar Colclough, who had been long resident on the continent), declared himself for the second time candidate for Wexford county, which he had represented in the previous parliament. The Colclough estates were large, the freeholders thereon numerous, and devoted to the interest of their patriotic leader, whose uncle, Mr. John Grogan, of Johnstown castle (also a relative of mine), possessed of a very large fortune and extensive tenantry, had united with his nephew and other most respectable and independent gentlemen of that county, to liberate its representation from the trammels of certain noblemen who had for many years usurped its domination. Mr. Colclough was determined to put the pride, spirit, and patriotism of the county to proof, and therefore proposed Mr. Richard Brinsley Sheridan as joint-candidate with himself, declaring that he was authorized by the independent freeholders of the county to say, that they should feel the greatest gratification in being represented by so distinguished an ornament to the name of Irishman.

Mr. Colclough and Mr. Sheridan were, therefore, nominated on the one hand; and Mr. Alcock, supported by the interest of the influenced electors, on the other.

Never yet was any poll conducted by more resolute, active, and zealous partisans; but it is lamentable to add, that they were equally intemperate as zealous. The flame of patriotism had caught the mass of the population; tenants no longer obeyed the dictates of their absent landlords, nor the menaces of tyrannic agents: no man could count on the votes of his former vassals. The hustings was thronged with crowds of tenantry, constitutionally breaking away from their shackles, and voting according to their principles of free agency for Sheridan, a man known to them only by the celebrity of his talents. The poll proceeded—the independent party was advancing fast to success; and, had the election continued, there is no doubt but that Mr. Sheridan would have been a representative for Wexford county. At this crisis occurred one of the most unfortunate and melancholy events on Irish record, and by which the contest was terminated—as if the untoward destiny of Sheridan withered everything that came in contact with it.

Several tenants of a person who had given his interest to Mr. Alcock, absolutely refused to vote for that gentleman, declaring that, at every risk, they would support Colclough and "the great Sheridan." Mr. Alcock's partisans perverted the free-agency of these men into seduction on the part of Mr. Colclough: hence a feeling decidedly hostile was excited; the fierce zeal and frenzy of election partisanship burst into a flame; and Mr. Colclough was desired to decline such votes, or to receive them at his peril.

Of course he disregarded this outrageous threat, and open war ensued. One party lost sight of reason—both, of humanity; and it was determined, that before the opening of next morning's poll, the candidates should decide, by single combat, the contested question, and, of course, the election itself. With what indignation and horror must such a resolution, at once assailing law, good morals, and decency, be now regarded! and how will the feeling of surprise increase from its being passed over with impunity!

Early on the eventful morning, many hundred people assembled to witness the affair; and it will scarcely be believed that no less than eleven or twelve *county justices* stood by, passive spectators of the bloody scene which followed, without an effort, or apparently a wish, to stop the proceeding.

Both combatants were remarkably near-sighted; and Mr. Alcock determined on wearing glasses, which was resisted by the friends of Mr. Colclough, who would wear none. The partisans of the former, however, persevered, and he did wear them. The ground at length was marked; the anxious crowd separated on either side, as their party feelings led them; but all seemed to feel a common sense of horror and repugnance The unfeeling seconds handed to each principal a couple of pistols; and placing them about eight or nine steps asunder, withdrew, leaving two gentlemen of fortune and character—brother-candidates for the county—and former friends, nay, *intimate companions*—standing in the centre of a field, without any *personal* offence given or received, encouraged by false friends, and permitted by unworthy magistrates, to butcher each other as quickly and as effectually as their position and weapons would admit.

The sight was awful! a dead silence and pause ensued: the great crowd stood in motionless suspense: the combatants presented: men scarcely breathed: the word was given: Mr. Alcock fired first, and his friend—his companion—one of the best men of Ireland, instantly fell forward, shot through the heart! he spoke not—but turning on one side, his heart's blood gushed forth—his limbs quivered—he groaned and expired. His pistol exploded after he was struck—of course without effect.

The by-standers looked almost petrified. The profound stillness continued for a moment, horror having seized the multitude, when, on the sudden, a loud and universal yell (the ancient practice of the Irish peasantry on the death of a chieftain) simultaneously burst out like a peal of thunder from every quarter of the field; a yell so savage and continuous—so like the tone of *revenge*, that it would have appalled any stranger to the customs of the country. Alcock and his partisans immediately retreated; those of Colclough collected round his body; and their candidate (a few moments before in health, spirits, and vigor! was mournfully borne back upon a plank to the town of his nativity, and carried lifeless through those very streets which had that morning been prepared to signalize his triumph.

The election-poll, of course, proceeded without farther opposition: the joint friends of Colclough and Sheridan, deprived of their support, and thunderstruck at the event, thought of nothing but lamentation: and in one hour Mr. Alcock was declared duly elected for Wexford county, solely through the death of his brother-candidate, whom he had himself that morning unjustly immolated.

A more wanton duel, a more unnecessary, cruel, and in all points illegal transaction, never occurred in the United Empire: yet, strange to say, of those eleven or twelve magistrates who actually stood by, as amateurs, or partisans, in defiance of the law and of their duty, not one was displaced or punished! a precedent of impunity most discreditable to the high authorities of that day, dangerous to the peace of the country, and subversive of the first principles of free election. Judge of Sheridan's feelings on receiving this intelligence; and judge of the correctness of his biographers, who have suppressed the incident.

Nor was poor Colclough's death the last act of the tragedy. His friends thought themselves called on to prosecute Mr. Alcock, who fled, but subsequently returned and surrendered for trial. I attended, as special counsel for the prosecution. Baron Smith tried the cause. The evidence was stronger than I have deemed it necessary to recite. The baron stated his opinion on the legal distinctions as applicable to duelling, and on that opinion the bar differed. It was not the wish of the prosecutors to do more than mark the transaction by a conviction for *manslaughter*, which the law under the circumstances, seemed to render imperative. However, the then politics of Wexford juries differed not unfrequently both from the laws of God and the statute-book; and the verdict returned in this instance was, to the surprise of every one, a *general acquittal.*

But, alas! the acquitted duellist suffered more in mind than his victim had done in body. The horror of the scene, and the solemnity of the trial, combined to make a fatal inroad on his reason! He became melancholy; his understanding gradually declined; a dark gloom enveloped his entire intellect; and an excellent young man and perfect gentleman at length sank into irrecoverable imbecility. Goaded by the vicious frenzy of election partisans, he had slain his friend; and, haunted by reflection and sorrow, he ended his own days in personal restraint and mental ruin.

Two other duels were fought upon the same occasion, but with little injury and still less interest. Mr. Cæsar Colclough has since returned from the continent; and, on the strength of his late brother's popularity, was elected member for County Wexford. He has not, however, followed up the high reputation of that brother, nor very satisfactorily fulfilled the expectations of his constituents.

But to this sanguinary and fatal duel there was yet another sad corollary. Miss Alcock, sister of the member, had been most deeply affected by the mournful catastrophe. She had known Colclough long and intimately; and being an amiable and sensitive young woman, her brother's absence, his trial, and his subsequent depression, kept the gloomy transaction alive in her mind. Hence she also gradually wasted; and the death of her brother sinking deeper and deeper into a heart, all the sources of tranquillity whereof had been dried up—*her* reason wandered, at length fled, and she did not long survive the dreadful fate of her friend and of her brother.

A trivial anecdote will suffice to exhibit the general state of Wexford county, and of the aristocracy and magistracy, many of whom were a disgrace to their office, and completely filled up Mr. Grattan's definition of a "regal rebel" by their arrogance, tyranny, oppression, and disaffection. By these men the peasantry were goaded into a belief that justice was banished, and so driven into the arms of the avowed rebels, who used every lure to enforce their previous delusion.

A handsome young woman, maid-servant to a Mrs. Lett, who was considered as a great *patriot* (rebel) in Wexford, happened one summer's evening to sit at her mistress's window singing songs, but to certain airs that were not considered orthodox by the aristocracy.

The marquis of Ely, with the high-sheriff and other gentlemen of the county, were retiring after their wine from the grand-jury, and heard this unfortunate young siren warbling at the window: but as the song sounded to their loyal ears of a rebellious tendency, it was thought advisable to demolish the fragile parts of Mrs. Lett's house-front without delay; and accordingly, my lord, the high-sheriff, and their friends (to preserve the peace, and protect the constitution from such traitorous maid-servants), forthwith commenced their laudable undertaking; and stones being the weapons nearest at hand, the windows and the warbling maid received a broadside, which was of the greatest utility to the glazier, and had well nigh put fees into the pockets, not only of the surgeon, but of the sexton and coroner likewise.

However, on this occasion, justice was not so far off as the peasants had been persuaded. My lord, the high-sheriff, and others, being indicted and tried, I had the honor of being his lordship's counsel; and as our duty was to make "the worse appear the better *cause*," I certainly did my utmost for the marquis: but his lordship, conceiving my delicacy to the maid-servant rather too great, requested permission to ask her a few questions himself, which was granted.

"Now, girl," said the marquis, "by the oath you have taken, did you not say you would *split my skull open*?"

"Why, then, by the virtue of my oath," said the girl, turning to the judge, "it would not be *worth my while* to split his skull open, my lord!"

"Ha! ha!" said the marquis, "now I have her!" (wisely supposing she made some allusion to a reward for killing him) —"and *why*, girl, would it be not worth your while?"

"Because, my lord," answered she, "if I had split your lordship's skull open—by virtue of my oath, I am sure and certain I should have found little or nothing inside of it!"

The laugh against the noble marquis was now too great to admit of his proceeding any further with his cross-examination. He was found guilty, and fined.

WEDDED LIFE.

Lord Clonmell, Chief-Justice of the Irish Court of King's Bench—His Character—Lady Tyrawly's False Charge against him—Consequent Duel between him and Lord Tyrawly—*Eclaircissement*—Lord Tyrawly and Miss Wewitzer—Lord Clonmell's Hints "How to Rule a Wife"—Subsequent Conversation with his Lordship at Sir John Tydd's.

The first chief-judge who favored me with his intimacy was Lord Clonmell, chief-justice of the king's bench. His character appears at full length in my "Historical Memoirs of Ireland," page 38, and a curious but true character it is. I was introduced to his lordship's notice through Sir John Tydd, and received from him many instances of kind attention; and he gave me, early in life, some of the very best practical maxims As he was one of the celebrated official "fire-eaters" (whom I shall hereafter mention), and fought several duels, it may be amusing to copy here, from the work in question, a few distinguishing traits of his lordship: "Mr. Scott never omitted one favorable opportunity of serving himself. His skill was unrivalled, and his success proverbial. He was full of anecdotes, though not the most refined: these in private society he not only told, but acted; and, when he perceived that he had made a very good exhibition, he immediately withdrew, that he might leave the most lively impression of his pleasantry behind him. His boldness was his first introduction—his policy his ultimate preferment. Courageous, vulgar, humorous, artificial, he knew the world well, and he profited by that knowledge: he cultivated the powerful; he bullied the timid; he fought the brave; he flattered the vain; he duped the credulous; and he amused the convivial. Half-liked, half-reprobated, he was too high to be despised, and too low to be respected. His language was coarse, and his principles arbitrary; but his passions were his slaves, and his cunning was his instrument. In public and in private he was the same character; and, though a most fortunate man and a successful courtier, he had scarcely a sincere friend or a *disinterested* adherent."

His duel with Lord Tyrawly was caused and attended by circumstances which combine to form a curious narrative. Lady Tyrawly had an utter dislike for her husband (then the Honorable James Cuffe). They had no children, and she made various efforts to induce him to consent to a total separation. There being no substantial cause for such a measure, Mr. Cuffe looked upon it as ridiculous, and would not consent. At length, the lady hit upon an excellent mode for carrying her wishes into effect, and insuring a separate maintenance: but I never heard of the precedent being followed.

Mr. Cuffe found her one day in tears, a thing not frequent with her ladyship, who had a good deal of the Amazon about her. She sobbed—threw herself on her knees—went through the usual evolutions of a repentant female—and, at length, told her husband that she was unworthy of his future protection—had been faithless to him, and was a lost and guilty woman!

I suppose there is a routine of contrition, explanation, rage, honor, &c., &c., which generally attends developments of this nature; and I take for granted that the same was duly performed by the Honorable Mr. and Mrs. Cuffe. Suffice it to say that the latter was put into a sedan-chair and ordered out of the house forthwith to private lodgings, until it was the will of her injured lord to send a deed of annuity for her support.

Mr. Cuffe next proceeded to summon a friend, and inform him that his wife had owned "that villain Scott," the attorney-general, and the pretended friend of his family, to be her seducer!—that not his love, but his honor, was so deeply concerned, as to render the death of one or the other necessary: and, without further ceremony, a message was sent, for mortal combat, to the attorney-general, urging the lady's confession, his own dishonorable breach of trust, and Mr. Cuffe's determination to fight him.

Mr. Scott, well knowing that a declaration of innocence would by the world be considered either as honorable perjury on his part, to save Mrs. Cuffe's reputation, or as a mode of screening himself from her husband's vengeance (and in no case be believed even by the good-natured part of society) made up his mind for the worst.

The husband and supposed gallant accordingly met, and exchanged shots: and each party having heard the bullets humanely whiz past his ears, without indicating a desire of becoming more intimately acquainted, Mr. Scott told his antagonist that he was totally mistaken, and gave his honor that he never had the slightest familiarity with the lady, who, he concluded, must have lost her reason.

There was no cause for denying credence to this; while, on the other hand, it was but too likely that Mr. Cuffe had been tricked by his lady-wife. She was sure of a separation, for he had turned her out: and, if he had fallen on the field of honor, she had a noble jointure; so that she was *in utrumque parata* — secure under every chance.

On his return, he sent a most severe reprimand; and announced but a moderate annuity, which she instantly and haughtily refused, positively declaring that she *never had made any confession of guilt;* that the whole was a scheme of his own vicious jealousy, to get rid of her; and that she had only said he might *just as well* suspect the attorney-general, who had never said a civil thing to her, as *anybody else.* She dared him to *prove* the least impropriety on her part; and yet he had cruelly turned her out of his house, and proclaimed his innocent wife to be a guilty woman!

Mr. Cuffe saw she had been too many for him, every way! He durst not give more publicity to the affair; and therefore agreed to allow her a very handsome annuity, whereon she lived a happy life, and died but a few years since.

The subsequent connection of Lord Tyrawly had likewise a singular termination. Miss Wewitzer, sister to the late celebrated violinist of that name, soon filled Mrs. Cuffe's vacant place; and by her, my lord had many children — the eldest being the present Colonel Cuffe, member of parliament for Mayo. I never saw two persons live more happily together than Lord Tyrawly and Miss Wewitzer. She was unexceptionably correct, and he very much attached to her. She had been remarkably pretty, and celebrated as a *Rosetta* (in Bickerstaff's opera). I was intimate with Lord Tyrawly, and have a very great regard for Colonel Cuffe.

The death of Lady Tyrawly at length gave his lordship the long-expected opportunity of realizing his promises and intentions for the sake of his family; and Lord Tyrawly and Miss Wewitzer being regularly married, she became the real Lady Tyrawly—whom she had so many years represented.

Now, here was a cohabitation of considerably more than twenty years, in happiness and tranquillity, followed up by an honorable and just arrangement, wherefrom it might be rationally supposed an increase of happiness would ensue. But, on the contrary, no sooner did the parties become legally man and wife, than Madam Discord introduced herself! It is singular, but true, that (as if Nature originally intended every living thing to remain totally free and independent) the moment any two animals, however fond before, are fastened together by a chain they can not break, they begin to quarrel without apparent reason, and peck each other solely because they can't get loose again.

So it was with my Lord and Lady Tyrawly: every hour added fresh fuel to the flame. At length (to continue my pretty simile), the chain became *red hot*—neither of them could bear it longer—and the whole affair ended in a voluntary and most uncomfortable separation! However, it was only for a short time. Death, always fond of doing mischief in families, very soon brought them together again; and if such a thing can be conceived as possible in the other world, it is no bad conjecture that at this moment my Lord Tyrawly, the two Lady Tyrawlys, and Lord Clonmell, are regretting what fools they were in giving themselves so much uneasiness upon subjects which only passed like shadows, instead of turning their minds to what might have been much more material.

I recollect one of Lord Clonmell's maxims was, "Whatever must be done in the course of the week, always do it on the Monday morning:" and, in truth, whoever practises that rule, will find it in no slight degree convenient. I never did.

Immediately after I was married, I resided next door to Lord Clonmell, in Harcourt street. He called on me most kindly, and took me to walk over his fine gardens and lawn; and was so humorous and entertaining, that his condescension (as I then felt it) quite delighted me; but I afterward found out that he made a point of discovering every young man likely to succeed in public life, and took the earliest moment possible of being *so civil* as to insure a friend, if not a *partisan*, and no man wanted the latter more than his lordship.

"Barrington," said he to me, "you are married?"

"No doubt," said I, laughingly, "as tight as any person on the face of the earth."

"All women in the world," rejoined his lordship, "are fond of having their own way."

"I am firmly of your opinion, my lord," said I.

"Now," pursued he, "the manner in which all wives are spoiled, is by giving them their own way at first; for whatever you accustom them to at the beginning, they will expect *ever after:* so mind me! I'll tell you the secret of ruling a wife, if known in time: '*Never do anything for peace-sake;*' if you do, you'll never have one hour's tranquillity but by *concession*—mind that!"

"I firmly believe it," exclaimed I.

"Well," said he, "*practise* it!"

Sometime after, I met his lordship at Lamberton, Queen's county, the seat of Sir John Tydd. He related the above story, and asked me if I had taken his advice. "No," said I.

"Why?" inquired his lordship.

"Because," replied I, "a *philosopher* has an easier life of it than a *soldier*."

I had the laugh against him, and the more particularly as his lordship had married a second wife, Miss Lawless (the present dowager), and I believe no husband in Ireland adhered less to his own maxim than did Lord Clonmell after that union.

DUKE OF WELLINGTON AND MARQUIS OF LONDONDERRY.

My first Acquaintance with the Duke of Wellington and the late Marquis of Londonderry, at a Dinner at my own House—Some Memoirs and Anecdotes of the Former as a Public Man—My close Connection with Government—Lord Clare's Animosity to me suspended—Extraordinary Conference between Lord Castlereagh, Mr. Cooke, and me, in August, 1798—Singular Communication—Offers made to me for Succession as Solicitor-General—I decline the Terms proposed—Lord Castlereagh's Letter to me—Character of Mr. Pelham, now Earl of Chichester.

My personal acquaintance with the duke of Wellington originated accidentally, soon after I commenced public life; and so clearly shows the versatility of men, the fallibility of judgment, and the total uncertainty of all human prediction, that I can not avoid mentioning it.

In 1793, when I was in high repute, most prosperous at the bar, living in the first ranks of society, a distinguished favorite at the vice-regal court, and designated as a candidate for the first offices of my profession—I occasionally gave large, splendid dinners, according to the habit invariably adopted in those times by persons circumstanced like myself. At one of those entertainments, Major Hobart (Lord Buckinghamshire); Sir John Parnel; Isaac Corry; I think, Lord Limerick; Sir John (afterward Lord) De Blacquiere; and Lords Llandaff, Dillon, Yelverton; the speaker—in all, upward of twenty noblemen and commoners—did me the honor of partaking of my fare. Lord Clonmell sent me his two grand cooks, and a most cheerful party was predicted. The house had sat late that day, and etiquette never permitted us to go to dinner, where the speaker was a guest, until his arrival, unless he had especially desired us to do so.

The speaker did not join us till nine o'clock, when Sir John Parnel brought with him, and introduced to me, Captain Wellesley and Mr. Stewart, two young members, who having remained in the house, he had insisted on their coming with him to my dinner, where he told them good cheer and a hearty welcome would be found; and in this he was not mistaken.

Captain Arthur Wellesley had, in 1790, been returned to parliament, for Trim, County Meath, a borough under the patronage of his brother, the earl of Mornington. He was then ruddy-faced and juvenile in appearance, and popular enough among the young men of his age and station. His address was unpolished; he occasionally spoke in parliament, but not successfully, and never on important subjects; and evinced no promise of that unparalleled celebrity and splendor which he has since reached, and whereto intrepidity and decision, good luck and great military science, have justly combined to elevate him.

Lord Castlereagh was the son of Mr. Stewart, a country gentleman, generally accounted to be a very clever man, in the north of Ireland. He was a professed and not very moderate *patriot*, and at one time carried his ideas of opposition exceedingly far, becoming a leading member of the reform and liberal societies.

Lord Castlereagh began his career in the Irish parliament, by a motion for a committee to inquire into the representation of the people, with the ulterior object of a reform in parliament. He made a good speech and had a majority in the house, which he certainly did not expect, and I am sure did not *wish for*. He was unequal and unwilling to push that point to farther trial; the matter cooled in a few days; and after the next division, was deserted entirely. Mr. Stewart, however, after that speech was considered as a very clever young man, and in all points well taught and tutored by his father, whose marriage with the marquis of Camden's sister, was the remote cause of all his future successes—how sadly terminated!

At the period to which I allude, I feel confident, nobody could have predicted that one of those young gentlemen would become the most celebrated English general of his era, and the other, one of the most mischievous statesmen and unfortunate ministers that has ever appeared in modern Europe. However, it is observable that to the personal intimacy and reciprocal friendship of those two individuals, they mutually owed the extent of their respective elevation and celebrity: Sir Arthur Wellesley never would have had the chief command in Spain, but for the ministerial manœuvring and aid of Lord Castlereagh; and Lord Castlereagh never could have stood his ground as a minister, but for Lord Wellington's successes.

At my house, the evening passed amidst that glow of well-bred, witty, and cordial vinous conviviality, which was, I believe, peculiar to high society in Ireland.

From that night I became rather intimate with Captain Wellesley and Mr. Stewart; and perceived certain amiable qualities in both, which a change of times, or the intoxication of prosperity, certainly in some degree tended to diminish. Indeed, if Lord Wellington had continued until now the same frank, openhearted man, he certainly must have been better proof against those causes which usually excite a metamorphosis of human character than any one who had ever preceded him. Still, if possible, he would have been a greater man; at least, he would have better drawn the distinction between a warrior and a hero—terms not altogether synonymous. Many years subsequently to the dinner-party I have mentioned, I one day met Lord Castlereagh in the Strand, and a gentleman with him. His lordship stopped me, whereat I was rather surprised, as we had not met for some time; he spoke very kindly, smiled, and asked if I had forgotten my old friend Sir Arthur Wellesley? whom I discovered in his companion; but looking so sallow and wan, and with every mark of what is called a wornout man, that I was truly concerned at his appearance. But he soon recovered his health and looks, and went as the duke of Richmond's secretary to Ireland; where he was in all material traits still Sir Arthur Wellesley—but it was Sir Arthur Wellesley judiciously improved. He had not forgotten his friends, nor did he forget himself. He said that he had accepted the office of secretary only on the terms that it should not impede or interfere with his military pursuits; and what he said proved true, for he was soon sent, as second in command, with Lord Cathcart to Copenhagen, to break through the law of nations, and execute the most distinguished piece of treachery that history records.

On Sir Arthur's return he recommenced his duty of secre tary; and during his residence in Ireland, in that capacity, I did not hear one complaint against any part of his conduct either as a public or private man. He was afterward appointed to command in Spain; an appointment solicited, and I believe expected, by Sir John Doyle. It might be entertaining to speculate on the probable state of Europe at present, if Sir John had been then appointed generalissimo. I do not mean to infer any disparagement to the talents of Sir John, but he might have pursued a different course, not calculated, as in Sir Arthur's instance, to have decided (for the time being) the fate of Europe.

A few days before Sir Arthur's departure for Spain, I requested him to spend a day with me, which he did. The company was not very large, but some of Sir Arthur's military friends were among the party: the late Sir Charles Asgill, the present General Meyrick, &c., &c. I never saw him more cheerful or happy. The bombardment of Copenhagen being by chance stated as a topic of remark, I did not join in its praise; but, on the other hand, muttered that I never did nor should approve of it.

"Damn it, Barrington," said Sir Arthur, "why? what do you mean to say?"—"I say, Sir Arthur," replied I, "that it was the very best devised, the very best executed, and the most just and necessary 'robbery and murder' now on record!" He laughed, and adjourned to the drawing-room, where Lady B. had a ball and supper as a *finish* for the departing hero.

In 1815, having been shut up in Paris during the siege, I went out to Nivelly, to pay a visit to the duke before our troops got into the city. I had not seen him since the last day he dined at my own house; but he had intermediately much changed.

I knew his grace when Captain Wellesley—Sir Arthur Wellesley—Secretary Wellesley—Embassador Wellesley—and duke of Wellington. In the first stage of this career, I was his equal; in the last, nobody is. However, it is a fine reflection for the contemporaries of great people, that it will be "all the same a hundred years hence!" and heroes and diplomatists, &c., must either become very good-tempered fellows when they meet in the Elysian fields, or—there must be a very strong police to keep them in order.*

I was present in one of the French chambers when the question of capitulation was discussed; and most undoubtedly Marshal Ney supported that measure upon the basis of a *general amnesty*. On any other, it never would have been listened to; the battle would have taken place early next morning; and the duke of Wellington would have had to contest the most sanguinary and desperate engagement of his day with a numerous and well-appointed army, frantic with zeal to revenge their disgrace at Waterloo. This I know; for I was (truly against the grain) kept more than twelve hours in the midst of it at Vilette, two days before the capitulation. Of this more will be seen on subsequent pages. I can not but remark, that if Ney had been pardoned, and the horses not sent to Venice, the spirit of the capitulation would have been more strictly adhered to.

I must be rightly understood respecting Lord Londonderry, to whom, individually, I never had the slight objection. As a private gentleman, I always found him friendly, though cold; and fair, though ambiguous. I never knew him break his word, and believe him to have been perfectly honorable upon every subject of private interest. But here my eulogy must close; for, with regard to public character, his lordship must, I fear, be pronounced corrupt. When determined on a point, nothing could stop him. In Ireland, his career was distinguished by public bribery and palpable misrepresentations—

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* The following unpublished lines, by one of the most talented young ladies I ever met, depict the frivolity and short-lived nature of human vanities more forcibly than a hundred sermons:—

"The kingdoms of the world have passed away,
And its strong empires mouldered into dust,
Swift as the changes of a poet's dream:
And kings and heroes, and the mighty minds
Whose hopes circled eternity, and seized
The stars as their inheritance, and grew
Too big for mortal frames—until they sank
Into the narrow bounds of nature:—
These are the things which, even nameless now
Are on the earth forgot—or, if retained,
Of power, of life, and motion, all bereft!"

of which assertion, had I not indisputable and ample proof, I would not hazard it.

Mr. Pelham (now earl of Chichester) was secretary to Lord Camden, when lord lieutenant. I had the good fortune and pleasure (for it was a great pleasure to me) to be on very friendly terms with this amiable and engaging gentleman, and have seldom met with any public personage I liked so well—moderate, honorable, sufficiently firm and sufficiently spirited: I had a real gratification in attaching myself not only to his measures, but to his society. In all our intercourse (which ceased with his departure) I found him candid and just, and experienced at his hands several public acts of kindness.

Mr. Pelham's parliamentary talents were not of a splendid order. The people of Ireland never required *stars* for ministers; but a fair and candid secretary was a great treat to them, and Mr. Pelham was making full way in public estimation. The last day I ever saw him in Ireland, he and his brother-in-law, Lord Sheffield, did me the favor of dining with me in Merrion square. I perceived he was uncommonly dull, and regretted the circumstances much; he obviously grew worse—at length laid his bead upon the table, and when he departed was extremely ill: next day he was in a violent fever, his life was long despaired of, he recovered with difficulty, and on his recovery returned to England. Mr. Stewart (by marriage the lord lieutenant's nephew) was named *locum tenens* during Mr. Pelham's absence, or (should he not return) until the appointment of another secretary. But he was soon discovered by his employers to be fit for *any* business; and as it had been long in the secret contemplation of the British ministry to extinguish the Irish parliament, either by fraud or force—and Lord Camden being considered too inactive (perhaps too conscientious and honorable) to resort to either of those weapons, it was determined to send over an old servant-of-all-work, who had fought till he was beaten, and negotiated till he was outwitted. This person (Lord Cornwallis), with the assistance of his young secretary, would stop at nothing necessary to effect the purpose, and they could between them, carry a measure which few other persons at that period, durst have attempted.

These fragments are not intended as political episodes. The result of that coalition everybody knows: I shall only state so much of the transaction as relates to my own individual concerns. I had an interview with Lord Castlereagh, some time after he came into office, at Mr. Cooke's chambers. He told me he understood I expected to be the next solicitor-general, and had applied for the office. I answered, that I not only expected as much, but considered myself, under all circumstances, *entitled* to that preferment. He and Mr. Cooke both said "yes;" and recommended me to make my "*party good* with Lord Clare," who had expressed "no indisposition" to the appointment. Had I not been supposed of some use to the government, I do not doubt but Lord Clare would have preferred many other more subservient gentry of my profession. But he knew that although Lord Westmoreland, on leaving Ireland, had made no express stipulation, he had subsequently gone as far as he could with Lord Camden, for my promotion. Lord Clare played me off cleverly until, in the month of August, 1799, I was sent for in private by the secretary, Edward Cooke, who had been a particular confidential friend of mine for several years. Having first enjoined secresy as to our conference, he told me that a measure of great import had been under consideration in the English cabinet, and might possibly be acted on: and then proceeding to acquaint me that Lord Clare had made no objection to my promotion, he asked in so many words if I would support the "question of 'a union,' if it should be brought forward?" I was struck as if by a shot! I had no idea of such a thing being now seriously contemplated, although I had often heard of it as a measure suggested in 1763. My mind had never any doubts upon the degrading subject, all thoughts whereof had been considered as banished for ever by the volunteers of 1782. I therefore replied at once, "No, never!"—"You'll think better of it, Barrington!" said he. "Never, by—!" rejoined I: "never!" and the discussion was dropped, nor did I confide it to any save one individual, who differed with me very much, at least as to the mode of refusal.

I was determined, however, to know how the matter really stood; and, without touching on the late conversation, desired to be apprized whether they preserved the intention of appointing me solicitor-general. I received no other answer than the following letter from Lord Castlereagh, without any explanation; but it was enveloped in a very long one from Mr. Cooke, headed "strictly private;" and, therefore, of course, still remaining so.

"*September* 7, 1799.

"My Dear Sir:—I am directed by his excellency, the lord-lieutenant, to assure you, that he would be glad to avail himself of any proper opportunity of complying with your wishes: and that he regrets much, he is at present so particularly circumstanced with respect to the office of solicitor-general, that he feels it impossible to gratify your desire as to that appointment. I should, myself, have been very happy had I been able to communicate to you a more favorable result.

Dear sir, yours very sincerely,

"Castlereagh."

I never had anything more to do with the successive governments of Ireland,* and have used all forbearance in giving my opinion of Irish lord-chancellors, except Mr. Ponsonby, whom nobody ever heard me praise as a very great lawyer, but whom everybody has heard me term a just judge, and an honest, friendly man.

Of Lord Camden, I believe, there was no second opinion in the circle wherein I moved—a better man could not be; but instead of governing, he was governed: and intimately acquainted as I was with every procedure and measure during his administration in Ireland, I do most fully acquit him, individually, of the outrageous, impolitic, and ill-judged measures which distinguished his rule. As to Lord Clare, he was despotic, and the greatest enemy Ireland ever had. His father had been a Roman catholic, and intended for a priest, but changed his tenets, became a barrister of great and just celebrity, and left many children.

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* Lord Castlereagh's letter to me put, in fact, a civil end to my dreams of promotion.

Lord Clare was latterly my most inveterate enemy; the cause shall be no secret; it arose from a vicious littleness of mind scarcely credible, and proves to me that implacability of temper never exists without its attendant faults; and although it may be deprecated by cringing, is seldom influenced by feelings of generosity.

LORD NORBURY.

Quarrel between Lord Norbury and the Author in the House of Commons—Curran's Bon-mot—Dinner at Lord Redesdale's, who attempts being Agreeable, but is annoyed by Lord Norbury (then Mr. Toler)—Counsellor O'Farrell—Mr. Plunkett (present Attorney-General for Ireland), and Lord Redesdale—Lord Norbury and Young Burke—His Lordship presides at Carlow Assizes in the Character of *Hawthorn.*

Lord Norbury (then Mr. Toler) went circuit as judge the first circuit I went as barrister. He continued my friend as warmly as he possibly could be the friend of any one, and I thought he was in earnest. One evening, however, coming hot from Lord Clare's (at that time my proclaimed enemy), he attacked me with an after-dinner volubility, which hurt and roused me very much. I kept indifferent bounds myself: but he was generally so very good-tempered, that I really felt a repugnance to indulging him with as tart a reply as a stranger would have received, and simply observed, that "I should only just give him that character which developed itself by his versatility—namely, that *he had a hand for every man, and a heart for nobody!*" and I believe the sarcasm has stuck to him from that day to this. He returned a very warm answer, gave me a wink, and made his exit—of course, I followed. The sergeant-at-arms was instantly sent by the speaker to pursue us with his attendants, and to bring both refractory members back to the house. Toler was caught by the skirts of his coat fastening in a door, and they laid hold of him just as the skirts were torn completely off. I was overtaken (while running away) in Nassau street, and, as I resisted, was brought like a sack on a man's shoulders, to the admiration of the mob, and thrown down in the body of the house. The speaker told us, we must give our honors forthwith that the matter should proceed no farther. Toler got up to defend himself; but as he then had no skirts to his coat, made a most ludicrous figure; and Curran put a finishing-stroke to the comicality of the scene, by gravely saying, that "it was the most unparalleled insult ever offered to the house! as it appeared that one honorable member had *trimmed* another honorable member's *jacket* within these walls, and nearly within view of the speaker!" A general roar of laughter ensued. I gave my honor, as required, I think with more good-will than Toler; and would willingly have forgotten the affair altogether, which he apparently never did. I only hope, that, when his memory declines (which time can not be very far off now), our quarrel will be the first circumstance that slips it. If I could forget *anything*, I should long ago have lost all recollection thereof.

Lord Norbury had more readiness of repartee than any man I ever knew who possessed neither classical wit nor genuine sentiment to make it valuable. But he had a fling at everything; and, failing in one attempt, made another—sure of carrying his point before he relinquished his efforts. His extreme good temper was a great advantage. The present Lord Redesdale was much (though unintentionally) annoyed by Mr. Toler, at one of the first dinners he gave (as lord-chancellor of Ireland) to the judges and king's counsel. Having heard that the members of the Irish bar (of whom he was then quite ignorant) were considered extremely witty, and being desirous, if possible, to adapt himself to their habits, his lordship had obviously got together some of his best bar-remarks (for of *wit* he was totally guiltless, if not inapprehensive), to repeat to his company, as occasion might offer; and if he could not be humorous, determined at least to be entertaining.

The first of his lordship's observations after dinner, was the telling us that he had been a Welsh judge, and had found great difficulty in pronouncing the double consonants which occur in the Welsh proper names. "After much trial," continued his lordship, "I found that the difficulty was mastered by moving the tongue alternately from one dog-tooth to the other."

Toler seemed quite delighted with this discovery; and requested to know his lordship's dentist, as he had lost one of his dog-teeth, and would immediately get another in place of it. This went off flatly enough — no laugh being gained on either side.

Lord Redesdale's next remark was, that when he was a lad, cock-fighting was the fashion; and that both ladies and gentlemen went full-dressed to the cock-pit, the ladies being in hoops.

"I see now, my lord," said Toler, "it was then that the term *cock-a-hoop* was invented."

A general laugh now burst forth, which rather discomposed the learned chancellor. He sat for a while silent; until skating became a subject of conversation, when his lordship rallied — and with an air of triumph said, that in his boyhood all danger was avoided; for, before they began to skate they always put blown bladders under their arms; and so, if the ice happened to break, they were buoyant and saved.

"Ay, my lord!" said Toler, "that's what we call blatheram-skate in Ireland."*

His lordship did not understand the sort of thing at all; and, though extremely courteous, seemed to wish us all at our respective homes. Having failed with Toler, in order to say a civil thing or two, he addressed himself to Mr. Garrat O'Farrall, a jolly Irish barrister, who always carried a parcel of coarse, national humor about with him; a broad, squat, ruddy-faced fellow, with a great aquiline nose and a humorous eye. Independent in mind and property, he generally said whatever came uppermost. "Mr. Garrat O'Farrell," said the chancellor, solemnly, "I believe your name and family were very respectable and numerous in County Wicklow. I think I was introduced to several of them during my late tour there."

"Yes, my lord," said O'Farrell, "we *were* very numerous: but so many of us have been lately hanged for sheep-stealing, that the name is getting rather scarce in that county."

His lordship said no more, and so far as respect for a new chancellor admitted, we got into our own line of conversation without his assistance. His lordship, by degrees, began to understand some jokes a few minutes after they were uttered. An occasional smile discovered his enlightenment; and, at the breaking up, I really think his impression was, that we were a pleasant, though not very comprehensible race, possessing at a dinner-table much more good-fellowship than special pleading; and that he would have a good many of his old notions to get rid of before he could completely cotton to so dissimilar a body: but he was extremely polite. Chief Justice Downs, and a few more of our high, cold sticklers for "decorum," were quite uneasy at this skirmishing

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* An Irish vulgar idiom for "*nonsense*."

I never met a cold-blooded ostentatious man of office, whom I did not feel pleasure in mortifying: an affectation of sang-froid is necessary neither to true dignity nor importance, and generally betrays the absence of many amiable qualities.

I never saw Lord Redesdale more puzzled than at one of Plunkett's best *jeux d'esprits.* A cause was argued in chancery, wherein the plaintiff prayed that the defendant should be restrained from suing him on certain bills of exchange, as they were nothing but *kites.* "Kites!" exclaimed Lord Redesdale: "Kites. Mr. Plunkett? Kites never could amount to the value of those securities! I don't understand this statement at all, Mr. Plunkett."

"It is not to be expected that you should, my lord," answered Plunkett, "in England and in Ireland, kites are quite different things. In England, the *wind* raises the *kites;* but in Ireland, the *kites* raise the *wind.*

"I do not feel any way better informed yet, Mr. Plunkett," said the matter-of-fact chancellor.

"Well, my lord, I'll explain the thing without mentioning those birds of prey," and therewith he elucidated the difficulty.

Lord Redesdale never could pronounce the name of Mr. Colclough, a suitor in the chancery court. It was extremely amusing to hear how he labored to get it off his tongue, but quite in vain! Callcloff was his nearest effort. I often wished I could recommend him to try his *dog-teeth.*

On the discussion of the catholic bill, in 1792, Lord Westmoreland, then lord-lieutenant of Ireland, certainly did not approve of the precipitate measures wished for by his secretary, Major Hobart, afterward earl of Buckinghamshire. I had the honor of distinctly knowing the sentiments of both, and clearly saw the shades of difference which existed between them, but which, of course, I had not the presumption to notice. I felt convinced that both were my friends, and was desirous, if possible, to run counter to neither.

I never had disputed the political right of the catholics *theoretically*, but I had been bred up among Williamites, and had imbibed, without very well understanding their bearing, strong protestant principles, and hence I deemed it wisest neither to speak nor vote upon the subject at that period.

The Irish catholics had conceived a wonderfully high opinion of Mr. Edmund Burke's assistance and abilities. Because he was a clever man himself, they conceived his son must needs be so too, and a deputation was sent over to induce young Mr. Burke to come to Ireland, for the purpose of superintending the progress of their bills of emancipation in the Irish parliament, and to bear his expenses, a sum of £2000 was voted. Mr. Keogh, of Dublin, a very sensible man, who had retired from trade, was extremely active upon this occasion.

The bills were introduced and resisted. A petition had been prepared by Burke, and being considered neither well-timed nor well-worded, certain even of the warmest catholic supporters declined to present it.

Young Burke, either totally ignorant of parliamentary rules, or supposing that in a disturbed country like Ireland they would be dispensed with—especially in favor of a son of the great Burke—determined he would present the petition himself; not at the bar, but in the body of the house! Accordingly, he descended from the gallery, walked into the house with a long roll of parchment under his arm, and had arrived near the treasury-bench, when a general cry of "Privilege!—A stranger in the house!" arose from all quarters, and checked the progress of the intruder; but when the speaker, in his loud and dignified tone, called out, "Sergeant-at-arms, do your duty!" it seemed to echo like thunder in Burke's ears; he felt the awkwardness of his situation, and ran toward the bar. Here he was met by the sergeant-at-arms with a drawn sword;

retracing his steps, he was stopped by the clerk; and the sergeant gaining on him, with a feeling of trepidation he commenced actual *flight.* The door-keepers at the corridor now joined in pursuit; but at length, after an excellent chase (the members all keeping their seats), he forced through the enemy behind the speaker's chair, and escaped! no doubt, to his great satisfaction. Strong measures were immediately proposed: messengers despatched in all quarters to arrest him: very few knew who he was; when Lord Norbury, with that vivacious promptness which he always possessed, on its being observed that no such transaction had ever occurred before, exclaimed—"I found the very same incident some few days back in the cross-readings of the columns of a newspaper. 'Yesterday a petition was presented to the house of commons—it fortunately missed fire, and the villain ran off.'"

It was impossible to withstand this sally, which put the house in a moment into good humor. Burke returned to England unsuccessful, and the matter dropped.

It being observed by some member, that the sergeant-at-arms should have stopped the man at the back-door, Sir Boyle Roche very justly asked the honorable gentleman—"How could the sergeant-at-arms stop him in the rear, while he was catching him in the front? did he think the sergeant-at-arms could be, like a bird, in two places at once?"

I read, some time back, in the English newspapers, an anecdote of Lord Norbury's having appeared on the bench in a masquerade dress. As I was myself present at that occurrence, it is only just to his lordship to state the *facts,* whence it will appear that it was totally a mistake; so much so, indeed, that his lordship did not seem to be conscious of his habiliments, even while every person in court was staring with astonishment.

Some time previously. Lady Castlereagh had given a very splendid masquerade, at which I saw the chief justice in the dress and character of *Hawthorn,* in "Love in a Village," and well did he enact that part. The dress was a green tabinet with mother-of-pearl buttous, striped yellow-and-black waistcoat, and buff breeches, and was altogether cool and light.

On going the next circuit, the weather being excessively sultry, and his lordship having a great press of sentences to pass on rebels, &c., at Carlow, he put on, under his robes, the lightest vestments in his lordship's wardrobe. Now, be it remembered, that the use of the said masquerade-dress was a *dead secret* except to the robes that covered it, and neither the passing nor future generations would ever have heard a word of the green jacket, if the said robes had kept themselves close, as the chief justice had carefully provided before the sounding of the trumpet.

The warmth of the day, however, and the variety of appropriate addresses necessary to be framed, for so many convicted criminals, might be expected to take away a certain quantity of any man's precaution; and, as a chief justice is *but a man*, Lord Norbury fell into the snare! and feeling the heat insufferable (which the twisting his wig sidewise did not relieve), he involuntarily first turned up the sleeves of his robe, then loosened the zone round his waist: the robe being now free from all restraint, thought it had a right to steal away from the green jacket; and thus the unconscious chief justice "stood confessed" to the auditory in the courthouse as the representative of a very different character from that of a judge! But it was an accident that might, without culpability, have happened even to an archbishop! I once saw a bishop, myself, play the fiddle at one of the public concerts of the first Lady Westmoreland, in Dublin castle.

It is only justice to Lord Norbury to add, that I have repeatedly seen him do things involuntarily, which it would have been totally impossible for him to have done, if conscious at the time, of his own actions. Though acute in general, he occasionally thought of so many things at once, that he lost all recollection whether of place or circumstance.

HENRY GRATTAN.

Mr. Grattan in his Sedan-chair—The Point of Honor—Mr. Egan's gift of Second-sight—The Guillotine and Executioner—Colonel Burr, Vice-President of the United States, and Mr. Randolph—Mr. Grattan in Masquerade—Death of that Illustrious Patriot, and Strictures on his Interment in Westminster Abbey—Letter from the Author to his Son, Henry Grattan, Esq.

Many anecdotes occur to me of my late respected friend, Mr. Grattan. There are but few, however, which can throw fresh light upon a character so long and so generally known, and which exhibited unvarying excellence.

I never met any man who possessed the general elements of courage in a higher degree than Mr. Grattan—in whom dwelt a spirit of mild yet impetuous bravery, which totally banished all apprehensions of danger.

I have already given some account of my contest for Dublin city, and of the circumstances connecting my illustrious friend therewith. On the evening of the first day of polling, while I sat at dinner, a servant announced that a gentleman in a sedan-chair was at the door and wished to speak to me. I immediately went out, and finding it was Grattan, begged him to enter the house, upon which he desired his chair to be taken into the hall. His manner was so agitated and mysterious, that I felt quite alarmed, and feared something untoward had happened to him. We went into a parlor, where, without any introductory observation, he exclaimed—"Barrington, I must have a shot at that rascal!"

"Heavens!" said I, "what rascal?"

"There is but one such in the world!" cried he, "that Giffard!"

"My dear Grattan," I replied, "you can not be serious; there is no ground for a challenge on your part; your language to him was such as never before was used to human creature; and if he survives *your words*, no bullet would have effect on him."

"Ah, that won't do, Barrington!" exclaimed Gratton; "he objected to my voting for you, because, he said, I was a 'discarded corporator.'"

"That was not intended as *personal*," said I; "and even had he gained his point, would it not be an *honor* for you to be removed from such a corporation?"

"Barrington," rejoined he, "it's of no use! I must have a shot at the fellow; I can't sleep unless you go to him for me." This I peremptorily refused; arguing and reasoning with him again and again; he still continuing obstinate, I begged him to go and ask the advice of Mr. George Ponsonby.

"Oh, no," replied he, "Ponsonby is a *wise* man; wiser than either of us: in fact, he is sometimes too wise and too peaceable. You must go to Giffard: perhaps it may not be *wise*, but I know you prefer your friend's honor to your friend's safety. Come, now, get your hat, Barrington!"

Upward of an hour elapsed before I could even half convince him that he was wrong; but at length, by the only argument that could make any impression on him, I extracted a promise that he would let the affair drop: "Grattan," said I, "recollect matters, and have consideration for *me*." He started: "Yes," continued I, "you know it was solely on my account that you exposed yourself to any insult: and do you think I could remain an idle *spectator* in a conflict whereof I was the *cause*? If you do not promise me that you will go 'no farther in this business,' I shall instantly make the thing personal with Giffard *myself*."

For a moment he was silent, then smiling—"Coriolanus," said he, "replied to his noble parent—'Mother! you have conquered!'—I *will* go no farther."

"I humbly thank you," said I, "for making an old woman of me." He then went away, as I conceived, satisfied. He had come thus privately (for the curtains were drawn round his chair) to avoid suspicion being excited of his intentions, and the authorities consequently interfering to prevent the combat. My surprise may be imagined, when at six o'clock the next morning, I was roused by the same announcement of a *gentleman* in a *chair*. I knew it must be Grattan, and directed him to be brought in.

I had now the same game to play over again. He said he had not slept a wink all night, from thinking about "that rascal;" and that he "must have a shot at him." Another course now suggested itself to me, and I told him I had, on consideration, determined, whether right or wrong, that if he persevered, I would wait upon the sheriff and get him bound over to keep the peace. He was not pleased at this, but had no option, and ultimately we both agreed not to revive the subject during the election.

Mr. Egan, one of the roughest-looking persons possible, being at one time a supporter of government, made virulent philippics, in the Irish house of commons, against the French revolution. His figure was coarse and bloated, and his dress not over elegant withal; in fact, he had by no means the look of a member of parliament.

One evening this man fell foul of a speech of Grattan's, and among other absurdities, said in his paroxysm, that the right honorable gentleman's speech had a tendency to introduce the guillotine into the very body of the house: indeed, he almost thought he could already perceive it before him. ("Hear him! Hear him!" echoed from Sir Boyle Roche.) Grattan good-humoredly replied, that the honorable gentleman must have a vastly sharper sight than he had. He certainly could see no such thing; "but though," added Grattan, looking with his glass toward Egan, "I may not see the guillotine, yet methinks I can perceive the *executioner*."

"Order! Order!" shouted Sir Boyle Roche, but a general laugh prevented any farther observation.

Colonel Burr, who had been vice-president of America, and probably would have been the next president, but for his unfortunate duel with General Hamilton, came over to England and was made known to me by Mr. Randolph, of South Carolina, with whom I was very intimate. He requested I would introduce him to Mr. Grattan, whom he was excessively anxious to see. Colonel Burr was not a man of a very prepossessing appearance; rough-featured and neither dressy nor polished; but a well-informed, sensible man, and though not a particularly agreeable, yet an instructive companion.

People in general form extravagant anticipations regarding eminent persons. The idea of a great orator and an Irish chief carried with it, naturally enough, corresponding notions of physical elegance, vigor and dignity. Such was Colonel Burr's mistake, I believe, about Mr. Grattan, and I took care not to undeceive him.

We went to my friend's house, who was to leave London next day. I announced that Colonel Burr, from America, Mr. Randolph, and myself, wished to pay our respects, and the servant informed us that his master would receive us in a short time, but was at the moment much occupied on business of consequence. Burr's expectations were all on the alert! Randolph also was anxious to be presented to the great Grattan, and both impatient for the entrance of this Demosthenes. At length the door opened, and in hopped a small bent figure, meager, yellow, and ordinary; one slipper and one shoe; his breeches' knees loose; his cravat hanging down; his shirt and coat-sleeves tucked up high, and an old hat upon his head.

This apparition saluted the strangers very courteously, asked, without any introduction, how long they had been in England, and immediately proceeded to make inquiries about the late General Washington and the revolutionary war. My companions looked at each other: their replies were costive, and they seemed quite impatient to see Mr. Grattan. I could scarcely contain myself, but determined to let my eccentric countryman take his course, who appeared quite delighted to see his visiters, and was the most inquisitive person in the world. Randolph was far the tallest and most dignified looking man of the two, gray-haired and well-dressed; Grattan therefore, of course, took him for the vice-president, and addressed him accordingly. Randolph at length begged to know if they could shortly have the honor of seeing Mr. Grattan. Upon which our host, not doubting but they knew him, conceived it must be his son James for whom they inquired, and said he believed he had that moment wandered out somewhere to amuse himself.

This completely disconcerted the Americans, and they were about to make their bow and their exit, when I thought it high time to explain; and, taking Colonel Burr and Mr. Randolph respectively by the hand, introduced them to the Right Honorable Henry Grattan.

I never saw people stare so, or so much embarrassed! Grattan himself, now perceiving the cause, heartily joined in my merriment. He pulled down his shirt-sleeves, pulled up his stockings, and in his own irresistible way apologized for the *outré* figure he cut, assuring them that he had totally overlooked it in his anxiety not to keep them waiting; that he was returning to Ireland next morning, and had been busily packing up his books and papers in a closet full of dust and cobwebs! This incident rendered the interview more interesting. The Americans were charmed with their reception, and, after a protracted visit, retired highly gratified, while Grattan returned again to his books and cobwebs.

Nobody lamented more than myself the loss of this distinguished man and true patriot, who, every one knows, breathed his last in the British metropolis after a long and painful illness; and the public papers soon after announced, to my astonishment and chagrin, the fact of preparations being on foot for his interment in Westminster abbey! I say to my astonishment and chagrin; because it was sufficiently plain that this affected mark of respect was only meant to restrain the honest enthusiasm which might have attended his funeral obsequies in his own country.

The subtle minister then ruling the councils of Britain knew full well that vanity is the falsest guide of human judgment, and therefore held out that Westminster abbey (the indiscriminate dormitory of generals and spies — of ministers, and admirals, and poets) was the most honorable resting-place for the remains of an Irish patriot, and an humble gravestone most congenial to Grattan's unassuming nature. This lure was successful; and, accordingly, he who had made British ministers tremble in the cabinet — whose forbearance they had propitiated by a tender of the king's best palace in Ireland — whose fame they had nevertheless endeavored to destroy, and whose principles they had calumniated — was escorted to the grave by the most decided of his enemies, and (as if in mockery of his country and himself) inhumed among the inveterate foes of Ireland and of Grattan! It is mean to say that Lord Castlereagh had latterly *changed his opinion*, and become *civil* to his illustrious opponent: so much the worse! he thereby confessed that, in 1797 and the two following years, he had labored to destroy an *innocent* man and to disgrace an Irish patriot, who, during a great portion of that period, lay on the bed of sickness.

The duke of Leinster, doubtless with the best possible motives, but with a view of the subject differing from my own, suggested that Ireland should do honor to her patriot son by erecting a cenotaph to his memory. This, I must confess, appears to me (I speak of it merely as matter of opinion) to be nothing more than cold-blooded mockery—a compliment diminutive and empty. Toward such a monument I would not subscribe one farthing; but if the revered ashes of my friend could be restored to his country, and enshrined beneath the sky of green Erin, there is no Irishman who (in proportion to his means) should go beyond myself in contributing to uplift a monumental column which should outvie the pillars dedicated in Dublin to the glorious butcheries of *Trafalgar and Waterloo:* while these are proudly commemorated, no national pile records the more truly glorious triumphs of 1782—nor the formation of that irresistible army of volunteers which (in a right cause) defied all the power of England! But my voice shall not be silent: and deeply do I regret the untoward fate by which this just tribute to national and individual virtues has devolved upon the feeble powers of an almost superannuated writer.

Ireland gave me birth and bread; and though I am disgusted with its present state, I love the country still. I have endeavored to give (in a more important work) some sketches of its modern history at the most prosperous epochas, together with many gloomy anecdotes of its fall, and annihilation as an independent kingdom; and if God grants me a little longer space, I shall leave my honest ideas of its existing condition and of the ruin to which the British empire will not long remain blind, if she continue to pursue the same system in that misgoverned country.

Extract of a letter from Sir Jonah Barrington to the present Henry Grattan, Esq., M. P.:—

"MY DEAR GRATTAN: I regret your not receiving my letter, written immediately after the lamented departure of my honored friend. In that letter I proposed forthwith to publish the sequel of my character of Mr. Grattan, accompanied with his portrait and some additional observations. I had composed the sequel, much to my own satisfaction, as the continuation of his character promised in the number of my historical work where I say, 'His career is not yet finished.'

"Having received no reply to that letter, I threw the manuscript into the fire, keeping no copy. It was scarcely consumed, however, before I repented of having done so.

"And now permit an old and sensitive friend to expostulate a little with you, in the simple garb of queries:—

"Why, and for what good reason—with what policy, or on what feeling—are the bones of the most illustrious of Irishmen suffered to moulder in the same ground with his country's enemies?

"Why suffer him to be escorted to the grave by the mock pageantry of those whose vices and corruptions ravished from Ireland everything which his talents and integrity had obtained for her?

"Why send his countrymen on a foreign pilgrimage, to worship the shrine of their canonized benefactor? Were not the cathedrals of Ireland worthy to be honored by his urn—or the youths of Erin to be animated by knowing that they possessed his ashes? Can it be gratifying to the feelings of his countrymen to pay the sexton of a British abbey a mercenary shilling for permission even to see the gravestone of your parent?*

"You were deceived by the blandishments of our mortal enemy: he knew that political idolatry has great power, and excites great influence in nations. The shrine of a patriot has often proved to be the standard of liberty: and it was therefore good policy in a British statesman to suppress our excitements. The bust of Rousseau is immortalized on the continent: the tradition of Grattan only will remain to his compatriots.

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* I was myself once refused even admittance into Westminster abbey, wherein his ashes rest!—the sexton affirming that the *proper hour* was past!

"He lived the life—he died the death—but he does not sleep in the tomb of an Irish patriot! England has taken away our constitution, and even the relics of its founder are retained through the duplicity of his enemy.

"You have now my sentiments on the matter, and by frankly expressing them I have done my duty to you, to myself and my country. Your ever affectionate and sincere friend,

"JONAH BARRINGTON."

HIGH LIFE IN NEWGATE.

Lord Aldborough quizzes the Lord-Chancellor—Voted a Libeller by the House of Peers—His spirited Conduct—Sentenced to Imprisonment in Newgate by the Court of King's Bench—Memoirs of Mr. Knaresborough—His Extraordinary Trial—Sentenced to Death, but transported—Escapes from Botany Bay, returns to England, and is committed to Newgate, where he seduces Lady Aldborough's Attendant—Prizes in the Lottery—Miss Barton dies in Misery.

LORD ALDBOROUGH was an arrogant and ostentatious man; but these failings were nearly redeemed by his firmness and gallantry in his memorable collision with Lord-Chancellor Clare.

Lord Aldborough, who had built a most tasteful and handsome house immediately at the northern extremity of Dublin, had an equity suit with Mr. Beresford, a nephew of Lord Clare, as to certain lots of ground close to his lordship's new mansion which, among other conveniences, had a chapel on one wing and a theatre on the other, stretching away from the centre in a chaste style of ornamental architecture.

The cause was in chancery, and was not protracted very long. Lord Aldborough was defeated, with full costs: his pride, his purse, and his mansion, must all suffer, and meddling with either of these was sufficient to rouse his lordship's spleen. He appealed, therefore, to the house of peers, where in due season the cause came on for hearing, and where the chancellor himself presided. The lay lords did not much care to interfere in the matter; and, without loss of time, Lord Clare of the house of peers confirmed the decree of Lord Clare of the court of chancery, with full costs against the appellant.

Lord Aldborough had now no redress but to write *at* the lord-chancellor; and without delay he fell to composing a book against Lord Clare and the system of appellant jurisdiction—stating that it was totally an abuse of justice to be obliged to appeal to a prejudiced man against his own prejudices, and particularly so in the present instance, Lord Clare being notorious as an unforgiving chancellor to those who vexed him, and no lords attending to hear the cause, or if they did, not being much wiser for the hearing—it being the province of a counsel to puzzle not to inform noblemen.

Lord Aldborough, in his book, humorously enough stated an occurrence that had happened to himself when travelling in Holland:—

His lordship was going to Amsterdam on one of the canals, in a *trekschuit*—the skipper of which, being a great rogue, extorted from his lordship, for his passage, much more than he had a lawful right to claim. My lord expostulated with the skipper in vain; the fellow grew rude; his lordship persisted; the skipper got more abusive. At length Lord Aldborough told him he would, on landing, immediately go to the proper tribunals and get redress from the judge. The skipper cursed him as an impudent *milord,* and desired him to do his worst, snapping his tarry *finger-posts* in his lordship's face. Lord Aldborough paid the demand. and, on landing, went to the legal officer to know when the court of justice would sit. He was answered, "At nine next morning." Having no doubt of ample redress, he did not choose to put the skipper on his guard by mentioning his intentions. Next morning he went to court and began to tell his story to the judge, who sat with his broad-brimmed hat on, in great state, to hear causes of that nature. His lordship fancied he had seen the man before, nor was he long in doubt; for, ere he had half finished, the judge, in a voice like thunder (but which his lordship immediately recognised, for it was that of the identical skipper), decided against him, *with full costs*, and ordered him out of court! His lordship, however, said he would appeal, and away he went to an advocate for that purpose. He did accordingly appeal, and the next day his appeal cause came regularly on. But all his lordship's stoicism forsook him when he again found that the very same skipper and judge was to decide *the appeal* who had decided *the cause;* so that the learned skipper first cheated and then laughed at him!

The noble writer having, in his book, made a very improper and derogatory application of his Dutch precedent to Lord-Chancellor Clare and the Irish appellant jurisdiction, was justly considered by his brother-peers as having committed a gross breach of their privileges, and was thereupon ordered to attend in his place and defend himself (if any defence he had) from the charge made against him by the lord-chancellor and the peers of Ireland. Of course, the house of lords was thronged to excess to hear his lordship's vindication. I went an hour before it met, to secure a place behind the throne, where the commoners were allowed to crowd up as well as they could.

The chancellor, holding the vicious book in his hand, asked Lord Aldborough if he admitted that it was of his writing and publication; to which his lordship replied that he could admit nothing as written or published by him, till every word of it should be first truly read to their lordships aloud in the house. Lord Clare, wishing to curtail some parts, began to read it himself, but not being quite near enough to the light, his opponent took a pair of enormous candlesticks from the table, walked deliberately up to the throne, and requested the chancellor's permission to hold the candles for him while he was reading the book! This novel sort of effrontery put the chancellor completely off his guard: he was outdone, and permitted Lord Aldborough to hold the lights while he perused the libel comparing him to a Dutch skipper; nor did the obsequious author omit to set him right here and there when he omitted a word or proper emphasis. It was ludicrous beyond example, and gratifying to the secret ill-wishers of Lord Clare, who bore no small proportion to the aggregate numbers of the house. The libel being duly read through, Lord Aldborough at once spiritedly and adroitly said that he avowed every word of it to their lordships; but that it was not intended as any *libel* against either the house or the jurisdiction, but as a constitutional and just rebuke to their lordships for not performing their bounden duty in attending the hearing of the appeal; he being quite certain that if any sensible men had been present, the lord-chancellor would only have had two lords and two bishops (his own creatures) on his side of the question.

This was considered as an aggravation of the contempt, though some thought it was not very far from the matter of fact. The result was, that after a bold speech, delivered with great earnestness, his lordship was voted guilty of a high breach of privilege, and a libel on the lord-chancellor, as chairman of the house. He was afterward ordered to Newgate for six months by the court of king's bench (on an information filed against him by the attorney-general), which sentence, his lordship told them, he considered, under the circumstances, as a high compliment and honor. In fact, he never was so pleased as when speaking of the incident, and declaring that he expected to have his book recorded on the journals of the lords; the chancellor himself (by applying his anecdote of the Dutch skipper) having construed it into a regular episode on their proceedings.

Lord Aldborough underwent his full sentence in Newgate; and his residence there gave rise to a fresh incident in the memoirs of a very remarkable person, who, at that time, was an inmate of the same walls (originally likewise through the *favor* of Chancellor Clare), and lodged on the same staircase; and, as I had been professionally interested in this man's affairs, I subjoin the following statement as curious, and in every circumstance, to my personal knowledge, matter of fact.

James Fitzpatrick Knaresborough was a young man of tolerable private fortune in the county of Kilkenny. Unlike the common run of young men at that day, he was sober, money-making, and even avaricious, though moderately hospitable; his principal virtue consisted in making no *exhibition* of his vices. He was of good figure; and, without having the presence of a gentleman, was what is called rather a handsome young fellow.

Mr. Knaresborough had been accused of a capital crime by a Miss Barton (natural daughter of William Barton, Esq., a magistrate of the county of Kilkenny), who stated that she had gone away with him for the purpose, and in the strict confidence, of being married the same day at Leighlin Bridge. Her father was a gentleman of consideration in the county, and a warrant was granted against Knaresborough for the felony; but he contrived to get liberated on bail. The grand jury, however, on the young woman's testimony, found true bills against him for the capital offence, and he came to Carlow to take his trial at the assizes. He immediately called on me with a brief—said it was a mere *bagatelle* and totally unfounded—and that his acquittal would be a matter of course. I had been retained against him, but introduced him to the present Judge Moore, to whom he handed his brief. He made so light of the business, that he told me to get up a famous speech against him, as no doubt I was instructed to do; that indeed I could not say too much, as the whole would appear, on *her own confession*, to be a conspiracy! nay, so confident was he of procuring his acquittal, that he asked Mr. Moore and myself to dine with him on our road to Kilkenny, which we promised.

On reading my brief, I found that, truly, the case was not overstrong against him even there, where, in all probability, circumstances would be exaggerated; and that it rested almost exclusively on the lady's own evidence: hence, I had little doubt that, upon cross-examination, the prisoner would be acquitted.

The trial proceeded: I was then rather young at the bar, and determined, for my own sake, to make an interesting and affecting speech for my client; and having no doubt of Knaresborough's acquittal, I certainly overcharged my statement, and added some *facts* solely from invention. My surprise, then, may be estimated, when I heard Miss Barton swear positively to *every syllable* of my emblazonment. I should now have found myself most painfully circumstanced, but that I had no doubt she *must* be altogether discredited. In fact, she was quite shaken by the cross-examination of the prisoner's counsel. He smiled at her and at us; and said, "The woman's credit was so clearly overthrown, that there could be no doubt of his client's innocence of the charge of violence; and he would not trouble the court or jury by any protracted defence on so clear a subject."

I considered all was over, and left the court as the jury retired. In about an hour, however, I received an account that Knaresborough had been found *guilty*, and sent back to jail under sentence of death! I was thunderstruck, and without delay wrote to the chief secretary in Dublin, begging him instantly to represent to the lord-lieutenant the real facts: execution was in consequence respited. So soon as I could return to town, I waited on Major Hobart and the lord-lieutenant, stated precisely the particulars I have here given, and my satisfaction (even from my own brief) that the girl was perjured. They referred me to Lord-Chancellor Clare, whose answer I wrote down and never shall forget: "That may be all very true, Barrington; but he is a rascal, and if he does not deserve to be hanged for this, he does for a former affair, right well!" I told him it was quite necessary for me to publish the whole concern, in my own justification. He then took from his bureau a small parcel of papers, and requested me to read them: they proved to be copies of affidavits and evidence on a former accusation, from which Knaresborough had escaped by lenity, for snapping a pistol at the father of a girl he had seduced.

Lord Clare, however, recommended his sentence to be changed to perpetual transportation: but this was to the convict worse than death, and he enclosed to me a petition which he had sent to government, declining the proposed commutation, and insisting on being forthwith executed, pursuant to his first sentence. Notwithstanding, he was, in fine, actually transported. He had contrived to secure, in different ways, £10,000, and took a large sum with him to Botany Bay. I had heard no more of him for several years, when I was astonished one day by being accosted in the streets of Dublin by this identical man, altered only by time and in the color of his hair, which had turned quite gray. He was well-dressed, had a large cockade in his hat, and did not at all court secresy. He told me that government had allowed him to come away privately; that he had gone through many entertaining and some dismal adventures in Africa, and in America—whence he last came; and he added, that as government were then busy raising troops, he had sent in a memorial, proposing to raise a regiment for a distant service, solely at his own expense. "I have," said he, "saved sufficient money for this purpose, though my brother has, by breach of trust, got possession of a great part of my fortune" (which was true). In fact he pestered the government, who were surprised at his temerity, yet unwilling to meddle with him, until at length they had him arrested, and required to show his authority from the governor of New South Wales for returning from transportation—which being unable to do, he was committed to Newgate, to await the governor's reply.

Here his firmness and eccentricity never forsook him; he sent in repeated petitions to the ministry, requesting to be hanged, and told me he would give any gentleman £500 who had sufficient interest to get him put to death without delay. An unsatisfactory answer arrived from New South Wales: but the government could not, under the circumstances, execute him for his return—and liberate him Lord Clare *would* not: his confinement, therefore, was of course indefinitely continued. During its course, he purchased a lottery ticket, which turned out a prize of £2,000; and soon after a second brought him £500. He lived well, but having no society, was determined to provide himself a companion at all events.

At this juncture the earl of Aldborough became his next door neighbor. My Lady A——, the best wife in the world, did not desert her husband; and, as all women of rank entertain what they call a "young person" to attend on them; that is, speaking generally, a girl handsomer than the mistress, neater in her dress, as good in her address—and, in some instances, even better in her character: Lady Aldborough brought such a one with her to the prison as her dresser and tea-maker. But this "young person," considering, as Swift says, that "service is no inheritance," and that she had no money of her own—and hearing that Fitzpatrick Knaresborough possessed great plenty of that necessary article, some way or other the metallic tractors brought them acquainted. To run away with him, she had only to trip across a lobby and staircase; so she actually broke the sabbath by taking that journey on Sunday morning, and left my lord and my lady to finish their prayers, and wonder at the attractions of Newgate, which could set wandering the virtue of their "young person," whom all the temptations, luxuries, and lovers of London and Dublin had never been able to lead astray from the path of rectitude. My lady was surprised how Anna could possibly connect herself with a convict for such a shocking crime; but his lordship, who knew the world better, said *that* was the very reason why Anna admired him. However, the whole business in all its ramifications terminated pretty fortunately. My lord had his full revenge on Lord Clare, and got great credit for his firmness and gallantry; Knaresborough was at length turned out of Newgate when the government were tired of keeping him in; while the "young person" produced sundry young people of her own in prison, and was amply provided for. The only set-off to this comedy of "All's Well that Ends Well" was the melancholy fate of poor Miss Barton, who married, was soon deserted by her husband, and died in misery!

JOHN PHILPOT CURRAN.

Sketches of His Character—Personal Description—Lodgings at Carlow—Mr. Curran and Mr. Godwin—Scenes in the Cannon Coffee-house—*Liberality* of Mine Host—Miss H. in Heroics—Precipitate Retreat—Lord Clancarty—Mr. Curran's Notion of his own Prowess—The Disqualifications of a Wig—Lord and Lady Carleton—Curran in 1812—An Attorney turned Cobbler—Curran's Audience of the present King of France—Strictures on his Biographers.

There have been few public men whose characters have afforded a more ample field for comment than that of Mr. Curran, and there are *very* few who have been more miserably handled by their biographers. Young men, who fancied they knew him because they were latterly in his society, in fact knew him not at all. None but the intimates of his earlier and brighter days, and, even among such, those only who had mixed with him in general as well as professional society, could possibly estimate the inconsistent qualities of that celebrated orator. There was such a mingling of greatness and littleness, of sublimity and meanness, in his thoughts and language, that cursory observers (confused amidst his versatility and brilliance) quitted Curran's society without understanding anything relating to him, beyond his buoyant spirits and playful wit. But toward the close of his day, this splendor dissipated, and dark and gloomy tints appeared too conspicuously, poor fellow! for his posthumous reputation. He felt his decline pressing quick upon him, and gradually sank into listless apathy.

Even so early as 1798, his talents and popularity seemed to me to have commenced a slow but obvious declension. By seceding from parliament in the preceding year, he had evacuated the field of battle, and that commanding eminence whence he had so proudly repulsed all his enemies. His talents, it is true, for a while survived; but his habits of life became contracted, his energies were paralyzed, his mind rambled, he began to prose, and, after his appointment to the rolls, the world seemed to be closing fast upon him.

My intimacy with Curran was long and close. I knew every turn of his mind, and every point of his capacity. He was not fitted to pursue the niceties of detail; but his imagination was infinite, his fancy boundless, his wit indefatigable. There was scarce any species of talent to which he did not possess some pretension. He was gifted by nature with the faculties of an advocate and a dramatist; and the lesser but ingenious accomplishment of personification (without mimicry) was equally familiar to him. In the circles of society, where he appeared everybody's superior, nobody ever seemed jealous of the superiority.

Curran's person was mean and decrepit: very slight, very shapeless—with nothing of the gentleman about it; on the contrary, displaying spindle limbs, a shambling gait, one hand imperfect, and a face yellow, furrowed, rather flat, and thoroughly ordinary. Yet his features were the very reverse of disagreeable; there was something so indescribably dramatic in his eye and the play of his eyebrow, that his visage seemed the index of his mind, and his humor the slave of his will. I never was so happy in the company of any man as in Curran's for many years. His very foibles were amusing. He had no vein for poetry; yet fancying himself a bard, he contrived to throw off pretty verses: he certainly was no musician; but conceiving himself to be one, played very pleasingly; Nature had denied him a voice; but he thought he could sing; and in the rich mould of his capabilities, the desire here also bred, in some degree, the capacity.

It is a curious, but a just remark, that every slow, *crawling* reptile is in the highest degree disgusting; while an insect, ten times uglier, if it be sprightly and seems bent upon enjoyment, excites no shuddering. It is so with the human race: had Curran been a dull, slothful, inanimate being, his talents would not have redeemed his personal defects. But his rapid movements—his fire—his sparkling eye—the fine and varied intonations of his voice—these conspired to give life and energy to every company he mixed with; and I have known ladies who, after an hour's conversation, actually considered Curran a *beauty*, and preferred his society to that of the finest fellows present. There is, however, it must be admitted, a good deal in the circumstance of a man being *celebrated,* as regards the patronage of women.

Curran had a perfect *horror* of fleas: nor was this very extraordinary, since those vermin seemed to show him peculiar hostility. If they infested a house, my friend said, that "they always flocked to his bedchamber, when they heard he was to sleep there!" I recollect his being dreadfully annoyed in this way at Carlow; and, on making his complaint in the morning to the woman of the house, "By heavens! madam," cried he, "they were in such numbers, and seized upon my carcass with so much ferocity, that if they had been *unanimous,* and all pulled one way, they must have dragged me out of bed entirely!"

I never saw Curran's opinion of himself so much disconcerted as by Mr. Godwin, whom he had brought, at the Carlow assizes, to dine with Mr. Byrne, a friend of ours, in whose cause he and I had been specially employed as counsel. Curran, undoubtedly, was not happy in his speech on this occasion—but he thought he was. Nevertheless, we succeeded; and Curran, in great spirits, was very anxious to receive a public compliment from Mr. Godwin, as an eminent literary man. teasing him (half jokingly) for his opinion of his speech. Godwin fought shy for a considerable time; at length, Curran put the question home to him, and it could no longer be shifted.

"Since you *will* have my opinion," said Godwin, folding his arms, and leaning back in his chair with much *sang froid,* "I really never did hear anything so bad as your *prose*—except your *poetry,* my dear Curran."

Curran and I were in the habit, for several years, of meeting, by appointment, in London, during the long vacation, and spending a month there together, in the enjoyment of the public amusements—but we were neither extravagant nor dissipated. We had both some propensities in common, and a never-failing amusement was derived from drawing-out and remarking upon eccentric characters. Curran played on such people as he would on an instrument, and produced whatever tone he thought proper from them. Thus, he always had a good *fiddle* in London, which he occasionally brought to our dining-house for the general entertainment.

We were in the habit of frequenting the Cannon coffeehouse, Charing Cross (kept by the uncle of Mr. Roberts, proprietor of of the royal hotel, Calais), where we had a box every day at the end of the room; and as, when Curran was free from professional cares, his universal language was that of wit, my high spirits never failed to prompt my performance of *Jackall* to the *Lion.* Two young gentlemen of the Irish bar were frequently of our party in 1796, and contributed to keep up the flow of wit, which, on Curran's part, was well-nigh miraculous. Gradually the ear and attention of the company were caught. Nobody knew us, and as if carelessly, the guests flocked round our box to listen. We perceived them, and increased our flights accordingly. Involuntarily, they joined in the laugh, and the more so when they saw it gave no offence. Day after day the number of our satellites increased—until the room, at five o'clock, was thronged to hear "the Irishmen." One or two days we went elsewhere; and on returning to "the Cannon," our host begged to speak a word with me at the bar. "Sir," said he, "I never had such a set of pleasant gentlemen in my house, and I hope you have received no offence." I replied, "Quite the contrary!"—"Why, sir," replied he, "as you did not come the last few days, the company fell off. Now, sir, I hope you and the other gentleman will excuse me if I remark that you will find an excellent dish of fish, and a roast turkey or joint, with any wine you please, hot on your table every day at five o'clock, while you stay in town; and, I must beg to add, *no charge*, gentlemen."

I reported to Curran, and we agreed to see it out. The landlord was as good as his word: the room was filled: we coined stories to tell each other, the lookers-on laughed almost to convulsions, and for some time we literally feasted. Having had our humor out, I desired a bill, which the landlord positively refused: however, we computed for ourselves, and sent him a £10 note enclosed in a letter, desiring him to give the balance to his waiters.

I do not think I was ever so amused in my life, as at that curious occurrence. One Irish templar alone recognised us, and we made him promise secrecy as to our names: I never saw him after.

An anecdote of a very different nature terminated one of our trips to London: I had long known that there existed what Curran called "a refined friendship" between him and a Miss H., at Spa and elsewhere. She was afterward a friend of Holman, the player, and finally married Major * * * an associate of Mr. Hastings. Curran asked me one day, if I was too squeamish to go and sup with a former *chere amie* of his who had pressed him to come that night, and permitted him to bring a companion. He told me who it was and I was quite pleased at the idea of knowing a person of whom I had heard so much in Ireland.

We were received with the greatest cordiality and politeness by Miss H.: another young lady and two children were in the room. Curran was most humorous and enlivening, and everything forboded a cheerful *petit soupé* when the lady told Curran she wished to speak a word to him in the next room. They accordingly withdrew. I was in conversation with the governess and children, when I heard a noise like the report of a small pistol, and Curran immediately rushed into the apartment—Miss H. marching majestically after him. He took no notice of me, but snatching up his hat, darted down stairs and into the street with the utmost expedition. I really conceived that she had fired at him; and feeling dubious as to my own probable fate (without a word passing) pounced upon my *chapeau*, and made after my friend in no small haste. I could not, however, open the street door, and therefore gave myself up for a murdered man, particularly on the bell ringing violently: but the revulsion of my feelings was quite heavenly when I heard Miss H.'s voice over the banister calling to her maid to "open the street door for the gentleman." I lost no time in making good my retreat, but did not see Curran again till next morning.

I had the greatest curiosity to know the cause of his sudden flight; upon which he told me, but without any symptom of wit or humor, that she was the most violent-tempered woman existing; that on their going into the *boudoir* together, she informed him that she was then considerably distressed for a sum of money for two or three months; and that as she had never been under any pecuniary obligation to him she would now ask one—namely, the loan of the sum she wanted, on her own note. Curran, who was particularly close, dreading the amount, anticipated her demand by hoping she did not suppose he could be so mean as to require her note for any little advance he might have it in his power to make; and was happy in handing her *half* the sum at his command in London; taking as he spoke a £10 note out of his pocket-book. "By heavens! Barrington," said Curran, "her look petrified me: she gazed for a moment at the note—tore it to atoms, muttering the word 'rascal!' and when I was preparing to make an apology, hit me plump on the side of the head, with a fist at least as strong as any porter's! I thought my brains were knocked out! did you not hear the crack?" inquired he. "To be sure I did," said I. "Did she say anything," continued he, "after I was gone away?"—"She *only* said," replied I, "that you were the greatest rascal existing" (hereat Curran trembled hugely) "and that she would next day find you out wherever you were, and expose you all over London as a villain and a seducer!"

Curran turned pale as ashes, made some excuse for leaving the room, and about dinner-time I found I had carried my joke too far; for I received a note stating that he was necessitated to start for Ireland directly on particular business, and would be off in the mail.

I never told him the truth, particularly since the lady was soon after married, as I have related, and had a noble establishment in London, and as I learned that Curran had found means to make his peace with the offended fair, at whose table he became a frequent guest.

Mrs. * * * afterward broke her neck by a fall down stairs; and some people averred that a flask or two of champagne had been playing tricks upon her She was most agreeable in her address and manner (her Amazonian paroxysms always excepted). The extraordinary length of her feet (which were like a pair of brackets) should have saved her from tumbling anywhere; while, if I could judge by report, it was miraculous how Curran's pegs preserved him on the perpendicular.

I remember once remarking to Curran how many men, though all willing, and some competent to work, were destitute of briefs at the Irish bar, yet contrived to make conspicuous (though not over-talented) figures in political and diplomatic situations. "Why, some," answered he, "thrive by the gift of common sense; others by the influence of their wives, and such like causes."

Lord Clancarty and Mr. Vesey Fitzgerald were two Irish barristers in whom I never could perceive the raw material for *embassadors*—yet none ever dropped their "Nisi Prius," with better effect. The former, though a friendly, honorable man, seemed particularly ill calculated to shine among the immortal carvers, who, at Vienna, cut up nations like dumplings, and served around people and kingdoms to the members of their company, with as little ceremony as if they had been dealing only with paste and raspberries.

Lord Clancarty's family were for a long period highly respected land proprietors in County Galway, and at the great cattle fair of Ballinasloe: but never were remarkable for any profusion of talent. His lordship's father, usually called Billy French, of Ballinasloe, was a nice dapper little man, wore tight clean leather breeches, and was very like the late Lord Clanwilliam, of amorous memory. He was extremely popular among all classes.

The present peer was called to the Irish bar. Most men are found to have some predominant quality when it is properly drawn forth: but, in sending Mr. French to the bar, his friends found (after a due noviciate) that they were endeavoring to extract the wrong commodity, and that his law would never furnish a sufficient *dépôt* to recruit his pocket. During the rebellion, however, I discovered that he was a most excellent sergeant of dragoons, in which capacity his lordship was my subaltern in the barristers' cavalry; and I have the satisfaction of reflecting, that a considerable portion of our rank and file were, in a very short time after the union, metamorphosed into embassadors, secretaries, judges, noblemen, bishops, and ministers! What a loss must the empire have sustained, if we had been all piked by the rebels! a result not very improbable, as I am apprehensive we should have proved rather helpless fellows in a general engagement with twenty or thirty thousand of those desperate gentry! in which case the whole kingdom of Ireland would have been left with scarcely sufficient professors of the art of litigation to keep that science (as well as the church and state) in preservation till new lawyers could be broke into the harness.

Curran took no part in those fierce military associations, and he was quite right. He was perfectly unadapted either to command or to obey; and as he must have done the one or the other, he managed much better by keeping out of the broil altogether; as he himself said to me, "If I were mounted on ever so good a charger, it is probable I should not stick ten minutes on his back in any kind of battle: and if my sword was ever so sharp, I should not be able to cut a rebel's head off, unless he promised to '*stand easy*' and in a good position for me."

Curran had ordered a new bar wig, and not liking the cut of it, he jestingly said to the peruke-maker, "Mr. Gahan, this wig will not answer me at all."

"How so, sir?" said Gahan: "it seems to fit."

"Ay," replied Curran, "but it is the very worst *speaking* wig I ever had. I can scarce utter one word of common law in it; and as for *equity*, it is totally out of the question."

"Well, sir," said Mr. Gahan, the wig-maker, with a serious face, "I hope it may be no loss to me. I dare say it will answer Counsellor Trench."

But Counsellor Trench would not take the wig. He said he could not *hear* a word in it. At length, it was sent by Gahan to Mr. Vesey Fitzgerald, who, having at that time no pressing occasion for either a speaking or hearing wig (in a professional way), and the wig fitting his head, he purchased it from Mr. Gahan, who sold it a bargain, on account of its bad character; though Curran afterward said, "he admitted that the wig had been grossly calumniated; for the very same head which Mr. Vesey Fitzgerald then put it on, was afterward stationed at the front of the Irish exchequer, where every one of the king's debtors and farmers were obliged to pay the wig-wearer some very handsome and *substantial* compliment! Mr. Fitzgerald not being necessitated either to hear or speak one word upon the occasion."

Chief-Justice Carleton was a very lugubrious personage. He never ceased complaining of his bad state of health (or rather of his hypochondriasm), and frequently introduced Lady Carleton into his "Book of Lamentations:" thence it was remarked by Curran to be very extraordinary, that the chief-justice should appear as plaintiff *(plaintive)* in every cause that happened to come before him.

One *Nisi-Prius* day, Lord Carleton came into court, looking unusually gloomy. He apologized to the bar for being necessitated to adjourn the court and dismiss the jury for that day, "though," proceeded his lordship, "I am aware that an important issue stands for trial; but, the fact is, I have met with a domestic misfortune, which has altogether deranged my nerves! Poor Lady Carleton (in a low tone to the bar) has most unfortunately *miscarried*, and———"

"Oh, then, my lord!" exclaimed Curran, "there was no necessity for your lordship to make any apology, since it now appears that your lordship has *no issue* to try."

The chief-justice faintly smiled, and thanked the bar for their consideration.

In 1812, Curran dined at my house in Brook street, London. He was very dejected; I did my utmost to rouse him—in vain. He leaned his face on his hand, and was long silent. He looked yellow, wrinkled, and livid; the dramatic fire had left his eye, the spirit of his wit had fled, his person was shrunken, and his whole demeanor miserable and distressing.

After a long pause, a dubious tear standing in his eye, he on a sudden exclaimed, with a sort of desperate composure, "Barrington, I am perishing! day by day I'm perishing! I feel it: you knew me when I *lived*—and you witness my annihilation." He was again silent.

I felt deeply for him. I saw that he spoke truth: reasoning would only have increased the malady, and I therefore tried another course—*bagatelle.* I jested with him, and reminded him of old anecdotes. He listened, gradually his attention was caught, and at length excited a smile; a laugh soon followed, a few glasses of wine brought him to his natural temperament, and Curran was himself for a great part of the evening. I saw, however, that he would soon relapse, and so it turned out; he began to talk to me about his family, and that very wildly. He had conceived some strange prejudices on this head, which I disputed with him, until I wearied of the subject.

We supped together, and he sat cheerful enough until I turned him into a coach, at one o'clock in the morning. I never saw him after, in London.

Mr. Curran had a younger brother, who was an attorney—very like him, but taller and better looking. This man had a good deal of his brother's humor, a little wit, and much satire; but his slang was infinite, and his conduct very dissolute. He was, in fact, what may be termed the best blackguard of his profession (and that was saying a great deal for him). My friend had justly excluded him from his house, but occasionally relieved his finances, until these calls became so importunate, that at length further compliance was refused.

"Sir," said the attorney to me, one day, "if you will speak to my brother, I am sure he'll give me something handsome before the week is out!" I assured him he was mistaken, whereupon he burst into a loud laugh!

There was a small space of dead wall, at that time, directly facing Curran's house, in Ely place, against which the attorney procured a written permission to build a little wooden box. He accordingly got a carpenter (one of his comrades) to erect a cobbler's stall there for him; and having assumed the dress of a Jobson, he wrote over his stall: "Curran, cobbler: Shoes toe-pieced, soled, or heeled, on the shortest notice.—When the stall is shut, inquire over the way."

Curran, on returning from court, perceived this worthy hard at work, with a parcel of chairmen lounging round him. The attorney just nodded to his brother—cried, "How do you do Jack?"—and went on with his employment

Curran immediately despatched a servant for the spendthrift, to whom having given some money, the showboard was taken down, the stall removed, and the attorney vowed that he would never set up again as a cobbler.

I never knew Curran express more unpleasant feelings than at a circumstance which really was too trivial to excite any such. But this was his humor: he generally thought more of trifles than of matters of importance, and worked himself up into most painful sensations upon subjects which should only have excited his laughter.

At the commencement of the peace he came to Paris, determined to get into French society, and thus be enabled to form a better idea of their habits and manners—a species of knowledge for which he quite languished. His parasites had told him that his fame had already preceded him even to the closet of Louis *le Désiré*. He accordingly procured letters of introduction from persons of high rank in England, who had foolishly lavished favors and fortunes on the Bourbons and their gang of emigrants, in general the most ungrateful (as time has demonstrated) of the human species, although it was then universally believed that they could not quite forget the series of kindnesses which had preserved them from starvation or massacre.

Among other letters, he had the honor of bearing one, couched in strong terms, from his royal highness the duke of Sussex to the Count d'Artois, now king of France, reinstated on the throne of his forefathers by the blood, the treasure, and the folly, of England.

"Now I am in the right line," said Curran, "introduced by a branch of one royal family to that of another: now I shall have full opportunity of forming my own opinion as to the sentiments of the old and new nobility of France, whereon I have been eternally though rather blindly arguing."

I was rather skeptical, and said: "I am disposed to think that you will argue more than ever when you get home again. If you want *sentiment*, I fancy Monsieur has very little of Sterne in his composition."

"Egad, I believe there is two of you!" retorted Curran; and away he went to the Tuileries, to enter his name and see Monsieur. Having left his card and letters of introduction (as desired), he waited ten days for an audience: Monsieur was occupied. A second entry was now made by Curran at the palace; and after ten days more, a third: but Monsieur was still busy. A fresh entry and card of P. P. C. had no better success. In my life I never saw Curran so chagrined. He had devised excuses for the arrogant prince two or three times, but this last instance of neglect quite overcame him, and in a few days he determined to return to Ireland without seeing the Count d'Artois or ascertaining the sentiments of the French nobility. He told his story to Mr. L——, a mutual friend of ours in Paris, who said it must be some omission of the Swiss porter.

"Certainly," said Curran, catching at this straw, "it must, no doubt!" and his opinion was speedily realized by the receipt of a note from Monsieur's aid-de-camp, stating that his royal highness would be glad to receive Mr. Curran at eight o'clock the following morning.

About nine o'clock he returned to the hotel, and all I could get from him in his wrath was, "D——n!" In fact, he looked absolutely miserable. "To think," said he at length, "of this fellow! He told me he always dined with his brother, and kept no establishment of his own; then bowed me out, by ——, as if I was an importunate dancing-master!"

"Wait till *the next revolution*, Curran," said I, "and then we'll be even with him!"

At this moment Mr. L—— came in, and with a most cheerful countenance said, "Well, Curran, I carried your point!"

"What point?" asked Curran.

"I knew it would take," pursued L——, smirking; "I told Monsieur's aid-de-camp that you felt quite hurt and miserable on account of Monsieur's having taken no notice of your letters or yourself, though you had paid him four visits; and that—"

"What do you say?" shouted Curran.

Upon L—— repeating his words with infinite glee, our disappointed friend burst out into a regular frenzy, slapped his face repeatedly, and walked about, exclaiming: "I'm disgraced!—I'm humbled in the eyes of that fellow!—I'm *miserable!*"

I apprehend he had experienced but little more civility from any of the restored gentry of the French emigrants, to several of whom he brought letters, and I am sure had he received any invitation from them I must have heard of it. I fancy that a glass of *eau sucré* was the very extent of the practical hospitality he experienced from *Messieurs les émigrés,* who, if I might judge by their jaws and cravats, of the quantity and quality of their food, and of their credit with washerwomen, were by no means in as flourishing a state as when they lived on our benevolence.

There is much of the life of this celebrated man* omitted by those who have attempted to write it. Even his son could have known but little of him, as he was not born at the time his father's glories had attained their zenith. Before he became the biographer of his celebrated parent, Mr. Curran would have done well to inquire who had been that parent's decided friends, and who his invidious enemies; who supported him when his fame was tottering, and who assailed him when he was incapable of resistance: if he had used this laudable discretion, he would probably have learned how to eulogize and how to censure with more justice and discrimination.

No gentleman of our day knew Mr. Curran more intimately than myself, although our natural propensities were in many points quite uncongenial. His vanity too frequently misled his judgment, and he thought himself surrounded by a crowd of friends, when he was encompassed by a set of vulgar flatterers; he looked quite carelessly at the distinctions of society, and in consequence ours was not generally of the same class, and our intercourse more frequently at my house than at his. But he could adapt himself to all ranks, and was equally at home at Merrion square or at the Priory.

The celebrity of Curran's life, and the obscurity of his death—the height of his eminence, and the depth of his depression—the extent of his talents, and the humiliation of his imbecility—exhibited the greatest and most singular contrasts I ever knew among the host of public characters with whom I so long associated.

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* Curran died, I believe, at Brompton, and was buried in Paddington churchyard; but I am ignorant whether or not a stone marks the spot.

At the bar I never saw an orator so capable of producing those irresistible transitions of effect which form the true criterion of forensic eloquence. But latterly, no man became more capable, in private society, of exciting drowsiness by prosing, or disgust by grossness: such are the inconsistent materials of humanity.*

I should not allude here to a painful subject as respects the late Mr. Curran, had it not been so commonly spoken of, and so prominent an agent in his ulterior misfortunes: I mean that unlucky suit of his against the Rev. Mr. Sandes. I endeavored as much as possible to dissuade him from commencing that action, having reason to feel convinced that it must terminate in his discomfiture; but he was obdurate, and had bitter cause to lament his obduracy. I did my utmost also to dissuade him from his unfortunate difference with Mr. Ponsonby. I told him (as I firmly believed) that he was *wrong*, or at all events *imprudent*, and that his reputation could bear no more trifling with: but he did not credit me, and that blow felled him to the earth!

THE LAW OF LIBEL.

Observations on the Law of Libel, particularly in Ireland—"Hoy's Mercury"—Messrs. Van Trump and Epaphroditus Dodridge—Former Leniency regarding Cases of Libel contrasted with recent Severity—Lord Clonmell and the Irish Bar—Mr. Magee, of the "Dublin Evening Post"—Festivities on "Fiat Hill"—Theophilus Swift and his two Sons—His Duel with the Duke of Richmond—The "Monster"—Swift libels the Fellows of Dublin University—His Curious Trial—Contrast between the English and Irish Bars—Mr. James Fitzgerald—Swift is found guilty, and sentenced to Newgate—Dr. Burrows, one of the Fellows, afterward libels Mr. Swift, and is convicted—Both confined in the same Apartment at Newgate.

In the early part of my life, the Irish press, though supposed to be under due restraint, was in fact quite uncontrolled. From the time of Dean Swift, and Draper's Letters, its freedom has increased at intervals, not only as to public, but private subjects. This was attributable to several curious causes, which combined to render the law of libel, although stronger in theory, vastly feebler in practice, than at the present day; and whoever takes the trouble of looking into the Irish newspapers about the commencement of the American Revolution, and in 1782, will find therein some of the boldest writing and ablest *libels* in the English language. "Junius" was the pivot on which the liberty of the press at one moment vibrated: liberty was triumphant; but if that precedent were to prevail to the same extent, I am not sure it did not achieve too much.

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* It is very singular that one of the most accomplished men, the most eloquent barristers, and best lawyers, I ever knew (a cousin-german of Lord Donoughmore), fell latterly, though at an early age, into a state of total imbecility—became utterly regardless of himself, of society, and of the world—and lived long enough to render his death a mercy!

The law of libel in England, however railed at, appears to me upon the freest footing that private or public security can possibly admit. The press is not encumbered by any *previous* restraints. Any man may write, print, and publish, whatever he pleases; and none but his own peers and equals, in two distinct capacities, can declare his culpability, or enable the law to punish him as a criminal for a breach of it. I can not conceive what greater liberty or protection the press can require, or ought to enjoy. If a man voluntarily commits an offence against the law of libel with his eyes open, it is only fair that he should abide by the statute that punishes him for doing so. Despotic governments employ a previous censorship, in order to cloak their crimes and establish their tyranny. England, on the other hand, appoints independent judges and sworn jurors to defend her liberties; and hence is confirmed to the press a wholesome latitude of full and fair discussion on every public man and measure.

The law of libel in Ireland was formerly very loose and badly understood, and the courts there had no particular propensity for multiplying legal difficulties on ticklish subjects.

The judges were then dependent, a circumstance which might have partially accounted for such causes being less frequent than in later times; but another reason, more extensively operating, was, that in those days men who were libelled generally took the law into their own hands, and eased the king's bench of great trouble by the substitution of a small-sword for a declaration, or a case of pistols for a judgment: and these same articles certainly formed a greater check upon the propagation of libels than the twelve judges and thirty-six jurors altogether at the present day, and gave rise to a code of laws very different from those we call municipal. A third consideration is, that scolding-matches and disputes among soldiers were then never made matters of legal inquiry. Military officers are now, by statute, held unfit to remain such if they fight one another, while formerly they were thought unfit to remain in the army if they did not: formerly they were bound to fight in person; now they can fight by proxy, and in Ireland may lure champions to contest the matter for them every day in the week (Sunday excepted), and so decide their quarrels without the least danger or one drop of bloodshed! A few able lawyers, armed with paper and parchment, will fight for them all day long, and, if necessary, all night likewise; and that, probably, for only as much recompense as may be sufficient to provide a handsome entertainment to some of the spectators and to their pioneer attorney, who is generally bottle-holder on these occasions.

Another curious anomaly is become obvious. If *lawyers* now refuse to pistol each other, they may be scouted out of society, though duelling is *against* the *law!* but if military officers take a shot at each other, they may be dismissed from the army, though fighting is the essence and object of their profession: so that a civilian, by the new lights of society, changes places with the soldier; the soldier is bound to be peaceable, and the civilian is forced to be pugnacious—*cedent arma togæ.* It is curious to conjecture what our next metamorphosis may be.

The first publication which gave rise (so far as I can remember) to decided measures for restraining the Irish press, was a newspaper called "Hoy's Mercury," published nearly fifty years ago by Mr. Peter Hoy, a printer, in Parliament street, whom I saw some time since in his shop, on Ormond quay, in good health, and who voted for me on the Dublin election of 1803.

In this newspaper, Mr. Hoy brought forward two fictitious characters—one called Van Trump, the other Epaphroditus Dodridge. These he represented as standing together in one of the most public promenades of the Irish capital; and the one, on describing the appearance, features, and dress of each passer-by, and asking his companion "who that was?" received, in reply, a full account of the individual to such a degree of accuracy as to leave no doubt respecting identity—particularly in a place so contracted as (comparatively speaking) Dublin then was. In this way, as much libellous matter was disseminated as would now send a publisher to jail for half his life; and the affair was so warmly and generally taken up, that the lawyers were set to work, Peter Hoy sadly terrified, and Van Trump and Epaphroditus Dodridge banished from that worthy person's newspaper.

But the most remarkable observation is, that as soon as the Irish judges were, in 1782, made by statute independent of the crown, the law of libel became more strictly construed, and the libellers more severely punished. This can only be accounted for by supposing that, while dependent, the judges felt that any particular rigor might be attributed, in certain instances, less to their justice than to their policy; and, being thus sensitive, especially in regard to crown cases, they were chary of pushing the enactments to their full scope. After the provision which rendered them independent of the ruling powers, this delicacy became needless: but, nevertheless, a candid judge will always bear in mind that austerity is no necessary attribute of justice, which is always more efficient in its operation when tempered with mercy. The unsalutary harshness of our penal code has become notorious. True, it is not acted up to; and this is only another modification of the evil, since it tempts almost every culprit to anticipate his own escape. On the continent it is different. There, the punishment which the law provides is *certainly* inflicted: and the consequence is, that in France there is not above *one* capital conviction to any *twenty* in England.

The late Lord Clonmell's* heart was nearly broken by vexations connected with his public functions. He had been in the habit of holding parties to excessive bail in libel cases on his own fiat, which method of proceeding was at length regularly challenged and brought forward; and the matter being discussed with asperity in parliament, his lordship was, to his great mortification, restrained from pursuing such a course for the future.

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* His lordship's only son (married to a daughter of the marquis of Salisbury) is now a total absentee, and exhibits another lamentable proof that

He had in the court of king's bench used rough language toward Mr. Hackett, a gentleman of the bar, the members of which profession considered themselves as all assailed in the person of a brother barrister. A general meeting was therefore called by the father of the bar; a severe condemnation of his lordship's conduct voted, with only one dissentient voice; and an unprecedented resolution entered into, that "until his lordship publicly apologized no barrister would either take a brief, appear in the king's bench, or sign any pleadings for that court."

This experiment was actually tried: the judges sat but no counsel appeared; no cause was prepared, the attorneys all vanished, and their lordships had the court to themselves. There was no alternative; and next day, Lord Clonmell published a very ample apology, by advertisement in the newspapers, and, with excellent address, made it appear as if written on the evening of the offence, and therefore voluntary.*

This nobleman had built a beautiful house near Dublin, and

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the children even of men who rose to wealth and title by the favors of the Irish people feel disgusted, and renounce for ever that country to which they are indebted for their bread and their elevation!

* An occurrence somewhat of the same nature took place at no very great distance of time, at Maryborough assizes, between Mr. Daley a judge of the Irish court of king's bench, and Mr. W. Johnson, now judge of the common pleas in that country.

Mr. Daley spoke of committing Mr. Johnson for being rude to him, but, unfortunately, he committed himself! A meeting was called, at which I was requested to attend, but I declined. I was afterward informed, that my refusal had (very unjustly) given offence to both parties. The fact is, that, entertaining no very high opinion of the placability of either, I did not choose to interfere, and so unluckily replied, that "they might *fight dog, fight bear*—I would give no opinion about the matter."

One of the few things I ever forgot is, the way in which that affair terminated: it made little impression on me at the time, and so my memory rejected it.

walled in a deer park, to operate medicinally, by inducing him to use more exercise than he otherwise would take. Mr. Magee, printer of the Dublin Evening Post (who was what they call a little cracked, but very acute), one of the men whom his lordship had held to excessive bail, had never forgiven it, and purchased a lot of ground under my lord's windows, which he called "Fiat Hill:" there he entertained the populace of Dublin, once a week, with various droll exhibitions and sports: such, for instance, as asses dressed up with wigs and scarlet robes; dancing-dogs, in gowns, and wigs, as barristers; soaped pigs, &c. The assemblies, although productive of the greatest annoyance to his lordship, were not sufficiently riotous to be termed a public nuisance, being solely confined to Magee's own field, which his lordship, had unfortunately omitted to purchase when he built his house.

The earl, however, expected at length to be clear of his tormentors' feats—at least for a while; as Magee was found guilty on a charge of libel, and Lord Clonmell would have no qualms of conscience in giving *justice* full scope by keeping him under the eye of the marshal, and consequently an absentee from "Fiat Hill," for a good space of time.

Magee was brought up for judgment, and pleaded himself, in mitigation, that he was ignorant of the publication. not having been in Dublin when the libel appeared; which fact, he added, Lord Clonmell well knew. He had been, indeed, entertaining the citizens under the earl's windows, and saw his lordship peeping out from the side of one of them the whole of that day; and the next day he had overtaken his lordship riding into town. "And by the same token," continued Magee, "your lordship was riding *cheek by jowl* with your own brother Matthias Scott, the tallowchandler,* from Waterford, and audibly discussing the price of fat, at the very moment I passed you."

There was no standing this: a general laugh was inevitable;

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* Lord Clonmell and Matthias Scott vied with each other which had the largest and most hanging pair of cheeks—vulgarly called *jowls*. His lordship's chin was a treble one, while Matthias's was but doubled; but then it was broader and hung deeper than his brother's.

and his lordship, with that address for which he was so remarkable (affecting to commune a moment with his brother judges), said, "It was obvious from the poor man's manner, that he was not just then in a state to receive definite judgment; that the paroxysm should be permitted to subside before any sentence could be properly pronounced. For the present, therefore, he should only be given into the care of the marshal, till it was ascertained how far the state of his intellect should regulate the court in pronouncing its judgment." The marshal saw the crisis, and hurried away Magee before he had further opportunity of incensing the chief justice.

Theophilus Swift, who, though an Irishman, practised at the English bar, gave rise to one of the most curious libel cases that ever occurred in Ireland, and which involved a point of very great interest and importance.

Theophilus had two sons. In point of figure, temper, disposition, and propensities, no two brothers in the whole kingdom were so dissimilar. Dean Swift, the elder, was tall, thin, and gentlemanly, but withal an unqualified reformer and revolutionist: the second, Edmond, was broad, squat, rough, and as fanatical an ultra-royalist as the king's dominions afforded. Both were clever men in their way.

The father was a freethinker in every respect: fond of his sons, although materially different from either, but agreeing with the younger in being a professed and extravagant loyalist. He was bald-headed, pale, slender, and active, with gray eyes, and a considerable squint: an excellent classic scholar, and versed likewise in modern literature and belles-lettres. In short, Theophilus Swift laid claim to the title of a sincere, kind-hearted man; but was, at the same time, the most visionary of created beings. He saw everything whimsically —many things erroneously—and nothing like another person. Eternally in motion—either talking, writing, fighting or whatever occupation came uppermost, he never remained idle one second while awake, and I really believe was busily employed even in his slumbers.

His sons, of course, adopted entirely different pursuits; and, though affectionate brothers, *agreed* in nothing save a love for each other, and attachment to their father. They were both writers, and good ones; both speakers, and bad ones.

Military etiquette was formerly very conspicuous on some occasions. I well recollect when a man bearing the king's commission was considered as bound to fight anybody and everybody that gave him the invitation. When the duke of York was pleased to exchange shots with Colonel Lennox (afterward duke of Richmond), it was considered by our friend Theophilus as a personal offence to every gentleman in England, civil or military; and he held that every man who loved the reigning family should challenge Colonel Lennox, until somebody turned up who was good marksman enough to penetrate the colonel, and thus punish his presumption.

Following up his speculative notions, Mr. Swift actually challenged Colonel Lennox for having the arrogance to fire at the king's son. The colonel had never seen or even heard of his antagonist; but learning that he was a barrister and a gentleman, he considered that, as a military man, he was bound to fight him as long as he thought proper. The result, therefore, was a meeting; and Colonel Lennox shot my friend Theophilus clean through the carcass, so that, as Sir Callaghan says, "he made his body shine through the sun!" Swift, according to all precedents on such occasions, first staggered, then fell—was carried home, and given over—made his will, and bequeathed the duke of York a gold snuff-box! However, he recovered so completely, that when the duke of Richmond went to Ireland as lord-lieutenant, I (to my surprise) saw Swift at his grace's first levée, most anxious for the introduction. His turn came; and without ceremony he said to the duke, by way of a pun, that "the last time he had the honor of waiting on his grace, as Colonel Lennox, he received better entertainment—for that his grace had given him a ball!"

"True," said the duke, smiling; "and now that I am lord-lieutenant, the least I can do is to give you a brace of them." and in due time, he sent Swift two special invitations to the balls, to make these terms consistent with his excellency's compliments.

Swift, as will hence be inferred, was a romantic personage

In fact, he showed the most decisive determination not to die in obscurity, by whatever means his celebrity might be acquired.

A savage, justly termed *the monster*, had, during Swift's career at the bar, practised the most horrid and mysterious crime we have yet heard of—that of stabbing women indiscriminately in the street—deliberately and without cause! He was at length taken and ordered for trial: but so odious and detestable was his crime, that not a gentleman of the bar would act as his advocate. This was enough to induce Swift to accept the office. He argued truly that every man must be presumed innocent till by legal proof he appears to be guilty, and that there was no reason why "the monster" should be excepted from the general rule, or that actual guilt should be presumed on the charge against him more than any other charge against any other person; that prejudice was a *prima facie* injustice, and that the crime of stabbing a lady with a weapon which was only calculated to wound, could not be *greater* than that of stabbing her to the heart, and destroying her on the instant; that if the charge had been cutting the lady's throat, he would have had his choice of advocates. He spoke and published his defence of the monster, who, however, was found guilty, and not half punished for his atrocity.

Theophilus had a competent private fortune; but as such men as he must somehow be always dabbling in what is called in Ireland "a bit of a lawsuit," a large percentage of his rents never failed to get into the pockets of the attorneys and counsellors; and after he had recovered from the duke of Richmond's perforation, and "the monster" had been incarcerated, he determined to change his site, settle in his native country, and place his second son in the university of Dublin.

Suffice it to say that he soon commenced a fracas with *all* the fellows of the university, on account of their "not doing justice somehow," as he said, "to the cleverest lad in Ireland!"—and, according to his usual habit, he determined at once to punish several of the offenders by penmanship, and regenerate the great university of Ireland by a powerful, pointed, personal, and undisguised libel against its fellows.

Theophilus was not without some plausible grounds to work upon; but he never considered that a printed libel did not admit of any legal justification. He at once put half a dozen of the fellows *hors de société*, by proclaiming them to be perjurers, profligates, impostors, &c., &c.; and printed, published, and circulated this his *eulogium* with all the activity and zeal which belonged to his nature, working hard to give it a greater circulation than almost any libel published in Ireland—and that is saying a great deal!—but the main tenor of his charge was a most serious imputation and a very home one.

By the statutes of the Irish university, strict celibacy is required; and Mr. Swift stated that "the fellows of that university, being also clergymen, had sworn on the Holy Evangelists that they would strictly obey and keep sacred these statutes of the university, in manner, form, letter, and spirit, as enjoined by their charter from the virgin queen. But that, notwithstanding such their solemn oath, several of these clergymen, flying in the face of the Holy Evangelists and of Queen Elizabeth, and forgetful of morality, religion, common decency, and good example, had actually taken to themselves each one woman (at least), who went by the name of *Miss Such-a-one*, but who in fact had, in many instances, undergone, or was supposed to have undergone, the ceremony and consummation of marriage with such and such a perjured fellow and parson of Dublin university: and that those who had not so married, had done worse! and that thereby they all had so perjured themselves and held out so vicious a precedent to youth, that he was obliged to take away his son, for fear of contamination," &c., &c.

It is easy to conceive that this publication, from the pen of a very gentlemanly, well-educated barrister, who had defended "the monster" at the bar, and the duke of York in Hyde park, and showed himself ready and willing to write or fight with any man or body of men in Ireland, naturally made no small bustle and fuss among a portion of the university men. Those who had kept out of the scrape were not reported to be in any state of deep mourning on the subject, as their *piety* was the more conspicuous; and it could not hurt the feelings of either of them to reflect that he might possibly get a step in his promotion, on account of the defection of those seniors whose hearts might be broken, or removal made necessary, by the never-ending perseverance of this tremendous barrister, who had christened his son *Dean* Swift, that he might appear a relative of that famous churchman, the patron and idol of the Irish people.

The gentlemen of the long robe were, of course, delighted with the occurrence: they had not for a long time met with so full and fair an opportunity of expending every sentence of their wit, eloquence, law, and logic, as in taking part in this celebrated controversy. I was greatly rejoiced at finding on my table a retainer against the fellows and parsons of Trinity college, whom I had always considered as a narrow-minded and untalented body of men, getting from one thousand to fifteen hundred pounds a year each for teaching several hundred students how to remain ignorant of most of those acquirements that a well-educated gentleman ought to be master of. It is true the students had a fair chance of becoming good Latin scholars, of gaining a little Greek and Hebrew, and of understanding several books of Euclid, with three or four chapters of Locke on the Human Understanding, and a sixpenny treatise on logic, written by a very good divine (one of the body), to prove clearly that sophistry is superior to reason.* This being my opinion of them, I felt no qualms of conscience in undertaking the defence of Theophilus Swift, Esq., though most undoubtedly a libeller. It is only necessary to say that Lord Clonmell, who had been (I believe) a sizer himself in that university, and in truth all the judges (and with good reason), felt indignant at Theophilus Swift's so violently assailing and disgracing, in the face of the empire, the only university in Ireland—thus attacking the clergy, though he defended a "monster."

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* Nothing can so completely stamp the character of the university of Dublin as their suppression of the only school of eloquence in Ireland—"The Historical Society"—a school from which arose some of the most distinguished, able, and estimable characters that ever appeared in the forum, or in the parliament of Ireland. This step was what the blundering Irish would call "advancing backward."

An information was in due form granted against Theophilus, and, as he could neither deny the fact nor plead a justification to the libel, of course we had but a bad case of it. But the worse the case, the harder an Irish barrister always worked to make it appear a good one. I beg here to observe that the Irish bar were never so decorous and mild at that time as to give up their briefs in desperate cases, as I have seen done in England—politely to save (as asserted) public time, and conciliate their lordships: thus sending their clients out of court, because they *thought* they were not *defensible*. On the contrary, as I have said, the worse the case intrusted to an Irish barrister, the more zealously did he labor and fight for his client. If he thought it *indefensible*, why take a fee? But his motto was, "While there is life, there is hope." During the speeches of these resolute advocates, powder and perspiration mingled in cordial streams adown their writhing features; their mouths, ornamented at each corner with generous froth, threw out half a dozen arguments, with tropes and syllogisms to match, while English gentlemen would have been cautiously pronouncing one monosyllable, and considering most discreetly what the next should be. In short, they always stuck to their cause to the last gasp!—and it may appear fabulous to a steady, regular English expounder of the law, that I have repeatedly seen a cause which the bar, the bench, and the jury, seemed to think was irrecoverably lost—after a few hours' rubbing and puffing (like the exertions of the Humane Society), brought into a state of restored animation; and, after another hour or two of cross-examination and perseverance, the judges and jury have changed their impressions, and sent home the cause quite alive in the pockets of the owner and lawful solicitor.

In making these observations, I can not but mention a gentleman then at the very head of the bar, as prime-sergeant of Ireland—Mr. James Fitzgerald. I knew him long in great practice, and never saw him give up one case while it had a single point to rest upon, or he a puff of breath left to defend it; nor did I ever see any barrister succeed, either in the whole or partially, in so many cases out of a given number, as

Mr. Fitzgerald: and I can venture to say (at least to think) that if the Right Honorable James Fitzgerald had been sent to Stockholm in the place of the Right Honorable Vesey Fitzgerald, his *cher garçon*, he would have worked Bernadotte to the stumps, merely by treating him just as if he were a motion in the court of exchequer. There was no treaty which the government of England might have ordered him to *insist* upon, that he would not have carried, at all events in a degree.

This is a digression: but having been accustomed, for near forty years, to express my regard for that gentleman, and as this is probably the last time I shall ever have an opportunity of doing so, I was determined, in my "last speech," not to be forgetful of my old, and, I really believe, sincere friend.

And now, reader! (I have in my preface stated my objections to the epithet *gentle*), we will go back to Theophilus Swift, and the college, and the king's bench. The trial at length came on, and there were decidedly more parsons present than I believe ever appeared in any court of justice of the same dimensions. The court set out full gallop against us: nevertheless, we worked on—twice twelve judges could not have stopped us! I examined the most learned man of the whole university, Dr. Barret—a little, greasy, shabby, croaking, round-faced, vice-provost: he knew of nothing on earth, save books and guineas; never went out, held but little intercourse with men, and none at all with women. I worked at him unsuccessfully for more than an hour; not one decisive sentence could I get him to pronounce. At length he grew quite tired of me, and I thought to conciliate him by telling him that his father had christened me. "Indeed!" exclaimed he; "oh! I did not know you were a Christian!" At this unexpected repartee, the laugh was so strong against me, that I found myself muzzled. My colleagues worked as hard as I; but a seventy-horse power could not have moved the court. It was, however, universally admitted that there was but one little point against us out of a hundred which the other side had urged: that point, too, had only three letters in it, yet it upset all our arguments: that talismanic word "law" was more powerful than two speeches of five hours each; and, by the unanimous concurrence of the court and jury, Theophilus Swift was found guilty of writing, publishing, and undoubtedly *proving*, that certain persons, fellows of Dublin university, had been living (conjugally) with certain persons of an entirely different sex: and, in consequence, he was sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment in his majesty's jail of Newgate, where he took up his residence with nearly two hundred and forty felons and handy pickpockets.

My poor visionary friend was in a sad state of depression: but Heaven had a banquet in store for him which more than counterbalanced all his discomfitures—an incident that I really think even the oracle of Delphos never would have thought of predicting.

The Rev. Dr. Burrows was, of all the most inveterate enemy and active prosecutor of my friend Theophilus. He was one of those who, in despite of God and Queen Elizabeth, had fallen in love, and indulged his concupiscence by uniting his fortunes and person with the object of it—and thereby got within the circle of Swift's anti-moralists. This reverend person determined to make the public hate Theophilus, if possible, as much as he did himself; and forgetting in his zeal the doctrine of libel, and the precedent which he had himself just helped to establish, set about to slay the slayer, and write a *quietus* for Theophilus Swift (as he supposed) during the rest of his days! Thus, hugging himself in all the luxury of complete revenge on a fallen foe, Dr. Burrows produced a libel at least as unjustifiable against the prisoner as the prisoner had promulgated against him: and having printed, published, and circulated the same, his reverence and madam conceived they had executed full justice on the enemy of marriage and the clergy. But alas! they reckoned without their host. No sooner had I received a copy of this redoubtable pamphlet, than I hastened to my friend Theophilus, whom, from a state of despondency and unhappiness, I had the pleasure in half an hour of seeing at least as happy and more pleased than any king in Europe. It is unnecessary to say more than that I recommended an immediate prosecution of the Rev. Dr. Burrows, for a false, gross, and malicious libel against Theophilus

Swift, Esq. Never was any prosecution better founded, or more clearly and effectually supported; and it took complete effect. The reverend prosecutor, now culprit in his turn, was sentenced to one half of Swift's term of imprisonment, and sent off to the same jail.

The learned fellows were astounded; the university so far disgraced; and Theophilus Swift immediately published both trials, with observations, notes, critical, and historical, &c.

But, alas! the mortification of the reverend fellow did not end here. On arriving at Newgate (as the governor informed me) the doctor desired a room as high up as could be had that he might not be disturbed while remaining in that mansion. The governor informed him, with great regret, that he had not even a pigeon-hole in the jail unoccupied at the time, there being two hundred and forty prisoners, chiefly pickpockets, many of whom were waiting to be transported; and that, till these were got rid of, he had no private room that would answer his reverence: but there was a very neat and good chamber in which were only two beds; one occupied by a respectable and polite gentleman; and if the doctor could manage in this way meanwhile, he might depend on a preference the moment there should be a vacancy. Necessity has no law; and the doctor, forced to acquiesce, desired to be shown to the chamber. On entering, the gentleman and he exchanged bows; but in a moment both started involuntarily at sight of each other. On one was to be seen the suppressed smile of mental triumph, and on the other the grin of mortification.

But Swift (naturally the *pink* of politeness) gave no reason for an increase of the doctor's chagrin. As the sunbeams put out a fire, so did a sense of his folly flash so strong upon the doctor's reason, that it extinguished the blaze of his anger; and the governor having left them, in a short time an *eclaircissement* took place between these two fellow-lodgers in a room fourteen feet by twelve! I afterward learned that they jogged on very well together till the expiration of their sentences, and I never heard of any libel published by either the doctor or Swift afterward.

PULPIT, BAR, AND PARLIAMENTARY ELOQUENCE.

Biographical and Characteristic Sketch of Dean Kirwan—His Extraordinary Eloquence—The Peculiar Powers of Sheridan, Curran, and Grattan Contrasted—Observations on Pulpit, Bar, and Parliamentary Oratory.

A COMPARATIVE scale of the talents of the celebrated men of my day I have frequently attempted, but never with success. Though I knew most of them in both private and public, my mind could never settle itself to any permanent opinion on so complicated a subject. Nevertheless, I quite agree with the maxim of Pope, that "the noblest study of mankind is man!" and, consequently, the analysis of human character has ever formed one of my greatest amusements, though all endeavors to reduce my observation to a system have proved decidedly idle. Hence, I have at times grown out of humor with the science altogether, and made up my mind that there never was a more unprofitable occupation than that of determining a public character while the individual still lived. It is only after the grave has closed on men, when they can change no more, and their mortal acts are for ever terminated, that their respective natures become truly developed. This is a reflection that must surely force itself upon the mind and heart of every observant man.

The depressions of adversity generally leave the ostensible character pretty much as it appeared originally, save that it occasionally throws out either abjectness or fortitude, and that talent is sometimes elicited in a greater proportion than the sufferer was imagined to possess. But I have always seen high prosperity the true and almost infallible touchstone: and since I have had leisure to observe the world, its effects upon my fellow-countrymen have proved more remarkable than upon the people of any other country; and indeed, in many instances, thoroughly ridiculous.

Eloquence, a first rate quality in my scale, is that for which the Irish *were* eminently celebrated. But the exercise of this gift depends on so many accidental circumstances, and is withal so much regulated by fashion, that its decline is scarcely surprising. So few possess it, indeed, that it has become the interest of the only body in Ireland accustomed to extempore public speaking (the bar), to undervalue and throw it into the back-ground, which they have effectually succeeded in doing. A dull fellow can cry "come to the point!" as well as the most eloquent declaimer.

Pulpit eloquence is, in my opinion, by far the most important of any; the interest in which it is enlisted is, or ought to be, tremendously absorbing; and, in consequence, it is deserving of the highest and most persevering cultivation. Yet, what is the fact?—unless we resort to the temples of sectarianism, and run a risk of being annoyed by vulgarity and fanaticism, we have little or no chance of meeting with a preacher who seems *in earnest*. Polemical controversy may be carried on between hireling priests without the least tincture of hearty zeal, and bishops may think it quite sufficient to leave the social duties and cardinal virtues to work their way by force of their own intrinsic merits; yet these are the points whereon a really eloquent and zealous minister might rouse the attention of his hearers to effectual purpose, and succeed in detaching them from methodistical cant and rant, which, at present (merely in consequence of apparent heartiness and a semblance of inspiration), draw away both old and young—both sensible and illiterate—from the tribe of cold metaphysical expositors who affect to illustrate the Christian tenets in our parochial congregations.

Nothing can better exemplify the latter observations than a circumstance connected with the island of Guernsey. There are seven protestant churches in that island, where the usual service is gone through in the usual manner. A parcel of methodists, however, professed themselves discontented with our litany, established a different form of worship, and set up a meeting-house of their own, giving out that they could save *two* souls for every *one* that a common protestant parson could manage. In due time they inveigled a set of fanatic persons to form a *singing-choir*, which employed itself in chanting from morning till night; every girl who wanted to put her voice in tune being brought by her mother to sing psalms with the methodists. This vocal bait, indeed, took admirably, and, in a short time, the congregations of the seven churches might have been well accommodated in one. On the other hand, although the meeting-house was enlarged, its portals even were thronged on every occasion, multitudes both inside and out all squalling away to the very stretch of their voices.

The dean and clergy perceiving clearly that singing had beaten praying out of the field, made a due representation to the bishop of Winchester, and requested the instructions of that right reverend dignitary, how to bring back the wayward flock to their natural folds and shepherds. The bishop replied, that as the desertion appeared to be in consequence of the charms of melody, the remedy was plain—namely, to get *better singers* than the methodists, and to sing better tunes; in which case the protestant churches would, no doubt, soon recover every one of their parishioners.

Not having, for many years heard a sermon in Ireland, I am not aware of the precise state of its pulpit oratory at present. But of this I am quite sure: that politics and controversy are not the true attributes of Christian worship, and that whenever they are made the topic of spiritual discourse, the whole congregation would be justified in dozing.

I have heard many parsons *attempt* eloquence, but very few of them, in my idea, succeeded. The present archbishop of Dublin worked hard for the prize, and a good number of the fellows of Dublin college tried their tongues to little purpose: in truth, the preaching of one minister rendered me extremely fastidious respecting eloquence from the pulpit.

This individual was Dean Kirwan (now no more), who pronounced the most impressive orations I ever heard from the members of any profession at any era. It is true, he spoke for *effect*, and therefore directed his flow of eloquence according to its apparent influence. I have listened to this man actually with astonishment. He was a gentleman by birth, had been educated as a Roman catholic priest, and officiated some time in Ireland in that capacity, but afterward conformed to the protestant church, and was received *ad eundem.* His extraordinary powers soon brought him into notice, and he was promoted by Lord Westmoreland to a living; afterward became a dean, and would, most probably, have been a bishop; but he had an intractable turn of mind, entirely repugnant to the usual means of acquiring high preferment. It was much to be lamented, that the independence of principle and action which he certainly possessed was not accompanied by any reputation for philanthropic qualities. His justly high opinion of himself seemed (unjustly) to overwhelm every other consideration.

Dr. Kirwan's figure, and particularly his countenance, were not prepossessing; there was an air of discontent in his looks, and a sharpness in his features, which, in the aggregate, amounted to something not distant from repulsion. His manner of preaching was of the French school: he was vehement for a while, and then, becoming (or affecting to become) exhausted, he held his handkerchief to his face: a dead silence ensued—he had skill to perceive the precise moment to recommence—another blaze of declamation burst upon the congregation, and another fit of exhaustion was succeeded by another pause. The men began to wonder at his eloquence, the women grew nervous at his denunciations. His tact rivalled his talent, and at the conclusion of one of his finest sentences, a "celestial exhaustion," as I heard a lady call it, not unfrequently terminated his discourse—in general, abruptly. If the subject was charity, every purse was laid largely under contribution. In the church of St. Peter's, where he preached an annual charity sermon, the usual collection, which had been under £200, was raised by the dean to £1,100. I knew a gentleman myself, who threw both his purse and watch into the plate!

Yet the oratory of this celebrated preacher would have answered in no other profession than his own, and served to complete my idea of the true distinction between pulpit, bar, and parliamentary eloquence. Kirwan in the pulpit, Curran at the bar, and Sheridan in the senate, were the three most effective orators I ever recollect, in their respective departments.

Kirwan's talents seemed to me to be limited entirely to elocution. I had much intercourse with him at the house of Mr.

Hely, of Tooke's court. While residing in Dublin, I met him at a variety of places, and my overwrought expectations, in fact, were a good deal disappointed. His style of address had nothing engaging in it; nothing either dignified or graceful. In his conversation there was neither sameness nor variety; ignorance nor information; and yet, somehow or other, he avoided insipidity. His *amour propre* was the most prominent of his superficial qualities; and a bold, manly independence of mind and feeling, the most obvious of his deeper ones. I believe he was a good man, if he could not be termed a very amiable one; and learned, although niggardly in communicating what he knew.

I have remarked thus at large upon Dean Kirwan, because he was by far the most eloquent and effective pulpit orator I ever heard, and because I never met any man whose character I felt myself more at a loss accurately to pronounce upon. It has been said that his sermons were adroitly extracted from passages in the celebrated discourses of Saurin, the Huguenot, who preached at the Hague (grandfather to the late attorney-general of Ireland). It may be so; and in that case all I can say is, that Kirwan was a most judicious selector, and that I doubt if the eloquent writer made a hundredth part of the impression of his eloquent plagiarist.

I should myself be the plagiarist of a hundred writers, if I attempted to descant upon the parliamentary eloquence of Sheridan. It only seems necessary to refer to his speech on Mr. Hastings' trial;* at least, that is sufficient to decide me as to his immense superiority over all his rivals in splendid declamation. Many great men have their individual points of superiority, and I am sure that Sheridan could not have preached, nor Kirwan have pleaded. Curran could have done both, Grattan neither: but, in language calculated to rouse a nation, Grattan, while young, far exceeded either of them.

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* I had an opportunity of knowing that Mr. Sheridan was offered £1,000 for that speech by a bookseller, the day after it was spoken, provided he would write it out correctly from the notes taken, before the interest had subsided; and yet, although he certainly had occasion for money at the time, and assented to the proposal, he did not take the trouble of writing a line of it! The publisher was of course displeased, and insisted on his performing his promise, upon which Sheridan laughingly replied in the vein of Falstaff: "No, Hal! were I at the strappado, I would do nothing *by compulsion!*" He did it at length, but too late! and, as I heard, was (reasonably enough!) not paid.

I have often met Sheridan, but never knew him intimately. He was my senior and my superior. While he was in high repute, I was at laborious duties; while he was eclipsing everybody in fame in one country, I was laboring hard to gain any in another. He professed whiggism: I did not understand it, and I have met very few patriots who appear to have acted even on their own definition thereof.

QUEEN CAROLINE.

Reception of the late Queen Caroline (then Princess of Wales) at the Drawing-Room held after the "Delicate Investigation"—Her Depression and subsequent Levity—Queen Charlotte and the Princess compared and contrasted—Reflections on the Incidents of that Day and Evening—The Themes on a Vauxhall Night.

I HAVE often mused on the unfortunate history and fate of the late Queen Caroline. It is not for me to discuss the merits or demerits of her case, or to give any opinion on the conduct of the ruling powers in the business. I shall only observe that, though it was not possible to foresee such events as subsequently took place, I had, from the time of my being presented to that princess by Lord Stowell, felt an unaccountable presentiment that her destiny would not be a happy one.

Upon the close of the "delicate investigation," a drawing-room of the most brilliant description was held at St. James's, to witness the princess's reception by her majesty Queen Charlotte. I doubt if a more numerous and sparkling assemblage had ever been collected in that ancient palace. Curiosity had no small share in drawing it together.

The sun was that day in one of his most glaring humors; he shone with unusual ardor into the windows of the antique ballroom—seeming as if he wished at the same moment to gild and melt down that mass of beauty and of diamonds which was exposed to all his fervor. The crowd was immense, the heat insufferable; and the effects resulting therefrom liberally displayed themselves, though in different-tinted streams, upon the faces of the natural and aided beauties.

I was necessitated to attend in my official dress: the frizzled peruke, loaded with powder and pomatum (covering at least half the body of the sufferer), was wedged in among the gaudy nobles. The dress of every person who was so *fortunate* as to come in contact with the wigs, like the cameleon, instantly imbibed the color of the thing it came in collision with; and after a short intimacy, many a full-dress black received a large portion of my silvery hue, and many a splendid manteau participated in the materials which render powder adhesive.

Of all the distressed beings in that heated assembly, I was most amused by Sir Vicary Gibbs, then attorney-general. Hard-featured and impatient—his wig awry—his solids yielding out all their essence—he appeared as if he had just arisen (though not like Venus) from the sea. Every muscle of his angular features seemed busily employed in forming hieroglyphic imprecations! Though amused, I never pitied any person more—except myself. Wedged far too tight to permit even a heaving sigh at my own imprisonment, I could only be consoled by a perspective view of the gracious Charlotte, who stood stoutly before the throne like the stump of a baronial castle to which age gives greater dignity. I had, however, in due rotation, the honor of being presented, and of kissing the back of her majesty's hand.

I am, of course, profoundly ignorant of her majesty's manner in her family, but certainly her public receptions were the most gracious in the world: there could not be a more engaging, kind, and condescending address than that of the queen of England. It is surprising how different a queen appears in a drawing-room and in a newspaper.

At length, the number of presentations had diminished the pressure, and a general stir in the crowd announced something uncommon about to take place. It was the approach of the princess of Wales.

Whoever considered the painfully-delicate situation in which this lady was then placed, could not help feeling a sympathy for her apparent sufferings. Her father, the duke of Brunswick, had not long before expired of his wounds received at Jena; and after her own late trials, it was, I thought, most inauspicious that deep mourning should be her attire on her reception—as if announcing at once the ill fate of herself and of her parent: her dress was decked with a multiplicity of black bugles. She entered the drawing-room leaning on the arm of the duke of Cumberland, and seemed to require the support. To her, in truth, it must have been a most awful moment. The subject of the investigation, the loss of her natural protector, and the doubts she must have felt as to the precise nature of her reception by the queen, altogether made a deep impression on every one present. She tottered to the throne: the spectacle grew interesting in the highest degree. I was not close; but a low buzz ran round the room that she had been received most kindly, and a few moments sufficed to show that this was her own impression.

After she had passed the ordeal, a circle was formed for her beyond the throne. I wished for an introduction, and Lord Stowell (then Sir William Scott) did me that honor. I had felt, in common with everybody, for the depression of spirits with which the princess had approached her majesty. I, for my part, considered her in consequence as full of sensibility at her own situation; but, so far as her subsequent manner showed, I was totally deceived. The trial was at an end, the queen had been kind, and a paroxysm of spirits seemed to succeed and mark strange contrast to the manner of her entry. I thought it was too *sudden* and too *decisive:* she spoke much, and loud, and rather bold. It seemed to me as if all recollection of what had passed was rapidly vanishing. So far it pleased me, to see returning happiness; but still the *kind* of thing made no favorable impression on my mind. Her circle was crowded; the presentations numerous; but, on the whole, she lost ground in my estimation.

This incident proved to me the palpable distinction between *feeling* and *sensibility*—words which people misconstrue and mingle without discrimination. I then compared the two ladies. The bearing of Queen Charlotte certainly was not that of a heroine in romance; but she was the best-bred and most graceful lady of her age and figure I ever saw—so kind and conciliating, that one could scarcely believe her capable of anything but benevolence. She appeared plain, old, and of dark complexion; but she was unaffected, and commanded that respect which private virtues ever will obtain for public character. I liked her vastly better than her daughter-in-law; indeed, I never could reconcile myself, in any instance, to extra-natural complexions.

I returned from the drawing-room with a hundred new thoughts excited by circumstances which had never occurred to me on any former occasion, and, by the time I arrived at the Adelphi, had grown from a courtier into a philosopher! Even there, however, my lucubrations were doomed to interruption. From my chamber at the Caledonian, the beauty of the animated Thames quite diverted my mind from the suffocating splendor under the pressure of which I had passed three hours. The broad, unruffled tide, reflecting the rich azure of the firmament, awakened in my mind ideas of sublimity which would have raised it toward heaven, had not dinner and a new train of observation unfortunately recalled me to worldly considerations, which I fancied I had for one evening completely set aside. Another scene of equal brilliance in its own way soon riveted my attention. It was a Vauxhall evening—and thousands of painted and gilded skiffs darted along under my windows, crowded with flashy girls and tawdry cits, all enveloped in their holyday glories, and appearing to vie in gaudiness with the scullers of which they were the cargo. Here elegance and vulgarity, rank and meanness, vice and beauty, mingling and moving over the waters, led me to the mortifying reflection that this apparently gay and happy company probably comprised a portion of the most miserable and base materials of the British population.

I soon became fatigued by the brilliant sameness of the scene; and a sort of spurious philosophy again led me back to the queen's drawing-room, and set me reflecting on numerous subjects, in which I had not the remotest interest! but as solitary reasoning is one of the very greatest incentives to drowsiness, that sensation soon overcame all others: the sensorial powers gradually yielded to its influence; and, in a short time, the queen and the princess of Wales—the drawing-room and the gilded boats—the happy-looking girls and assiduous gallants, all huddled together in most irreverent confusion, sheered off (as a seaman would say), and left a sound and refreshing slumber in place of all that was great and gay—dazzling and splendid—in the first metropolis of the European hemisphere.

LORD YELVERTON AND THE BAR.

Characteristic and Personal Sketches of Three Irish Barristers: Mr. William Fletcher (afterward Chief-Justice of the Court of Common Pleas), Mr. James Egan (afterward Judge of Dublin County), and Mr. Bartholomew Hoare, King's Counsel—Lord Yelverton's Dinner-Party—The Author's Parody—Mr. Egan right by Mistake.

Mr. William Fletcher, since chief-justice of the common pleas; Mr. James Egan, afterward judge of Kilmainham; and Mr. Bartholomew Hoare, one of the king's counsel, were certainly the three most intractable men of their profession, though of characters very dissimilar.

Mr. Fletcher, a clever man and excellent lawyer, had a surly temper combined with a kind heart and an honest, free-spirited principle, which never forsook him either in private life or as a public functionary. He was hard featured, and although morose in court, disposed to jocularity in society; his appetite seemed to decline toward *gourmandise*, and, in fact, toward voluptuousness, generally speaking. As a judge, he was upright, uninfluenced, and humane.

Mr. Egan, a huge, coarse-looking, red faced, boisterous fellow, to as tender a heart as ever was enclosed in so rough an outside, added a number of other good qualities which it would be too much to expect should exist without some alloy. His manners were naturally gross rather than refined; and it was very curious to see him in full dress, endeavor to affect good breeding. He had immense business at the bar at the time of Lord Yelverton presided in the court of exchequer; and he executed that business zealously and successfully, with, however, as occasion served, a sprinkling of what we term balderdash. In fact, he both gave and received hits and cuts with infinite spirit, and in more ways than one; for he had fought a good number of duels (one with swords), and had the good fortune to escape with an unpierced skin. Natural death was his final enemy, and swept him off long before nature ought to have had any hand in it. He died judge of Dublin county.

Bartholomew Hoare was the inferior of both. He wrote well, but spoke most disagreeably; his harangues being sententious and diffuse, though not destitute of point. He was ill-tempered, arrogant, and rude, with a harsh expression of countenance; but withal, what was termed "an able man." In point of intellect, indeed, he perhaps exceeded Egan, but in heart I must rank him inferior. Egan was popular with the most talented men of his profession: Hoare could never attain popularity in any shape.

These are merely fugitive sketches of three men of the Irish bar who (I knew not why) were generally named together, but whose respective careers terminated very differently: Bartholomew Hoare died in great distress.

The chief-baron, Lord Yelverton, got one day after dinner, at his house at Fairview, into an argument with Egan, which in truth, he always courted, to enhance the merriment of the company. Hoare never heard an argument in his life between any two persons, or upon any subject, wherein he did not long to obtrude; and Fletcher, if he thought he had conceived a good hit, was never easy till he was delivered of it. On the evening in question, the trio had united in contesting with their host all manner of subjects, which he had himself designedly started, to excite them. He was in high glee, and played them off in a style of the most superior wit and cleverness, assisted by much classic quotation: by successive assaults he upset the three, who were as less than one in the hands of Yelverton, when he chose to exert himself. The evening certainly turned out among the pleasantest I ever passed in society

Lord Yelverton's wit and humor had a sort of weight and solidity in it, which emitted a fervid as well as a blazing light. I opened not my lips; had I mingled in their disputation, I should not only have got my full portion of the tattooing (as they termed it), but also have lost, in becoming an actor, the gratification of witnessing the scene. At length Lord Yelverton wrote under the table with a pencil the following words, and sent the scrap by a servant to me: "Barrington, these fellows will never stop! pray *write something about them*, and send it to me." I left the room, and having written the following parody in a hand to resemble printing, sent it in to his lordship sealed as a letter:—

'Three pleaders, in one vulgar era born,
Mount Melic, Cork, and Blarney, did adorn:
In solemn *surliness* the first surpassed,
The next in *balderdash*—in both the last:
The force of nature could no farther go;
To make a third, she joined the former two!"

Lord Yelverton, not expecting the lampoon to come in form of a letter, was greatly diverted; it was read over and over again, amidst roars of laughter. Everybody entertained his own conjecture respecting the writer, and each barrister appropriated to himself one of the three characteristics. I was not at all suspected that night, since I had in no wise interfered, and my brief absence had not been noticed: but next day in court, it somehow came out. Nobody but Hoare was vexed, and him I silenced by threatening that I would write another epigram on him *solus* if he provoked me.

Egan, however, professed annoyance at me for some cause or other in the course of that day. He was never remarkable for the correctness of his English. In speaking to some motion that was pending, he used the word *obdurate* frequently. I happened to laugh; Egan turned round, and then addressing himself to the chief baron, "I suppose, my lord," said he, ironically, "the gentleman laughs at my happening to pronounce the word *obdurate* wrong."

"No, my lord," replied I, "I only laughed because he happened to pronounce it *right*."

I never heard him utter the word *obdurate* afterward.

MR. NORCOT'S ATTEMPT AT SUICIDE.

he Hollowness of Interested Popularity Illustrated in the Example of Mr. Norcot—The Dilemma of a Gamester—The last Resource—The "Faithful" Valet—Mr. Norcot turns Mohammedan—His Equivocal Destiny.

Mr. Norcot was an eccentric Irish barrister, the uncertainty of whose fate has given rise to a vast number of surmises: the last authentic account described him as a Turk selling rhubarb and opium in the streets of Smyrna! When the duke of Richmond was lord-lieutenant of Ireland he was a great favorite at the castle-revels. He could drink as stoutly as the duke himself, touch the piano as well as a lady, or gamble as deeply as any of the gentlemen: he could jest even better than Sir Charles Vernon, and drove, in his entertainments, all other bachelors out of the field. Hence his reception was so flattering, that he discarded all reflection, and at length found his purse empty, his resources dry, his profession unproductive, his estate melted down, and his reputation *not improved.* The noble duke gave him no place—but at his dinner-table, while smiles and lemonade were the favors of the duchess: the courtiers turned their faces toward him while he was rich, and their backs when he had grown poor: his best puns began to pass without notice, his mimicry excited no laughter, and his most high-flown compliments scarcely received a courtesy.

A fat, hearty, convivial fellow does not perceive what is termed the half-cut near so soon as your lank, sensitive, thorough-paced goer: and Norcot was not completely undeceived as to his own declining influence until one evening, having lost much more money than he had to pay, he began to consider how to make up the deficiency. He had very little cash left anywhere, and was not versed in the borrowing system: so he thought he would wait a few days to see what Providence would be pleased to do for him; and as he had never thought it worth his while to rely upon her before, he did not know exactly in what way to court her assistance. Irish gentlemen so circumstanced are very apt to suppose that they may find

Providence, or in other words *good luck,* at the bottom of two or three bottles of wine, and accordingly never omit the application thereunto. Norcot pursued the usual course, and certainly made away with that number at least, next night with the duke, But alas! this kind of exorcism was unsuccessful in his instance, and he was necessitated to return home, at three o'clock in the morning, sobered by the very lassitude of excess, and maddened by reflection. On arriving, he threw himself into his arm-chair, his mind became confused, his reason wandered: he thought of resources, there was none! but the extent of his poverty and debts being as yet not publicly known, he thought of borrowing; the plan, however, seemed a doubtful one; and besides, he was deterred from trying it by his pride. He next thought of prison: this inflamed his brain still farther, and drove him upon the fearful alternative of suicide! Here a door of retreat seemed open, although whither it led he knew not: but he had neither heart to bear up against misfortune, nor religion to assuage it; he had no steady friend to advise with, and no liberal one to relieve him.

He sank for a moment into an enviable state of insensibility. His servant Thomas, a broad, faithful Irishman, but who never had known the meaning of any kind of feelings (except corporeal ones), stood by, surprised at the change in his master's manner. "Thomas!" exclaimed the desponding Norcot, "Thomas, are my pistols charged?"

"Right well, plaze your honor," replied Thomas.

"The flints, Thomas?"

"I'm sure they'd strike fire enough to burn a barrel of gunpowder, if your honor wanted to blow it up!"

"Bring them hither!" said Norcot.

Thomas did not approve of this order, and answered, "Sure your honor can't want them till daylight, any how!" But, upon Norcot's authoritatively waving his hand, he brought the pistols, wondering what his master wanted with them.

"Thomas," said the desperate man, "you were always faithful!"

"And *why should not I?*" said Thomas.

"Well, then, Thomas, I can live no longer!"

"Thunder and oons, Master! why not?"

"'Tis enough to say, Thomas," pursued the hapless barrister, taking up one of the pistols, "that I am *determined* to die."

Thomas never having seen such a catastrophe, was quite alarmed, but all his eloquence was in vain: having wept and argued to no purpose, he ran toward the window to shout murder, but it was fast. Norcot (who was an unbeliever), shuddering meanwhile less at the idea of the crime he contemplated than at that of eternal annihilation (which his tenets induced him to anticipate), said, "Thomas, take one of these pistols and put it to my head: apply the other here, to my heart; fire both together, and put me out of my pain—for die I will!"

Thomas mused and bethought himself, and then answered, "I am willing to do the best I can for so good a master, but truly I can't shoot, and may be I'd miss your honor! hadn't I better go to some gentleman of your acquaintance that I heard you say never missed anybody—and who would do it cleverly?"

"None but you," returned the unyielding desperado, "shall shoot me, Thomas!"

"I never shot anybody!" cried the servant: "but," taking up the pistols, "your honor says, one at your head: may I crave what part of it!"

"There," said Norcot, pointing to his temple; "the other through my heart!"

"And which side is your honor's heart to-night?" inquired the dilatory valet.

"Here!" replied Norcot: "now cock and fire!"

Thomas, who had been planning all this time how to get rid of the business, now seemed on the sudden to recollect himself. "But, master dear!" said he, "when you were going to fight a duel with that Captain O'Brien, at the Cove of Cork, your honor took out Surgeon Egan with you, saying, that no gentleman should risk his life without a doctor: so, if you plase, I'll just step over first and foremost, and fetch Surgeon Macklin here *for fear of accidents!*" Without waiting any reply, he instantly stepped out of the room as fast as he could, taking the pistols with him, and leaving Norcot in astonishment: he actually went to the doctor, told him the story, and brought him over to reason with his master, who remained in a state of perfect distraction. However, the fit somewhat subsided; and the incident being thus placed in a novel and ridiculous point of view had the most extraordinary effect on Norcot's mind. He recovered the use of his reason, and calm reflection succeeded the burning frenzy. He could scarcely avoid smiling at Thomas: and relating the adventure himself, pretended it was only a trick of his own to terrify his servant. But when he was left to himself, he considered what was best to be done, and adopted it. He made up all the means he could, and got into a place of secrecy, where he awaited the result of the "chapter of accidents," and the efforts of his great friends to procure him some employment for subsistence: nor was he long unprovided for. He was appointed to an office, I think at Malta, but where he soon disgraced himself in a manner which for ever excluded him from society. Being now lost past all redemption, he fled to the Morea, and thence to Constantinople, where he renounced the cross and became a Mussulman. But even there he was not fortunate: he has for some time been lost sight of, and exhibits a most edifying lesson to the dissipated and unbelieving. After commencing the world with as plausible prospects of success and respectability as most men of his day, Norcot, if dead, has died a disgraced and blasphemous renegado; thus confirming an observation of mine, throughout life, that a free *thinker* is ever disposed to be also a free *actor*, and is restrained from the gratification of all his vices only by those laws which provide a punishment for their commission.

ANECDOTES OF IRISH JUDGES.

Baron Monckton—Judge Boyd—Judge Henn—Legal Blunder of a Judge, and Curran's Bon-mot thereon—Baron Power—His Suicide—Crosby Morgal's Spirit of Emulation—Judge William Johnson—Curious Anecdote with him and the Author—Judge Kelly—His Character and Bon-mots—Lord Kilwarden—His Character—Murder of Him and his Nephew the Rev. Mr. Wolfe—Mr. Emmet Executed—Memoir of that Person—Judge Robert Johnson—Arrested in Ireland, and Tried in London, for a Libel written on Lord Redesdale in Ireland and Published by Cobbett—Doubts of the legality of his lordship's Trial—He is found Guilty.

Before and for some time after I was called to the bar, the bench was in some instances very curiously manned as to judges. The uniform custom had previously been to send over these dignitaries from England; partly with a view to protect the property of absentees, and partly from political considerations: and the individuals thus sent, appeared as if generally selected because they were good for nothing else. In truth, till the judges of Ireland were made independent of the crown in 1784, no English barrister who could earn his bread at home would accept a precarious office in a strange country, and on a paltry salary. Such Irishmen, also, as were in those days constituted puisne judges, were of the inferior class of practising barristers, on account of the last mentioned circumstance.

A vulgar idea, most ridiculous in its nature, formerly prevailed in Ireland, of the infallibility of judges. It existed at an early period of my observations, and went so far even as to conceive that an ignorant barrister, whose opinion nobody probably would ask, or, if obtained, would act upon—should he, by interest, subserviency, or other fortuitous circumstances, be placed on the judicial bench, immediately changed his character—all the books in his library pouring their information into his head! The great seal and the king's patent were held to saturate his brain in half an hour with all that wisdom and learning which he had in vain been trying to get even a peep at during the former portion of his life; and the mere dicta of the metamorphosed barrister were set down, by reporters, as the infallible (but theretofore inexplicable) law of the land; and, as such, handed round to other judges under the appellation of precedents, entitled to all possible weight in judicial decisions.

The old doctrine of the infallibility of dicta and precedents (which presented, in fact, an accumulation of enigmas and contradictions), was at one time carried to great lengths; I believe partly from a plausible system of making legal decisions *uniform*, whether right or wrong; and perhaps partly from the inability of the adopters to make any better sort of precedent themselves. A complaisance so ridiculous has of late been much relaxed.

To show the gradual and great improvement of the Irish bench, and the rapid advance in the administration of justice in the law courts of that country, I will subjoin a few illustrative anecdotes.

Baron Monckton, of the exchequer (an importation from England), was said to understand *black* letter and *red* wine better than any who had preceded him in that situation. At all events, being often *vino deditus*, he on those occasions described the segment of a circle in making his way to the seat of justice! This learned baron was longer on the bench than any other in my recollection. I have also in later days enjoyed the intimacy of a very clever, well-informed man, and a sound lawyer, who (like the baron) rather indecorously indulged in the juice of the grape, and whom Lord Clare had made a judge for some services rendered to himself. The newspapers eulogized this gentleman very much for his singular *tender-heartedness*, saying, "So great was the humanity of Judge Boyd, that when he was passing sentence of death upon any unfortunate criminal, it was observable that his lordship seldom failed to have "a drop in his eye!"

I remember a barrister being raised to the Irish bench, who had been previously well-known by the ingenious surname of Counsellor *Necessity*—because "necessitas *non legem* habet:" and certainly to do him no more than justice, he consistently merited the cognomen after his elevation as well as before.

Old Judge Henn (a very excellent private character) was dreadfully puzzled on circuit, about 1789, by two pertinacious young barristers, arguing a civil bill upon some trifling subject, repeatedly haranguing the court, and each most positively laying down the "law of the case" in *direct* opposition to his adversary's statement thereupon. The judge listened with great attention until both were tired of stating the law and contradicting each other, when they unanimously requested his lordship to decide the point.

"How, gentlemen," said Judge Henn, "*can* I settle it between you? You, sir, positively say the law is *one way*, and you (turning to the opposite party) as unequivocally affirm that it is the other way. I wish to God, Billy Harris [to his registrar, who sat underneath] I knew what the law *really* was!"

"My lord," replied Billy Harris, most sententiously, rising at the same moment, and casting a despairing glance toward the bench; "if I possessed that knowledge, I protest to God I would tell your lordship with a great deal of pleasure!"

"Then we'll *save the point*, Billy Harris," exclaimed the judge.

A more modern justice of the Irish king's bench, in giving his *dictum* on a certain will case, absolutely said, "he thought it very clear that the *testator* intended to keep a *life-interest* in the estate to *himself*." The bar did not laugh outright; but Curran soon rendered that consequence inevitable. "Very true, my lord," said he, "very true! testators generally do secure life-interests to themselves. But, in this case I rather think your lordship takes the *will* for the *deed*."

The chief-justices were, however, generally accomplished men, and of first-rate talent as lawyers; and the chancellors, with few exceptions, both able and dignified—qualities which Lord Lifford was the last to unite in an eminent degree.

On the subject of judges, I can not omit a few anecdotes of a very different description from the foregoing, which occurred in my own time.

Baron Power was considered an excellent lawyer, and was altogether one of the most curious characters I have met in the profession. He was a morose, fat fellow, affecting to be genteel: he was very learned, very rich, and very ostentatious. Unfortunately for himself, Baron Power held the office of usher of the court of chancery, which was principally remunerated by fees on moneys lodged in that court. Lord Clare (then chancellor) hated and teazed him, because Power was arrogant himself, and never would succumb to the arrogance of Fitzgibbon. The chancellor had a certain control over the usher; at least he had a sort of license for abusing him by innuendo, as an officer of the court, and most unremittingly did he exercise that license. Baron Power had a large private fortune, and always acted in office strictly according to the custom of his predecessors; but was attacked so virulently and pertinaciously by Lord Clare, that having no redress, it made a deep impression, first on his pride, then on his mind, and at length on his intellect. Lord Clare followed up his blow, as was common with him. He made incessant attacks on the baron, who chose rather to break than bend; and who, unable longer to stand this persecution, determined on a prank of all others the most agreeable to his adversary! The baron walked quietly down, early one fine morning, to the south wall, which runs into the sea, about two miles from Dublin. There he very deliberately filled his coat-pockets with pebbles; and having accomplished that business, as deliberately walked into the ocean, which, however, did not retain him long, for his body was thrown ashore with great contempt by the tide. His estates devolved upon his nephews, two of the most respectable men of their country; and the lord-chancellor enjoyed the double gratification of destroying a baron, and recommending a more submissive officer in his place.

Had the matter ended here, it might not have been so very remarkable; but the precedent was too respectable and inviting not to be followed by persons who had any particular reasons for desiring strangulation — as a judge drowning himself gave the thing a sort of dignified, legal *éclat!* It so happened that a Mr. Morgal, then an attorney, residing in Dublin (of large dimensions, and with shin-bones curved like the segment of a rainbow), had, for good and sufficient reasons, long appeared rather dissatisfied with himself and other people. But as attorneys were considered much more likely to induce their neighbors to cut their throats than to execute that office upon themselves, nobody ever suspected Morgal of any intention to shorten his days in a voluntary manner.

However, it appeared that the signal success of Baron Power had excited in the attorney a great ambition to get rid of his sensibilities by a similar exploit. In compliance with such his impression, he adopted the very same preliminaries as the baron had done; walked off by the very same road, to the very same spot; and, having had the advantage of knowing, from the coroner's inquest, that the baron had put pebbles into his pockets with good effect, adopted likewise this judicial precedent, and committed himself in due form into the hands of Father Neptune, who took equal care of him as he had done of the baron; and, after having suffocated him so completely as to defy the exertions of the Humane Society, sent his body floating ashore, to the full as bloated and buoyant as Baron Power's had been. This gentleman was father to a lady of rank, still living, and whose first husband met a much more disagreeable *finale*, being shot *against* his will by his brother-candidate, Mr. Crosby, at the election of Kerry. She has herself, however, been singularly fortunate throughout life.

As a sequel to this little anecdote of Crosby Morgal, it is worth observing that, though I do not recollect any of the *attorneys* immediately following his example, four or five of his *clients* very shortly after started from this world of their own accord, to try, as people then said, if they could any way overtake Crosby, who had left them no conveniences for staying long behind him.*

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* The Irish attorneys had, I believe, then pretty much the same reputation and popularity enjoyed by their tribe throughout the United Kingdom. They have now wisely changed their designation into that of "solicitors." I recollect one anecdote, which will, I think, apply pretty well to the major part of that celebrated profession. Some years ago, a suitor in the court of exchequer complained in person to the chief baron that he was quite "ruinated," and could go on no farther! "Then," said Lord Yelverton, "you had better leave the matter to be decided by reference."—"To be sure I will, my lord," said the plaintiff; "I've been now at law thirteen years, and can't get on at all! I'm willing, please your lordship, to leave it all either to one *honest* man or two *attorneys*, whichever your lordship pleases."—"You had better toss up for that," said Lord Yelverton, laughing. Two attorneys were however appointed, and, in less than a *year*, reported that "they could not agree." Both parties then declared they would leave the matter to a very honest farmer, a neighbor of theirs. They did so, and, in about a

Mr. William Johnson (the present Judge Johnson) was the only one of my brother-barristers whose smiles were not agreeable to me when we went circuits together. I liked his frowns extremely, because *they* were generally *very sincere*, extremely picturesque, and never niggardly bestowed. But, as my own smiles had the trouble of mounting up from my heart, while he had an assortment ready prepared to take a short cut to his muscles whenever policy required, I found that in this particular we were not equally matched.

When my friend William was angry, I was sure he was in earnest, and that it would not be over too soon: I therefore considered it as a proper, steady sort of concern. But his paroxysms of good-humor were occasionally so awkward, that although they were but transitory, I have frequently begged of him to cheer up our society by getting into a little passion; nay, have sometimes taken the liberty of putting him into one myself, to make him more agreeable.

Be it remembered, however, that this was before Mr. William Johnson became a judge; and I can not say what effect an inoculation by Lord Norbury's temperament may have had upon his constitution. But I have frequently told him that either physic or wrangling was indispensably necessary to keep his bile from stagnation; and I hope my old chum has not suffered himself to sink into any morbid state of mental apathy.

I always promised to give William Johnson a page or two in my "Historic Memoirs of Ireland." Some of his friends have suggested that he would be more appropriately introduced into my "Fragments." I will adopt their suggestion without abandoning my own purpose, and, with the best wishes for his celebrity, bequeath him in both works to posterity, which I shall leave to form its own estimate of his merits.

Though divers curious and memorable anecdotes occur to me of my said friend Judge William Johnson, I do not conceive that many of them can be very interesting out of court, particularly after he becomes defunct, which Nature has cer-

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week, came hand-in-hand to the court, thanked his lordship, and told him their neighbor had settled the whole affair square and straight to their entire satisfaction. Lord Yelverton used to tell the anecdote with great glee.

tainly set down as a "motion of course." One or two, however, which connect themselves with my egotistical feelings, shall not be omitted. At the same time, I assure him that I by no means approve of our late brother Daly's method of reasoning, who, on his speaking rather indecorously of Mr. William Johnson, in his absence, at the bar-mess on circuit, was tartly and very properly asked by the present Mr. Justice Jebb "why he should say such things of Mr. Johnson behind his back."—"Because," replied Mr. Daly, "I would not *hurt his feelings* by saying them to his *face*."

I often reflect on a most singular circumstance which occurred between Johnson and me, as proving the incalculability of what is called in the world "fortune," which, in my mind, can not have a better definition than "the state lottery of nature." My friend is the son of a respectable apothecary, in Fishamble street, Dublin, and was called to the bar some few years before me; but the world being blind as to our respective merits, I got immediately into considerable business, and he, though a much wiser man and a much cleverer lawyer, got none at all. Prosperity, in short, deluged me as it were; when suddenly I fell ill of a violent fever on circuit, which nearly ended my career. Under these circumstances, Johnson acted by me in a most kind and friendly manner, and insisted on remaining with me, to the neglect of his own concerns. This I would not allow; but I never forgot the proffered kindness, and determined, if ever it came within my power, to repay his civility.

The next year I was restored to health, and my career of good fortune started afresh, while poor Johnson had still no better luck. He remained assiduous, friendly, and good natured to me; but at the same time he drooped, and told me at Wexford, in a state of despondency, that he was determined to quit the bar and go into orders. I endeavored to dissuade him from this, because I had a presentiment that he would eventually succeed; and I fairly owned to him that I doubted much if he were *mild* enough for a parson.

In about two years after, I was appointed king's counsel. My stuff-gown had been, so far, the most fortunate one of our profession, and Johnson's the least so. I advised him to get a new gown; and shortly after, in the whim of the moment, fancying there might be some seeds of good luck sticking to the folds of my old stuff after I had quitted it for a silken robe, I despatched a humorous note to Johnson, together with the stuff-gown, as a mark of my gratitude for his attentions, begging he would accept it from a friend and well-wisher, and try if wearing it would be of equal service to him as to me.

He received my jocose gift very pleasantly, and in good part; and, laughing at my conceit, put on the gown. But, whatever may become of prepossessions, certain it is that from that period Johnson prospered; his business gradually grew larger; and, in proportion as it increased, he became what they call in Ireland, *high enough* to everybody but the attorneys; and thus my friend William Johnson trudged on through thick and thin to the parliament-house, into which Lord Castlereagh stuffed him, as he said himself, "to put an end to it." However he kept a clear lookout, and now sits in the place his elder brother, Judge Robert had occupied, who was rather singularly *un*judged for having *Cobbettized* Lord Redesdale, as will hereafter appear.

Old Mr. Johnson, the father of these two gentlemen, when upward of sixty, procured a diploma as physician—to make the family genteeler. He was a decent, orderly, good kind of apothecary, and a very respectable, though somewhat ostentatious doctor; and, above all, a good, orthodox, hard-praying protestant. I was much amused one day after dinner at Mr. Hobson's, at Busby, near Dublin, where the doctor, Curran, myself, and many others were in company. The doctor delighted in telling of the successes of his sons, Bob, Bill, Gam, and Tom the attorney, as he termed them; he was fond of attributing Bob's advancement rather to the goodness of Providence than that of the marquis of Downshire; and observed, most parentally, that he had brought up his boys, from their very childhood, with "the fear of God always before their eyes." "Ah, 'twas a fortunate circumstance indeed, doctor," said Curran, "very fortunate indeed—that you *frightened* them so early"

One of the most honorable and humane judges I ever saw upon the Irish bench was the late Justice Kelly, of the common pleas. He acquired professionally a very large fortune, and died at a great age, beloved and regretted by every being who had known him. It was he who tried the cause of Lady M——, and never did I see him chuckle with pleasure and a proper sense of gallantry, more than he did at the verdict in that case.

He was no common man. Numerous anecdotes have been told of him: many singular ones I myself witnessed; but none which did not do credit to some just or gentlemanly feeling. He had practised several years in the West Indies; and studying at the temple on his return, was in due season admitted to the Irish bar, to the head of which he rose with universal approbation.

At the time the Irish insisted on a declaration of their independence, Judge Kelly had attained the high dignity of prime-sergeant, a law-office not known in England: in Ireland the prime-sergeant had rank and precedence of the attorney and solicitor-general. On the government of Ireland first opposing that declaration of independence, Kelly, from his place in parliament, declared "he should consider it rather a disgrace than an honor to wear the prime-sergeant's gown under a ministry which resisted the rights of his country!" and immediately sent in his resignation, and retired to the rank of a private barrister.

Among such a people, and in consequence of such conduct, it is useless to attempt describing his popularity. His business rose to an extent beyond his powers. Nobody was satisfied who had not Tom Kelly for his advocate in the courts; no suitor was content who had not Tom Kelly's opinion as to title: all purchasers of property must have Tom Kelly's sanction for their speculations. In a word, he became both an oracle and a fortuneteller: his court bag grew too heavy for his strength, but he got through every cause gallantly and cheerfully: he was always prepared; his perseverance never yielded; his arguments seldom failed; his spirits never flagged. This enviable old man lived splendidly, yet saved a large fortune. At length, it was found so unpopular to leave him at the bar, that he was first appointed solicitor-general, and then mounted on the bench of the common pleas, where having sat many years, he retired to his beautiful country residence, near Stradbally, Queens county, and lived as a country-gentleman in hospitable magnificence. He married three of his daughters well, pursued his field-sports to his death, and departed this world to the unanimous regret of all who knew him.

Judge Kelly's only son, while his father yet lived, turned methodist; got infatuated among devotees and old women; became a sectarian preacher! and has, by these ignoble means contrived, as thoroughly as the possession of a large fortune will permit him, to bury once more the family name in that obscurity whence his father had raised it. After Judge Kelly had assumed the bench, the public began to find out that his legal knowledge had been overrated! his opinions were overruled, his advice thought scarce worth having, his deductions esteemed illogical: in short, he lost altogether the character of an infallible lawyer, but had the happiness of thinking he had confirmed his reputation for honor, justice, and integrity. He used to say, laughingly, "So they find out now that I am not a very stanch lawyer: I am heartily glad they did not find it out thirty years ago!"

He loved the world, and this was only gratitude, for the world loved him; and nobody ever yet enjoyed his existence with more cheerfulness and composure. "Egad!" he used to say, "this world is wheeling round and round quite too fast to please me. For my part I'd rather be a *young* shoe-boy than an *old* judge." (Who would not? says the author.) He always most candidly admitted his legal mistakes: I recollect my friend William Johnson once pressed him very fiercely to a decision in his favor, and stating as an *argument* (in his usual peremptory tone to judges he was not afraid of) that there could be no doubt on the point—precedent was imperative in the matter, as his lordship had decided the same points the same way twice before.

"So, Mr. Johnson," said the judge, looking archly—shifting his seat somewhat—and shrugging up his right shoulder, "so I because I decided *wrong* twice, Mr. Johnson, you'd have me do so a *third* time? No, no, Mr. Johnson! you must excuse me. I'll decide the other way this bout;" and so he did.

The anecdotes of his quaint humor are in fact innumerable, and some of his charges quite extraordinary. His profile was very like Edmund Burke's: he had that sharp kind of nose which gives a singular cast to the whole contour; but there was always an appearance of drollery lurking in his countenance. No man could more justly boast of carrying about him proofs of nationality, as few ever had the Irish dialect stronger. It was in every word and every motion! Curran used to say he had the *brogue* in his *shoulders*. If Judge Kelly conceived he had no grounds to be ashamed of his country, she had still less to be ashamed of him. He was calculated to do credit to any land.

I also had the pleasure of being acquainted with Mr. Arthur Wolfe intimately, afterward Baron Kilwarden and chief justice of Ireland. This gentleman had, previously to his advancement, acquired very high eminence as an equity lawyer: he was much my senior at the bar.

Wolfe had no natural genius, and but scanty *general* information: his talents were originally too feeble to raise him by their unassisted efforts into any political importance. Though patronized by the earl of Tyrone, and supported by the Beresford aristocracy, his rise was slow and gradual; and his promotion to the office of solicitor-general had been long predicted, not from his ability, but in consequence of his reputation as a good-hearted man and a sound lawyer.

On the elevation of Mr. John Fitzgibbon to the seals, Mr. Wolfe succeeded him as attorney-general, the parliamentary duties of which office were, however, far beyond the reach of his oratory, and altogether too important for his proportion of intellect; and hence he had to encounter difficulties which he was unable successfully to surmount. The most gifted members of his own profession were, in fact, then linked with the first-rate political talents of the Irish nation, to bear down those measures which it had become Mr. Wolfe's imperative official duty to originate or support.

In the singular character of Mr. Wolfe, there were strange diversities of manner and of disposition. On first acquaintance he seldom failed to make an unfavorable impression; but his arrogance was only apparent—his pride innoxious—his haughtiness theoretical. In society, he so whimsically mixed and mingled solemn ostentation with playful frivolity, that the man and the boy, the judge and the jester, were generally alternate.

Still Kilwarden's heart was right, and his judgment sufficing. In feeling he was quick—in apprehension slow. The union of these qualities engendered a sort of spurious sensibility, which constantly led him to apprehend offence where none was ever intended. He had a constant dread of being thought petulant; and the excitement produced by this dread became itself the author of that techy irritation which he so much deprecated. Thus, like certain humorous characters on the stage, he frequently worked himself into silly anger by endeavoring to show that he was perfectly good-tempered.

Lord Kilwarden, not perceiving the true distinction between pride and dignity, thought he was supporting the appearance of the one, when, in fact, he was only practising the formality of the other: and, after a long intercourse with the world, he every day evinced that he knew any one else's character better than his own. As attorney-general during a most trying era, his moderation, justice, and discretion were not less evident than was his strict adherence to official duties; and the peculiarities of his manner were merged in the excellence of his more sterling qualities.

In the celebrated cause of the king against Heavy (in the king's bench), Mr. Curran and I were Heavy's counsel, and afterward moved to set aside the verdict on grounds which we considered to form a most important point, upon legal principles.

Curran had concluded his speech, and I was stating what I considered to be the law of the case, when Lord Kilwarden, impatient and fidgetty, interrupted me—"God forbid, Mr. Barrington," said he, "that should be the law!"

"God forbid, my lord," answered I, "that it should *not* be the law."

"You are rough, sir," exclaimed he.

"More than one of us have the same infirmity, my lord."

"I was right, sir," said he.

"So was I, my lord," returned I, unbendingly.

He fidgeted again, and looked haughty and sour. I thought he would break out, but he only said, "Go on, sir—go on, sir!" I proceeded: and, while I was speaking, he wrote a note, which was handed to me by the officer: I kept it as affording a curious trait of human character. It ran thus:—

"Barrington: You are the most impudent fellow I ever met. Come and dine with me this day at six. You will meet some strangers, so I hope you will behave yourself, though I have no reason to expect it! "K."

To conclude this sketch—Lord Kilwarden was, in grain, one of the best men I ever knew: but, to be liked, it was necessary he should be known; and the more intimately known, the more apparent were his good qualities. He had not an error, to counterbalance which some merit did not exhibit itself. He had no wit, though he thought he said good things: as a specimen of his punning, he used to call *Curran* "*Gooseberry*."

The instability of human affairs was lamentably exemplified in his lordship's catastrophe: his life was prosperous, and deservedly so; his death cruel and unmerited. There scarcely exists on record a murder more inhuman, or more wanton than that of the chief-justice.

In 1803, on the evening when the partial but sanguinary insurrection broke out in Dublin (organized by Mr. Emmet), Lord Kilwarden had retired to his country-house near the metropolis, and was tranquilly enjoying the society of his family, when he received an order from government to repair to town on particular business: in fact, the police, the secretaries, and all attached to the executive, had continued incredulous and supine, and never believed the probability of a rising until it was at the very point of commencing.

Lord Kilwarden immediately ordered his carriage, and attended only by his nephew (a clergyman), and one of his daughters, proceeded to Dublin without the least suspicion of violence or interruption. His road, however, lay through a wide and long street, wherein the rebels had first assembled, and previously to Lord Kilwarden's arrival, had commenced operations. Before his lordship could conceive, or had time to ask, the cause of this assemblage, he was in the midst of their ranks; hemmed in on every side by masses of armed ruffians, there was no possibility of retreat; and without being conscious of a crime, he heard the yells of murder and revenge on every side around him, and perceived that he was lost beyond the power of redemption.

A general shout ran among the insurgents of "The chief justice!—The chief justice!" Their crime would have been the same in either case, but it was alleged that they were mistaken as to the person, conceiving it to be Lord Carleton, who, as justice of the common pleas, had some years before rendered himself beyond description obnoxious to the disaffected of Dublin, in consequence of having been the judge who tried and condemned the two Counsellors Sheers, who were executed for treason, and to whom that nobleman had been testamentary guardian, by the will of their father. The mob thought only of him, and Lord Kilwarden fell a victim to their revenge against Lord Carleton.

The moment the cry went forth, the carriage was stopped, and the door torn open. The clergyman and Miss Wolfe got out and ran; the latter was suffered to escape, but the pikemen pursued, and having come up with Mr. Wolfe, mangled and murdered, in a horrid manner, as fine and inoffensive a young gentleman as I ever knew.

Hundreds of the murderers now surrounded the carriage, ambitious only who should first spill the blood of a chief justice; a multitude of pikemen at once assailed him, but his wounds proved that he had made many efforts to evade them. His hands were lacerated all over, in the act of resistance; but, after a long interval of torture, near thirty stabs in various parts of his body, incapacitated him from struggling farther with his destiny. They dragged him into the street; yet, when conveyed into a house, he was still sensible, and able to speak a few words, but soon after expired, to the great regret of all those who knew him well, as I did, and were able to separate his frivolity from his excellent qualities.

Certain events which arose out of that cruel murder are singular enough. Mr. Emmet, a young gentleman of great abilities, but of nearly frantic enthusiasm, who had been the organ and leader of that partial insurrection, was son to the state physician of Ireland, Doctor Emmet. Some time after the unfortunate event, he was discovered, arrested, tried, and executed. On his trial, Mr. Plunkett was employed to act for the crown, with which he had not before been connected, but was soon after appointed solicitor-general. The circumstances of that trial were printed, and are no novelty, but the result of it was a paper which appeared in Cobbett against Lord Redesdale, and which was considered a libel. It was traced to Judge Robert Johnson, of the common pleas, who was in consequence pursued by the then attorney-general, Mr. O'Grady, as was generally thought by the bar, and as I still think, in a manner contrary to all established principles both of law and justice. The three law courts had the case argued before them; the judges differed on every point: however, the result was that Judge Johnson, being kidnapped, was taken over to England, and tried before the king's bench at Westminster, for a libel undoubtedly written in Ireland, although published by Cobbet in both countries. He was found guilty, but on the terms of his resigning office, judgment was never called for. As, however, Judge Robert Johnson was one of those members of parliament who had forgotten their patriotism and voted for a union, the government could not in reason abandon him altogether. They therefore gave him twelve hundred pounds a year for life; and Robert Johnson, Esq., has lived many years not a bit the worse for Westminster; while his next brother (to whom I have already paid my respects), was made judge of the common pleas, and rules in his stead. This is the Mr. Robert Johnson who, from his having been inducted into two offices, Curran used to style, on alluding to him in the house of commons, "the *learned* barrack master." He was a well read entertaining man, extremely acute, an excellent writer, and a trustworthy, agreeable companion. But there was something tart in his look and address, and he was neither good natured in his manner nor gentlemanly in his appearance, which circumstances, altogether, combined with his public habits to make him extremely unpopular. He did not affect to be a great pleader, but he would have made a first-rate attorney; he was very superior to his brother William in everything except law and arrogance, in which accomplishments William, when a barrister, certainly was entitled to a pre-eminence which, I believe, none of his contemporaries refused to concede him.

THE FIRE-EATERS.

Passion for Duelling in Ireland—Ancient Duel before the Judges and Law Authorities, &c., &c. at the Castle of Dublin—List of Official and Judicial Duellists in Author's Time—Family Weapons Described—The Fire-Eaters' Society—Their Chiefs—Elegant Institution of the Knights of Tara—Description of them—Their Exhibitions and Meetings—The Rules of Duelling and Points of Honor Established by the Fire-Eaters, called the Thirty-six Commandments—Singular Duel between the Author and Mr. Richard Daly, a Remarkable Duellist and Fop—Daly Hit—Author's Second the Celebrated Balloon Crosby—His Singular Appearance and Character.

It may be objected that anecdotes of duelling have more than their due proportion of space in these sketches, and that no writer should publish feats of that nature (if feats they can be called), especially when performed by persons holding grave offices, or by public functionaries. These are very plausible, rational observations, and are now anticipated for the purpose of being answered.

It might be considered a sufficient excuse, that these stories refer to events long past; that they are amusing, and the more so as being matters of fact (neither romance nor exaggeration), and so various that no two of them are at all similar. But a much better reason can be given;—namely, that there is no other species of detail or anecdote which so clearly brings in illustration before a reader's eye the character, genius, and manners of a country, as that which exemplifies the distinguishing propensities of its population for successive ages. Much knowledge will necessarily be gained by possessing such a series of anecdotes, and by then going on to trace the decline of such propensities to the progress of civilization in that class of society where they had been prevalent.

As to the objection founded on the rank or profession of the parties concerned, it is only necessary to subjoin the following *short* abstract from a long list of official duellists who have figured away in my time, and some of them before my eyes. The number of grave personages who appear to have adopted the national taste (though in most instances it was undoubtedly before their elevation to the bench that they signalized themselves in single combat), removes from me all imputation of pitching upon and exposing any unusual frailty; and I think I may challenge any country in Europe to show such an assemblage of gallant *judicial* and *official* antagonists at fire and sword as is exhibited even in the following list.*

The lord chancellor of Ireland, Earl Clare, fought the master of the rolls, Curran.

The chief justice K. B., Lord Clonmell, fought Lord Tyrawly (a privy counsellor), Lord Llandaff, and two others.

The judge of the county of Dublin, Egan, fought the master of the rolls, Roger Barret, and three others.

The chancellor of the exchequer, the right honorable Isaac Corry, fought the right honorable Henry Grattan, a privy counsellor, and another.

A baron of the exchequer, Baron Medge, fought his brother-in-law and two others.

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* Single combat was formerly a very prevalent and favorite mode of *administering justice* in Ireland; and, not being considered so brutal as bull-fights, or other beastly amusements of that nature, it was authorized by law, and frequently performed before the high authorities and their ladies; bishops, judges, and other persons of high office, generally honoring the spectacle with their presence.

The last exhibition of that nature which I have read of, was between two Irish gentlemen; Connor Mac Cormac O'Connor, and Teige Mac Kilpatrick O'Connor. They fought with broad swords and skeens (large knives) in the castle of Dublin, in the presence of the archbishop and all the chief authorities and ladies of rank. They had hewed each other for a full hour, when Mr. Mac Kilpatrick O'Connor, happening to miss his footing, Mr. Mac Cormac O'Connor began to cut his head off very expertly with his knife, which, after a good deal of cutting, struggling, and hacking, he was at length so fortunate as to effect; and, having got his head clear off the shoulders, he handed it to the lords justices (who were present), and by whom the head and neck was most graciously received.

The chief justice C. P., Lord Norbury, fought Fire-eater Fitzgerald, and two other gentlemen, and frightened Napper Tandy and several besides: one hit only.

The judge of the prerogative court, Doctor Duigenan, fought one barrister and frightened another on the ground.—N. B. The latter case is a curious one.

The chief counsel to the revenue, Henry Deane Grady, fought Counsellor O'Mahon, Counsellor Campbell, and others; all hits.

The master of the rolls fought Lord Buckinghamshire, the chief secretary, &c.

The provost of the university of Dublin, the right honorable Hely Hutchinson, fought Mr. Doyle, master in chancery (they went to the plains of Minden to fight), and some others.

The chief-justice C. P., Patterson, fought three country-gentlemen, one of them with swords, another with guns, and wounded all of them.

The right honorable George Ogle, a privy counsellor, fought Barney Coyle, a distiller, because he was a papist. They fired eight shots and no hit; but the second broke his own arm

Thomas Wallace, K. C., fought Mr. O'Gorman, the catholic secretary.

Counsellor O'Connell fought the Orange chieftain; fatal to the champion of protestant ascendency.

The collector of the customs of Dublin, the honorable Francis Hutchinson, fought the right honorable Lord Mountmorris.

The reader of this dignified list (which, as I have said, is only an abridgment*) will surely see no great indecorum in an admiralty judge having now and then exchanged broadsides, more especially as they did not militate against the law of nations.

However, it must be owned that there were occasionally very peaceable and forgiving instances among the barristers I saw a very brave king's counsel, Mr. Curran, horse-whipped most severely in the public street, by a very savage nobleman

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* Two hundred and twenty-seven memorable and official duels have actually been fought during my grand climacteric.

Lord Clanmorris; and another barrister was said to have had his eye saluted by a moist messenger from a gentleman's lip (Mr. May's) in the body of the house of commons. Yet, both those little *incivilities* were arranged very amicably, in a private manner, and without the aid of any deadly weapon whatsoever, I suppose for variety's sake. But the people of Dublin used to observe, that a judgment came upon Counsellor O'Callaghan, for having kept Mr. Curran quiet in the horse-whipping affair, inasmuch as his own brains were literally scattered about the ground by an attorney very soon after he had turned pacificator.

In my time, the number of killed and wounded among the bar was very considerable. The other learned professions suffered much less.

It is, in fact, incredible what a singular passion the Irish gentlemen (though in general excellent-tempered fellows) formerly had for fighting each other and immediately making friends again. A duel was indeed considered a necessary piece of a young man's education, but by no means a ground for future animosity with his opponent.

One of the most humane men existing, an intimate friend of mine, and at present a prominent public character, but who (as the expression then was) had frequently played both "hilt to hilt," and "muzzle to muzzle," was heard endeavoring to keep a little son of his quiet, who was crying for something: "Come now, do be a good boy! Come, now," said my friend, "don't cry, and I'll give you a case of nice little pistols to-morrow. Come, now, don't cry, and we'll *shoot them all* in the morning."—"Yes! yes! we'll shoot them all in the morning!" responded the child, drying his little eyes, and delighted at the notion. I have heard the late Sir Charles Ormsby, who affected to be a wit, though at best but a humorist and *gourmand*, liken the story of my friend and his son to a butcher at Nenagh, who in like manner wanted to keep *his* son from crying, and effectually stopped his tears by saying—"Come, now, be a good boy—don't cry, and you shall *kill a lamb* to-morrow! Now won't you be good?"—"Oh, yes, yes," said the child, sobbing; "father, is the *lamb ready?*"

Within my recollection, this national propensity for fighting and slaughtering was nearly universal, originating in the spirit and habits of former times. When men had a glowing ambition to excel in all manner of feats and exercises, they naturally conceived that manslaughter, in an *honest* way (that is not knowing *which* would be slaughtered), was the most chivalrous and gentlemanly of all their accomplishments; and this idea gave rise to an assiduous cultivation of the arts of combat, and dictated the wisest laws for carrying them into execution with regularity and honor.

About the year 1777, the *Fire-eaters* were in great repute in Ireland. No young fellow could finish his education till he had exchanged shots with some of his acquaintances. The first two questions always asked as to a young man's respectability and qualifications, particularly when he proposed for a lady-wife, were—"What family is he of?"—"Did he ever blaze?"

Tipperary and Galway were the ablest schools of the duelling science. Galway was most scientific at the sword: Tipperary most practical and prized at the pistol: Mayo not amiss at either: Roscommon and Sligo had many professors and a high reputation in the leaden branch of the pastime.

When I was at the university, Jemmy Keogh, Buck English, Cosey Harrison, Crowe Ryan, Reddy Long, Amby Bodkin, Squire Falton, Squire Blake, Amby Fitzgerald, and a few others, were supposed to understand the points of honor better than any men in Ireland, and were constantly referred to.

In the north, the Fallows and the Fentons were the first hands at it; and most counties could have then boasted their regular *point-of-honor* men. The present chief-justice of the common pleas was supposed to have understood the thing as well as any gentleman in Ireland.

In truth, these oracles were in general gentlemen of good connections* and most respectable families, otherwise nobody would fight or consult them.

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* There was an association in the year 1782 (a volunteer corps), which was called the "Independent Light Horse.' They were not confined to one district, and none could be admitted but the younger brothers of the most

Every family then had a case of hereditary pistols, which descended as an heir-loom, together with a long, silver-hilted sword, for the use of their posterity. Our family pistols, denominated *pelters,* were brass (I believe my second brother has them still). The barrels were very long, and *point-blankers.* They were included in the armory of our ancient castle of Ballynakill in the reign of Elizabeth (the stocks, locks, and hair-triggers, were, however, modern), and had descended from father to son from that period: one of them was named "Sweet-Lips," the other "The Darling." The family rapier was called "Skiver the Pullet" by my grand-uncle, Captain Wheeler Barrington, who had fought with it repeatedly, and run through different parts of their persons several Scots officers, who had challenged him all at once for some national reflection. It was a very long, narrow-bladed, straight cut-and-thrust, as sharp as a razor, with a silver hilt, and a guard of buff leather inside it. I kept this rapier as a curiosity for some time; but it was stolen during my absence at Temple.

I knew Jemmy Keogh extremely well. He was considered in the main a peacemaker, for he did not like to see anybody fight but himself; and it was universally admitted that he never killed any man who did not well deserve it. He was a plausible, although black-looking fellow, with remarkably thick, long eyebrows, closing with a tuft over his nose. He unfortunately killed a cripple in the Phœnix park, which accident did him great mischief. He was land-agent to Bourke of Glinsk, to whom he always officiated as second.

At length, so many quarrels arose without sufficiently *dignified* provocation, and so many things were considered quarrels *of course,* which were not quarrels at all—that the principal fire-eaters of the south saw clearly disrepute was likely to be thrown on both the science and its professors, and thought it

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respectable families. They were all both "hilt and muzzle boys;" and that no member should set himself up as greater than another, every individual of the corps was obliged, on reception, to give his honor that "he could cover his fortune with the crown of his hat."

Roscommon and Sligo then furnished some of the finest young fellows (fire-eaters) I ever saw. Their spirit and decorum were equally admirable, and their honor and liberality conspicuous on all occasions.

full time to interfere and arrange matters upon a proper, steady, rational, and moderate footing; and to regulate the time, place, and other circumstances of duelling, so as to govern all Ireland on one principle—thus establishing a uniform, national code of the *lex pugnandi;* proving, as Hugo Grotius did, that it was for the benefit of all belligerents to adopt the same code and regulations.

In furtherance of this object, a branch-society had been formed in Dublin, termed the "Knights of Tara," which met once a month at the theatre, Capel street, gave premiums for fencing, and proceeded in the most laudably systematic manner. The amount of admission-money was laid out on silver cups, and given to the best fencers as prizes, at quarterly exhibitions of pupils and amateurs.

Fencing with the small-sword is certainly a most beautiful and noble exercise: its acquirement confers a fine, bold, manly carriage, a dignified mien, a firm step, and graceful motion. But, alas! its practisers are now supplanted by contemptible groups of smirking quadrillers with unweaponed belts, stuffed breasts, and strangled loins!—a set of squeaking dandies, whose sex may be readily mistaken, or, I should rather say, is of no consequence.

The theatre of the knights of Tara, on these occasions, was always overflowing. The combatants were dressed in close cambric jackets, garnished with ribands, each wearing the favorite color of his fair one; bunches of ribands also dangled at their knees, and roses adorned their morocco slippers, which had buff soles to prevent noise in their lunges. No masks or visors were used as in these more timorous times; on the contrary, every feature was uncovered, and its inflections all visible. The ladies appeared in full morning-dresses, each handing his foil to her champion for the day, and their presence animating the singular exhibition. From the stage-boxes the prizes were likewise handed to the conquerors by the fair ones, accompanied each with a wreath of laurel, and a smile then more valued than a hundred victories! The tips of the foils were blackened, and therefore instantly betrayed the hits on the cambric jacket, and proclaimed without doubt the successful combatant. All was decorum, gallantry, spirit, and good temper.

The knights of Tara also held a select committee to decide on all actual questions of honor referred to them: to reconcile differences, if possible; if not, to adjust the terms and continuance of single combat. Doubtful points were solved generally on the peaceable side, provided women were not insulted or defamed; but when that was the case, the knights were obdurate, and blood must be seen. They were constituted by ballot, something in the manner of the Jockey club, but without the possibility of being dishonorable, or the opportunity of cheating each other.

This most agreeable and useful association did not last above two or three years. I can not tell why it broke up: I rather think, however, the original fire-eaters thought it frivolous, or did not like their own ascendency to be rivalled. It was said that they threatened direct hostilities against the knights; and I am the more disposed to believe this, because, soon after, a comprehensive code of the laws and points of honor was issued by the southern fire-eaters, with directions that it should be strictly observed by gentlemen throughout the kingdom, and kept in their pistol-cases, that ignorance might never be pleaded. This code was not circulated in print, but very numerous written copies were sent to the different county clubs, &c.

My father got one for his sons; and I transcribed most (I believe not all) of it into some blank leaves. These rules brought the whole business of duelling into a focus, and have been much acted upon down to the present day. They called them in Galway "the thirty-six commandments."

As far as my copy went, they appear to have run as follows:—

The practice of duelling and points of honor settled at Clonmell summer assizes, 1777, by the gentlemen-delegates of Tipperary, Galway, Mayo, Sligo, and Roscommon, and prescribed for general adoption throughout Ireland.

Rule 1.—The first offence requires the first apology, though the retort may have been more offensive than the insult. Example: A. tells B. he is impertinent, &c. B retorts that he lies. yet A. must make the first apology, because he gave the first offence, and then (after one fire) B. may explain away the retort by subsequent apology.

RULE 2.—But if the parties would rather fight on, then, after two shots each (but in no case before) B. may explain first, and A. apologize afterward.

N. B. The above rules apply to all cases of offences in retort not of a stronger class than the example.

RULE 3.—If a doubt exist who gave the first offence, the decision rests with the seconds: if they *won't* decide, or *can't* agree, the matter must proceed to two shots, or to a hit, if the challenger require it.

RULE 4.—When the *lie direct* is the *first* offence, the aggressor must either beg pardon in express terms; exchange two shots previous to apology; or three shots followed up by explanation; or fire on till a severe hit be received by one party or the other.

RULE 5.—As a blow is strictly prohibited under any circumstances among gentlemen, no verbal apology can be received for such an insult. The alternatives therefore are—the offender handing a cane to the injured party, to be used on his own back, at the same time begging pardon; firing on until one or both are disabled; or exchanging three shots, and then asking pardon *without* the proffer of the *cane*.

If swords are used, the parties engage until one is well blooded, disabled, or disarmed; or until, after receiving a wound, and blood being drawn, the aggressor begs pardon.

N. B. A *disarm* is considered the same as a *disable*. The disarmer may (strictly) break his adversary's sword; but, if it be the challenger who is disarmed, it is considered as ungenerous to do so.

In case the challenged be disarmed and refuses to ask pardon or atone, he must not be *killed*, as formerly; but the challenger may lay his own sword on the aggressor's shoulder, then break the aggressor's sword, and say, "I spare your life!" The challenged can never revive that quarrel—the challenger may.

Rule 6.—If A. gives B. the lie, and B. retorts by a blow being the two greatest offences), no reconciliation *can* take place till after two discharges each, or a severe hit; *after* which, B. may beg A.'s pardon humbly for the blow, and then A may explain simply for the lie; because a blow is *never* allowable, and the offence of the lie therefore merges in it. (See preceding rules.)

N. B. Challenges for undivulged causes may be reconciled on the ground, after one shot. An explanation or the slightest hit should be sufficient in such cases, because no personal offence transpired.

Rule 7.—But no apology can be received, in any case, after the parties have actually taken their ground, without exchange of fires.

Rule 8.—In the above case, no challenger is obliged to divulge his cause of challenge (if private) unless required by the challenged so to do *before* their meeting.

Rule 9.—All imputations of cheating at play, races, &c., to be considered equivalent to a blow; but may be reconciled after one shot, on admitting their falsehood, and begging pardon publicly.

Rule 10.—Any insult to a lady under a gentleman's care or protection, to be considered as, by one degree, a greater offence than if given to the gentleman personally, and to be regulated accordingly.

Rule 11.—Offences originating or accruing from the support of ladies' reputation, to be considered as less unjustifiable than any others of the same class, and as admitting of slighter apologies by the aggressor: this to be determined by the circumstances of the case, but *always* favorably to the lady.

Rule 12.—In simple, unpremeditated *rencontres* with the small-sword, or *couteau-de chasse*, the rule is—first draw, first sheath, unless blood be drawn; then both sheath, and proceed to investigation.

Rule 13.—No dumb shooting or firing in the air admissible *in any case.* The challenger ought not to have challenged without receiving offence; and the challenged ought, if he gave offence, to have made an apology before he came on the ground? therefore, *children's play* must be dishonorable on one side or the other, and is accordingly prohibited.

Rule 14.—Seconds to be of equal rank in society with the principals they attend, inasmuch as a second may either choose or chance to become a principal, and equality is indispensable.

Rule 15.—Challenges are never to be delivered at night, unless the party to be challenged intend leaving the place of offence before morning; for it is desirable to avoid all hot-headed proceedings.

Rule 16.—The challenged has the right to choose his own weapon, unless the challenger gives his honor he is no swordsman; after which, however, he can not decline any *second* species of weapon proposed by the challenged.

Rule 17.—The challenged chooses his ground: the challenger chooses his distance: the seconds fix the time and terms of firing.

Rule 18.—The seconds load in presence of each other, unless they give their mutual honors they have charged smooth and single, which should be held sufficient.

Rule 19.—Firing may be regulated—first, by signal; secondly, by word of command; or, thirdly, at pleasure—as may be agreeable to the parties. In the latter case, the parties may fire at their reasonable leisure, but *second presents* and *rests* are strictly prohibited.

Rule 20.—In all cases, a miss-fire is equivalent to a shot and a *snap* or a *non-cock* is to be considered as a miss-fire.

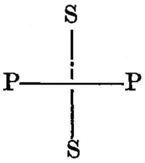
Rule 21.—Seconds are bound to attempt a reconciliation *before* the meeting takes place, or *after* sufficient firing or hits, as specified.

Rule 22.—Any wound sufficient to agitate the nerves and necessarily make the hand shake, must end the business for *that day*.

Rule 23.—If the cause of meeting be of such a nature that no apology or explanation can or will be received, the challenged takes his ground, and calls on the challenger to proceed as he chooses: in such cases, firing at pleasure is the usual practice, but may be varied by agreement.

Rule 24.—In slight cases, the second hands his principal but one pistol; but, in gross cases, two, holding another case ready charged in reserve.

Rule 25.—Where seconds disagree, and resolve to exchange shots themselves, it must be at the same time and at right-angles with their principals, thus:—



If with swords, side by side, with five paces interval.

N.B.—All matters and doubts not herein mentioned, will be explained and cleared up by application to the committee, who meet alternately at Clonmell and Galway, at the quarter sessions, for that purpose.

Crow Ryan, president; James Keogh and Amby Bodkin, secretaries.

ADDITIONAL GALWAY ARTICLES.

Rule 1.—No party can be allowed to bend his knee or cover his side with his left hand, but may present at any level from the hip to the eye.

Rule 2.—None can either advance or retreat, if the ground be measured. If no ground be measured, either party may advance at his pleasure, even to touch muzzle; but neither can advance on his adversary after the fire, unless the adversary steps forward on him.

N. B.—The seconds on both sides stand responsible for this last rule being *strictly* observed; bad cases having accrued from neglecting of it.

These rules and resolutions of the "fire-eaters" and "knights of Tara," were the more deeply impressed on my mind, from my having run a great chance of losing my life, when a member of the university, in consequence of the strict observance of one of them. A young gentleman of Galway, Mr. Richard Daly, then a templar, had the greatest predilection for single combat of any person (not a society fire-eater)

I ever recollect: he had fought sixteen duels in the space of two years: three with swords and thirteen with pistols; yet, with so little skill or so much good fortune, that not a wound worth mentioning occurred in the course of the whole. This gentleman afterward figured for many years as patentee of the theatre royal, Dublin, and had the credit of first introducing that superior woman and actress, Mrs. Jordan, when Miss Francis, on the Dublin boards.

I was surprised one winter's evening at college, by receiving a written challenge in the nature of an *invitation*, from Mr. Daly, to fight him early the ensuing morning. I never had spoken a word to him in my life and scarcely *of* him, and no possible cause of quarrel that I could guess existed between us: however, it being then a decided opinion that a first overture of that nature could *never* be declined, I accepted the *invitation* without any inquiry; writing, in reply, that as to place, I chose the field of Donnybrook fair as the fittest spot for *all* sorts of *encounters*. I had then to look out for a second, and resorted to a person with whom I was very intimate, and who, as he was a curious character, may be worth noticing. He was brother to the unfortunate Sir Edward Crosby, bart., who was *murdered* by a court-martial at Carlow, May, 1798. My friend was afterward called "Balloon Crosby," being the first aeronaut who constructed a Hibernian balloon, and ventured to take a journey into the sky from Ireland.*

Crosby was of immense stature, being above six feet three inches high: he had a comely-looking, fat ruddy face, and was, beyond all comparison, the most ingenious mechanic I ever knew. He had a smattering of all sciences, and there was scarcely an art or a trade of which he had not some practical knowledge. His chambers at college were like a general workshop for all kinds of artisans. He was very good-tempered, exceedingly strong, and as brave as a lion, but as dogged as a mule: nothing could change a resolution of his when once made, and nothing could check or resist his perseverance to carry it into execution. He highly approved of my promptness in accepting Daly's invitation, but I told him that I unluckily had no pistols, and did not know where to procure any against the next morning. This puzzled him: but on recollection, he said he had no complete pistols neither; but he had some *old locks, barrels, and stocks,* which, as they did not originally belong to each other, he should find it very difficult to make anything of: nevertheless, he would fall to work directly. He kept me up till late at night in his chambers, to help him in filing the old locks and barrels, and endeavoring to patch up two or three of them so as to go off and answer that individual job. Various trials were made: much filing, drilling, and scanning, were necessary. However, by two o'clock in the morning, we had completed three entire pistols, which, though certainly of various lengths, and of the most ludicrous workmanship, struck their fire *right well,* and that was all we wanted of them—symmetry, as he remarked, being of no great value upon *these* occasions.

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* And a most unfortunate journey it was for the spectators! The ascent was from the duke of Leinster's lawn, Merrion square. The crowds outside were immense, and so many squeezed together and leaned against a thick parapet wall fronting the street, that it yielded to the weight and pressure, and the spectators and parapet wall came tumbling down together a great depth. Several were killed and many disabled, while Crosby sailed quietly over their heads in all human probability, to be drowned before an hour had expired.

It was before seven o'clock on the twentieth of March, with a cold wind and a sleety atmosphere, that we set out on foot for the field of Donnybrook fair, after having taken some good chocolate, and a plentiful draught of cherry brandy, to keep the cold wind out. On arriving, we saw my antagonist and his friend, Jack Patterson, nephew to the chief justice, already on the ground. I shall never forget Daly's figure. He was a very fine-looking young fellow, but with such a squint that it was totally impossible to say what he looked at, except his nose, of which he never lost sight. His dress (they had come in a coach) made me ashamed of my own: he wore a pea-green coat, a large tucker with a diamond brooch stuck in it; a three cocked hat with a gold buttonloop and tassels, and silk stockings; and a *cotteau-de-chasse* hung gracefully dangling from his thigh. In fact, he looked as if already standing in a state of triumph, after having vanquished and trampled on his antagonist. I did not half like his steady position showy surface.

and mysterious squint; and I certainly would rather have exchanged *two shots* with his slovenly friend, Jack Patterson, than *one* with so magnificent and overbearing an adversary.

My friend Crosby, without any sort of salutation or prologue, immediately cried out "Ground, gentlemen! ground, ground! damn measurement!" and placing me on his selected spot, whispered into my ear "*Medio tutissimus ibis*—never look at the head or heels—*hip* the maccaroni! the hip for ever, my boy! hip, hip!"—when my antagonist's second, advancing and accosting mine, said Mr. Daly could not think of going any farther with the business, that he found it was totally a mistake on his part, originating through misrepresentation, and that he begged to say he was extremely sorry for having given Mr. Barrington and his friend the trouble of coming out, hoping they would excuse it and shake hands with him. To this arrangement, I certainly had no sort of objection; but Crosby, without hesitation said, "We can not do that *yet*, sir: I'll *show* you we *can't:* (taking a little manuscript book out of his breeches pocket,) there's the *rules!*—look at that, sir," continued he, "see No. 7: 'No apology can be received *after* the parties meet, *without a fire.*' You see, there's the rule," pursued Crosby, with infinite self-satisfaction; "and a young man on his *first blood* can not break rule, particularly with a gentleman so used to the sport as Mr. Daly. Come, gentlemen, proceed! proceed!"

Daly appeared much displeased, but took his ground, without speaking a word, about nine paces from me. He presented his pistol instantly, but gave me most gallantly a full front.

It being, as Crosby said, my first blood, I lost no time, but let fly without a single second of delay, and without taking aim: Daly staggered back two or three steps; put his hand to his breast; cried, "I'm hit, sir!" and did not fire. Crosby gave me a slap on the back which staggered me, and a squeeze of the hand which nearly crushed my fingers. We got round him: his waistcoat was opened, and a black spot, about the size of a crown piece with a little blood, appeared directly on his breastbone. I was greatly shocked: fortunately, however, the ball had not penetrated; but his brooch had been broken, and a piece of the setting was sticking fast in the bone. Crosby stamped, cursed the damp powder or underloading, and calmly pulled out the brooch: Daly said not a word; put his cambric handkerchief doubled to his breast, and bowed. I returned the salute, extremely glad to get out of the scrape, and so we parted without conversation or ceremony; save that when I expressed my wish to know the cause of his challenging me, Daly replied that he would *now* give no such explanation, and *his* friend then produced his book of rules, quoting No. 8: "If a party challenged accepts the challenge without asking the reason of it, the challenger is never bound to divulge it afterward."

My friend Crosby, as I have mentioned, afterward attempted to go off from Dublin to England in a balloon of his own making, and dropped between Dublin and Holyhead into the sea, but was saved. The poor fellow, however, died far too early in life for the arts and sciences, and for friendship, which he was eminently capable of exciting. I never saw two persons in face and figure more alike than Crosby and my friend Daniel O'Connell: but Crosby was the taller by two inches, and it was not *so* easy to discover that he was an Irishman.

DUELLING EXTRAORDINARY.

Frequency of Election Duels—Ludicrous Affair between Frank Skelton and an Exciseman—Frank shoots the Exciseman and runs away—His Curious Reasons—Sir J. Bourke's Quadrille Duel, with five Hits—Mr. H. D. G . . . y's Remarkable Meeting with Counsellor O'Maher—O'Maher hit—Civil Proposition of G . . . y's Second—G . . . y's Gallant Letter to the Author on his Election for Maryborough—Honorable Barry Yelverton challenged by Nine Officers at once—His Elucidation of the Fire-Eaters' Resolutions—Lord Kilkenny's Memorable Duels and Lawsuits—His Lordship is shot by Mr. Ball, an Attorney—The Heir to his Title (the Hon. Somerset Butler) challenges Counsellor Burrowes—The Latter hit, but his Life saved by some Gingerbread Nuts—Lord Kilkenny's Duel with Counsellor Byrne—The Counsellor wounded. Counsellor Guinness escapes a Rencontre—Sketch of Counsellor M'Nally—His Duel with the Author—His three Friends; all afterward hanged—M'Nally wounded—Bon-Mot of Mr. Harding—The Affair highly Beneficial to M'Nally—His Character, Marriage, and Death—Ancient Mode of fighting Duels—The Lists described—Duel of Colonel Barrington with Squire Gilbert on Horseback—Both Wounded—Gilbert's Horse killed—Chivalrous Conclusion.

Our elections were more prolific in duels than any other public meetings: they very seldom originated at a horse-race, cockfight, hunt, or any place of amusement: folks then had pleasure in view, and "something else to do" than to quarrel: but at all elections, or at assizes, or, in fact, at any place of business, almost every man, without any very particular or assignable reason, immediately became a violent partisan, and frequently a furious enemy to somebody else; and gentlemen often got themselves shot before they could tell what they were fighting about.

At an election for Queen's county, between General Walsh and Mr. Warburton, of Garryhinch, about the year 1783, took place the most curious duel of any which have occurred within my recollection. A Mr. Frank Skelton, one of the half-mounted gentlemen described in the early part of this work —a boisterous, joking, fat, young fellow—was prevailed on, much against his grain, to challenge the exciseman of the town for running the but-end of a horsewhip down his throat the night before, while he lay drunk and sleeping with his mouth open. The exciseman insisted that snoring at a dinner-table was a personal offence to every gentleman in company, and would therefore make no apology.

Frank, though he had been nearly choked, was very reluctant to fight; he said "he was sure to die if he did, as the exciseman could snuff a candle with his pistol-ball; and as he himself was as big as a hundred dozen of candles, what chance could he have?" We told him jocosely to give the exciseman no time to take aim at him, by which means he might, perhaps, hit his adversary first, and thus survive the contest. He seemed somewhat encouraged and consoled by the hint, and most strictly did he adhere to it.

Hundreds of the town's people went to see the fight on the green of Maryborough. The ground was regularly measured; and the friends of each party pitched a ragged tent on the green, where whiskey and salt beef were consumed in abundance. Skelton having taken his ground, and at the same time two heavy drams from a bottle his foster-brother had brought, appeared quite stout till he saw the balls entering the mouths of the exciseman' pistols, which shone as bright as silver, and were nearly as long as fusils. This vision made a palpable alteration in Skelton's sentiments: he changed color, and looked about him as if he wanted some assistance. However, their seconds, who were of the same rank and description, handed to each party his case of pistols, and half-hellowed to them—"Blaze away, boys!"

Skelton now recollected his instructions, and *lost no time:* he cocked *both* his pistols at once; and as the exciseman was deliberately and most scientifically coming to his "dead level," as he called it, Skelton let fly.

"Holloa!" said the exciseman, dropping his level, "I'm battered, by Jăsus!"

"The devil's cure to you!" said Skelton, instantly firing his second pistol.

One of the exciseman's legs then gave way, and down he came on his knee, exclaiming "Holloa! holloa! you bloodthirsty villain! do you want to take my life?"

"Why, to be sure I do!" said Skelton. "Ha! ha! have I *stiffened* you, my lad?" Wisely judging, however, that if he stayed till the exciseman recovered his legs, he might have a couple of shots to stand, he wheeled about, took to his heels, and got away as fast as possible. The crowd shouted; but Skelton, like a hare when started, ran the faster for the shouting.

Jemmy Moffit, his own second, followed, overtook, tripped up his heels, and cursing him for a disgraceful rascal, asked "why he ran away from the exciseman?"

"Ough thunther!" said Skelton, with his chastest brogue, "how many holes did the villain want to have drilled into his carcass? Would you have me stop to make a *riddle* of him, Jemmy?"

The second insisted that Skelton should return to the field, to be shot at. He resisted, affirming that he had done *all* that *honor* required. The second called him "*a coward!*"

"By my sowl," returned he, "my dear Jemmy Moffit, may be so! you may call me a coward, if you please; but I did it all for *the best.*"

"The *best!* you blackguard?"

"Yes," said Frank: "sure it's *better* to be a *coward* than a *corpse!* and I must have been either *one* or *t'other* of them."

However, he was dragged up to the ground by his second, after agreeing to fight again, if he had another pistol given him. But, luckily for Frank, the last bullet had stuck so fast between the bones of the exciseman's leg that he could not stand. The friends of the latter then proposed to strap him to a tree, that he might be able to shoot Skelton; but this being positively objected to by Frank, the exciseman was carried home: his first wound was on the side of his thigh, and the second in his right leg; but neither proved at all dangerous.

The exciseman, determined on *haling* Frank as he called it, on his recovery challenged Skelton in his turn. Skelton accepted the challenge, but said he was *tould* he had a right to choose his own weapons. The exciseman, knowing that such was the law, and that Skelton was no swordsman, and not anticipating any new invention, acquiesced. "Then," said Skelton, "for my weapons, I choose my *fists;* and, by the powers, you gauger, I'll give you such a *basting* that your nearest relations sha'n't know you." Skelton insisted on his right, and the exciseman not approving of this species of combat, got nothing by his challenge; the affair dropped, and Skelton triumphed.

The only modern instance I recollect to have heard of as applicable to No. 25 (refer to the regulations detailed in last sketch), was that of old John Bourke, of Glinsk, and Mr. Amby Bodkin. They fought near Glinsk, and the old family steward and other servants brought out the present Sir John, then a child, and held him upon a man's shoulder, to see papa fight.

On that occasion, both principals and seconds engaged; they stood at right angles, ten paces distant, and all began firing together on the signal of a pistol discharged by an umpire. At the first volley, the two principals were touched, though very slightly. The second volley told better; both the seconds, and Amby Bodkin, Esq., staggered out of their places: they were well hit, but no lives lost. It was, according to custom, an election squabble.

The Galway rule No. 2 was well exemplified in a duel between a friend of mine (the present first counsel the commissioners of Ireland), and a Counsellor O'Maher. O'Maher was the challenger: no ground was measured; they fired *ad libitum*. G . . . y, never at a loss upon such occasions, took his ground at once, and kept it steadily: O'Maher began his career at a hundred paces distance, advancing obliquely and gradually contracting his circle round his opponent, who continued changing his front by corresponding movements; both parties now and then aiming, as feints, then taking down their pistols. This *pas de deux* lasted more than half an hour, as I have been informed; at length, when the assailant had contracted his circle to firing distance, G . . . y cried out, suddenly and loudly: O'Maher obeyed the signal, and instantly fired: G . . . y returned the shot, and the challenger reeled back *hors de combat*.

On the same occasion, Mr. O'Maher's second said to G . . . y's (the famous counsellor Ned Lysight), "Mr. Lysight, take care—your pistol is cocked!"—"Well then," said Lysight, "cock yours, and let me take a slap at you, as we are idle!" However, this proposition was not acceded to.

There could not be a greater *gamecock* (the Irish expression) than G . . . y. He was not only spirited himself, but the cause of infusing spirit into others. It will appear, from the following friendly letter which I received from him during my contested election for Maryborough, that Lord Castlecoote, the returning officer, had a tolerable chance of becoming acquainted with my friend's *reporters* (the pet-name for *hair-triggers*), which he was so good as to send me for the occasion. His lordship, however, declined the introduction.

"DUBLIN, *January*, 29, 1800

"MY DEAR JONAH: I have this moment sent to the mail-coach office two bullet-moulds, not being certain which of them belongs to the reporters: suspecting, however, that you may not have time to melt the lead, I also send half a dozen bullets, merely to keep you going while others are preparing.

"I lament much that my situation and political feeling prevent me from seeing you *exhibit* at Maryborough.

"Be bold, wicked, steady, and *fear naught!* Give a line to yours truly, "H. D. G.

"JONAH BARRINGTON, ESQ."

My friend G . . . y did not get off so well in a little affair which he had in Hyde Park, in the night, on which occasion I was his guardian: a Counsellor Campbell happened to be a better shot than my friend and the moon had the unpleasant view of his discomfiture: he got what they call a *crack;* however, it did not matter much, and in a few days G . . . y was on his legs again.

There could not be a better elucidation of rule No. 5, of the code of honor, than an anecdote of Barry Yelverton, second son of Lord Avonmore, baron of the exchequer. Barry was rather too odd a fellow to have been accounted at all times perfectly *compos mentis.* He was a barrister. In a ballroom on circuit, where the officers of a newly-arrived regiment had come to amuse themselves and set the Munster lasses agog, Barry, having made too many libations, let out his natural dislike to the military, and most grossly insulted several of the officers; abusing one, treading on the toes of another, jostling a third, and so forth, till he had got through the whole regiment. Respect for the women, and they not choosing to commit themselves with the black-gowns on the first day of their arrival, induced the insulted parties to content themselves with only requiring Barry's address, and his hour of being seen the next morning. Barry, with great satisfaction, gave each of them his card, but informed them that sending to him was unnecessary; that he was *his own second*, and would meet every man of them at eight o'clock next morning, in the ballroom; concluding by desiring them to bring their swords, as that was always his weapon. Though this was rather a curious rendezvous, yet, the challenged having the right to choose his weapon, and the place being *apropos*, the officers all attended next day punctually, with the surgeon of the regiment, and a due proportion of small-swords, fully expecting that some of his brother-gownsmen would join the rencontre. On their arrival, Barry requested to know how many gentlemen had done him the honor of giving him the invitation, and was told their names, amounting to nine. "Very well, gentlemen," said Yelverton; "I am well aware I abused some of you, and gave others an offence equivalent to a blow—which latter, being the greatest insult, we'll dispose of those cases first, and I shall return in a few minutes fully prepared."

They conceived he had gone for his sword and friends. But Barry soon after returned alone, and resumed thus: "Now, gentlemen, those to each of whom I gave an equivalent to a blow, will please step forward." Four of them accordingly did so, when Barry took from under his coat a bundle of switches, and addressed them as follows: "Gentlemen, permit me to have the honor of handing each of you a switch (according to the rule No. 5, of the Tipperary resolutions), wherewith to return the blow, if you feel any particular desire to put that extremity into practice. I fancy, gentlemen, that settles *four* of you; and as to the rest, here" (handing one of his cards to each, with "*I beg your pardon*" written above his name)—"that's agreeable to No. 1" (reading the rule). "Now I fancy *all* your cases are disposed of; and having done my duty according to the Tipperary resolutions, which I will never swerve from—if, gentlemen, you are not satisfied, I shall be on the bridge to-morrow morning with a case of *barking-irons*." The officers stared, first at him, then at each other. The honest, jolly countenance and drollery of Barry were quite irresistible. First a smile of surprise, and then a general laugh, took place, and the catastrophe was their asking Barry to dine with them at the mess, where his eccentricity and good humor delighted the whole regiment. The poor fellow grew quite deranged at last, and died, I believe, in rather unpleasant circumstances.

The late Lord Mount Garret (afterward earl of Kilkenny) had for several years a great number of lawsuits at once on his hands, particularly with some insolvent tenants, whose causes had been gratuitously taken up by Mr. Ball, an attorney, Mr. William Johnson, the barrister, and seven or eight others of the circuit. His lordship was dreadfully tormented. He was naturally a very clever man, and devised a new mode of carrying on his lawsuits. He engaged a clientless attorney, named Egan, as his working-solicitor, at a very liberal yearly stipend, upon the express terms of his undertaking *no other business*, and holding his office solely in his lordship's own house, and under his own eye and direction. His lordship applied to Mr. Fletcher (afterward judge) and myself, requesting an interview, upon which he informed us of his situation: that there were generally *ten* counsel pitted against him, but that he would have much more reliance on the advice and punctual attendance of *two* steady than of *ten* straggling gentlemen; and that under the full conviction that one of us would always attend the courts when his causes were called on, and not leave him in the lurch as he had been left, he had directed his attorneys to mark on our two briefs *ten times* the amount of fees paid to each on the other side: "Because," said his lordship, "if you won't surely attend, I must engage ten counsel as well as my opponents, and perhaps not be attended to after all." The singularity of the proposal set us laughing, in which his lordship joined.

Fletcher and I accepted the offer, and did most punctually attend his numerous trials—were most liberally feed—but most unsuccessful in our efforts, for we never were able to gain a single cause or verdict for our client.

The principle of strict justice certainly was with his lordship, but certain formalities of the law were decidedly against him. Thus, perceiving himself likely to be foiled, he determined to take another course, quite out of our line, and a course whereby no suit is decided in modern days—namely, to *fight it out*, muzzle to muzzle, with the attorney and *all* the counsel on the other side.

The first procedure on this determination was a direct challenge from his lordship to the attorney, Mr. Ball. It was accepted, and a duel immediately followed, in which his lordship got the worst of it: he was wounded by the attorney at each shot, the first having taken place in his lordship's right arm, which probably saved the solicitor, as his lordship was a most accurate marksman. The noble challenger received the second bullet in his side, but the wound was not dangerous.

My lord and the attorney having been thus disposed of, the Honorable Somerset Butler (his lordship's son) now took the field, and proceeded, according to due form, by a challenge to Mr. Peter Burrowes, the first of the adversaries' counsel, now judge-commissioner of insolvents. The invitation not being refused, the combat took place, one cold, frosty morning, near Kilkenny. Somerset knew his business well, but Peter had had no practice whatever in that line of litigation.

Few persons feel too warm on such occasions, and Peter formed no exception to the general rule. An old woman who sold spiced gingerbread-nuts in the street he passed through accosted him, extolling her nuts to the very skies, as being well spiced, and fit to expel the wind and to warm any gentleman's stomach as well as a dram. Peter bought a penny's worth on the advice of his second, Dick Waddy, an attorney, and duly receiving the change of a sixpenny piece, but the coppers and nuts into his *waistcoat-pocket*, and marched off to the scene of action.

Preliminaries being soon arranged—the pistols given, ten steps measured, the flints hammered, and the feather-springs set—Somerset, a fine, dashing young fellow, full of spirit, activity, and animation, gave elderly Peter (who was no posture-master) but little time to take his fighting position: in fact, he had scarcely raised his pistol to a wabbling level, before Somerset's ball came *crack dash* against Peter's body! The half-pence rattled in his pocket; Peter dropped flat; Somerset fled; Dick Waddy roared, "Murder!" and called out to Surgeon Pack. Peter's clothes were ripped up; and Pack, *secundem artem*, examined the wound. A black hole designated the spot where the lead had penetrated Peter's abdomen. The doctor shook his head, and pronounced but one short word, "*Mortal!*" It was, however, more expressive than a long speech. Peter groaned, and tried to recollect some prayer, if possible, or a scrap of his catechism. His friend Waddy began to think about the coroner; his brother-barristers sighed heavily, and Peter was supposed to be fast departing this world (but, as they all endeavored to persuade him, *for a better);* when Surgeon Pack, after another exclamation, taking leave of Peter, and leaning his hand on the grass to assist him in rising, felt something hard, took it up and looked at it curiously. The spectators closed in the circle, to see Peter die; the patient turned his expiring eyes toward Surgeon Pack, as much as to ask, "Is there no hope?"—when, lo! the doctor held up to the astonished assembly the *identical bullet,* which, having rattled among the heads, and harps, and gingerbread-nuts, in Peter's waistcoat-pocket, had flattened its own body on the surface of a preserving copper, and left his majesty's bust distinctly imprinted and accurately designated, in black-and-blue shading, on his subject's carcass! Peter's heart beat high; he stopped his prayers; and finding that his gracious sovereign and the gingerbread-nuts had saved his life, lost as little time as possible in rising from the sod on which he had lain extended. A bandage was applied round his body, and in a short time Peter was *able* (though of course he had no reason to be over-*willing)* to begin the combat anew.

His lordship having now, on his part, recovered from the attorney's wound, considered it high time to recommence hostilities according to his original plan of the campaign: and the engagement immediately succeeding was between him and the present Counsellor John Byrne, king's counsel, and next in rotation of his learned adversaries.

His lordship was much pleased with the spot upon which his son had chosen to hit Counsellor Peter, and resolved to select the same for a hit on Counsellor John. The decision appeared to be judicious; and, as if the pistol itself could not be ignorant of its direction, and had been gratified at its own previous accuracy and success (for it was the same), it sent a bullet in the identical level, and Counsellor John Byrne's carcass received a precisely similar compliment with Counsellor Peter Burrowes's—with this difference, that the former had bought no gingerbread-nuts, and the matter consequently appeared more serious. I asked him during his illness how he felt when he received the *crack.* He answered, just as if he had been punched by the mainmast of a man-of-war! Certainly a grand simile; but how far my friend Byrne was enabled to form the comparison, he never divulged to me.

My lord having got through two of them, and his son a third, it became the duty of Captain Pierce Butler (brother to Somerset) to take his turn in the lists. The barristers now began not much to relish this species of argument; and a gentleman who followed next but one on the list owned fairly to me that he would rather be on *our* side of the question: but it was determined by our noble client, so soon as the first series of combats should be finished, to begin a new one, till he and *the lads* had tried the mettle or "touched the inside" of the remaining barristers. Mr. Dicky Guinness, a little dapper, popular, lisping, jesting pleader, was the next on the list; and the Honorable Pierce Butler, his intended slaughterer, was advised, for variety's sake, to put what is called the *onus* on that little gentleman, and thereby force *him* to become the challenger.

Dick's friends kindly and candidly informed him that he could have but little chance—the Honorable Pierce being one of the most resolute of a courageous family, and quite an undeviating marksman; that he had, besides, a hot, persevering, thirsty spirit, which a little fighting would never satisfy: and as Dicky was secretly informed that he would to a certainty be forced to a battle (it being his turn), and as his speedy dissolution was nearly as certain, he was recommended to settle all his worldly concerns without delay.

But it was otherwise decided. Providence took Dick's part; the Honorable Pierce injudiciously put his *onus* (and rather a wicked one) on Dick in open court before the judge. An uproar ensued, and the Honorable Pierce hid himself under the table; however, the sheriff lugged him out, and prevented that encounter effectually—Pierce with great difficulty escaping from incarceration on giving his honor not to meddle with Dicky. At length, his lordship, finding that neither the laws of the land nor those of battle were likely to adjust the affairs to his satisfaction, suffered them to be terminated by the three duels and as many wounds.

Leonard M'Nally (well known at both the English and Irish bars, and in the dramatic circles as the author of that popular little piece, "Robin Hood," &c.) was one of the strangest fellows in the world. His figure was ludicrous: he was very short, and nearly as broad as long; his legs were of unequal length, and he had a face which no washing could clean: he wanted one thumb, the absence of which gave rise to numerous expedients on his part; and he took great care to have no nails, as he regularly ate every morning the growth of the preceeding day: he never wore a glove, lest he should appear to be guilty of affectation in concealing his deformity. When in a hurry, he generally took two thumping steps with the short leg, to bring up the space made by the long one; and the bar, who never missed a favorable opportunity of nicknaming, called him accordingly "One *pound* two." He possessed, however, a fine eye, and by no means an ugly countenance; a great deal of middling intellect; a shrill, full, good bar voice; great quickness at cross-examination, with sufficient adroitness at defence; and in Ireland was the very staff and standing dish of the criminal jurisdictions: in a word, M'Nally was a good-natured, hospitable, talented, dirty fellow, and had, by the latter qualification, so disgusted the circuit bar, that they refused to receive him at their mess—a cruelty I set my face against, and every summer circuit endeavored to vote him into the mess, but always ineffectually; his neglect of his person, the shrillness of his voice, and his frequenting low company, being assigned as reasons which never could be set aside.

M'Nally had done something in the great cause of Napper and Dutton, which brought him into still further disrepute with the bar. Anxious to regain his station by some act equalizing him with his brethren, he determined to offend or challenge some of the most respectable members of the profession, who, however, showed no inclination to oblige him in that way. He first tried his hand with Counsellor Henry Deane Grady, a veteran, but who, upon this occasion, refused the combat. M'Nally, who was as intrepid as possible, by no means despaired; he was so obliging as to honor me with the next chance, and in furtherance thereof, on very little provocation, gave me the retort *not* courteous in the court of king's bench.

I was well aware of his object; and, not feeling very comfortable under the insult, told him (taking out my watch), "M'Nally, you shall meet me in the park in an hour."

The little fellow's eyes sparkled with pleasure at the invitation, and he instantly replied, "In *half an hour*, if you please;" comparing, at the same moment, his watch with mine. "I hope you won't disappoint me," continued he, "as that —— Grady did!"

"Never fear, Mac," answered I; "there's not a gentleman at the bar but will fight you *to-morrow,* provided you live so long, which I can't promise."

We had no time to spare—so parted, to get ready. The first man I met was Mr. Henry Harding, a huge, wicked, fighting, King's-county attorney. I asked him to come out with me. To him it was fine sport. I also summoned Rice Gibbon, a surgeon, who, being the most ostentatious fellow imaginable, brought an immense bag of surgical instruments, &c., from Mercers' hospital. In forty-five minutes we were regularly posted in the middle of the review-ground in the Phœnix park, and the whole scene, to any person not so seriously implicated, must have been irresistibly ludicrous. The sun shone brightly; and Surgeon Gibbon, to lose no time in case of a hit, spread out all his polished instruments on the grass, glittering in the light on one side of me. My second having stepped nine paces, then stood at the other side, handed me a case of pistols, and desired me to "*work* away, by J——s!" M'Nally stood before me very like a beer-barrel on its stilling, and by his side were ranged three unfortunate barristers, who were all soon afterward hanged and beheaded for high-treason—namely, John Sheers (who was his second, and had given him his *point-blanks),* with Henry Sheers and Bagenal Harvey, who came as amateurs. Both of the latter, I believe, were amicably disposed, but a negotiation could not be admitted, and to it we went. M'Nally presented so coolly, that I could plainly see I had but little chance of being missed, so I thought it best to lose no time on my part. The poor fellow staggered, and cried out, "I am hit!"—and I found some twitch myself at the moment which I could not at the time account for. Never did I experience so miserable a feeling. He had received my ball directly in the curtain of his side. My doctor rushed at him with the zeal and activity of a dissecting-surgeon, and in one moment, with a long knife, which he thrust into his waistband, ripped up his clothes, and exposed his naked carcass to the bright sun.

The ball appeared to have hit the buckle of his gallows (yelept suspenders), by which it had been partially impeded, and had turned round, instead of entering his body. While I was still in dread as to the result, my second, after seeing that he had been so far protected by the suspenders, inhumanly exclaimed, "By J——s, Mac! you are the only rogue I ever knew that was *saved by the gallows!*"

On returning home, I found I had not got off quite so well as I thought: the skirt of my coat was perforated on both sides, and a scratch just enough to break the skin had taken place on both my thighs. I did not know this while on the ground, but it accounts for the *twitch* I spoke of.

My opponent soon recovered; and after the *precedent* of being wounded by a king's counsel, no barrister could afterward decently refuse to give him satisfaction. He was, therefore, no longer insulted, and the poor fellow has often told me since that my shot was his salvation. He subsequently got Curran to bring us together at his house, and a more zealous, friendly partisan I never had than M'Nally proved himself on my contest for the city of Dublin.

Leonard was a great poetaster; and having fallen in love with a Miss Janson, daughter to a very rich attorney, of Bedford row, London, he wrote on her the celebrated song of "The Lass of Richmond Hill" (her father had a lodge there). She could not withstand this, and returned his flame. This young lady was absolutely beautiful, but quite a slattern in her person. She likewise had a turn for versifying, and was therefore altogether well adapted to her lame lover, particularly as she could never spare time from her poetry to wash her hands—a circumstance in which M'Nally was sympathetic. The father, however, notwithstanding all this, refused his consent; and consequently, M'Nally took advantage of his dramatic knowledge, by adopting the precedent of Barnaby Brittle, and bribed a barber to lather old Janson's *eyes* as well as his *chin*, and with something rather sharper too than Windsor soap. Slipping out of the room, while her father was getting rid of the lather and the smart, this Sappho, with her limping Phaon, escaped, and were united in the holy bands of matrimony the same evening; and she continued making and M'Nally correcting verses till it pleased God to call them away. This curious couple conducted themselves, both generally and toward each other, extremely well after their union. Old Janson partly forgave them, and made some settlement upon their children.

The ancient mode of duelling in Ireland was generally on horseback. The combatants were to gallop past each other, at a distance marked out by posts, which prevented a nearer approach. They were at liberty to fire at any time from the commencement to the end of their course, but it must be at a hand-gallop. Their pistols were previously charged alike with a certain number of balls, slugs, or whatever else was most convenient, as agreed upon.

There had been, from time immemorial, a spot marked out on level ground near the Down of Clapook, Queen's county, on the estate of my grand-uncle, Sir John Byrne, which I have often visited as *classic ground.* It was beautifully situated, near Stradbally; and here, according to tradition and legendary tales, the old captains and chieftains used to meet and decide their differences. Often did I walk it over, measuring its dimensions step by step. The bounds of it are still palpable, about sixty or seventy steps long, and about thirty or forty wide. Large stones remain on the spot where, I suppose, the posts originally stood to divide the combatants, which posts were about eight or nine yards asunder—being the nearest point from which they were to fire. The time of firing was voluntary, so as it occurred during their course, and, as before stated, in a hand-gallop. If the quarrel was not terminated in one course, the combatants proceeded to a second; and if it was decided to go on after their pistols had been discharged, they then either finished with short broadswords on horseback, or with small-swords on foot; but the tradition ran, that when they fought with small-swords, they always adjourned to the rock of Donamese, the ancient fortress of the O'Moors and the princes of Offely. This is the most beautiful of the inland ruins I have seen in Ireland. There, in the centre of the old fort, on a flat green sod, are still visible the deep indentures of the feet, of both principals, who have fought with small rapiers, and their seconds. Every modern visiter naturally stepping into the same marks, the indentures are consequently kept up; and it is probable that they will be deeper one hundred years hence than they were a year ago.

My grandfather, Colonel Jonah Barrington, of Callenaghmore, had a great passion for hearing and telling stories as to old events, and particularly as to duels and battles fought in his own neighborhood, or by his relatives; and as these were just adapted to make impression on a very young, curious mind, like mine, at the moment nearly a *carte blanche* (the Arabian Nights, for instance, read by a child, are never forgotten by him), I remember, as if they were told yesterday, many of his recitals and traditionary tales, particularly those he could himself attest; and his face bore, to the day of his death, ample proof that he had not been idle among the combatants of his own era. The battle I remember best, because I heard it oftenest and through a variety of channels, was one of my grandfather's, about the year 1759. He and a Mr. Gilbert had an irreconcilable grudge: I forget the cause, but I believe it was a very silly one. It increased, however, every day, and the relatives of both parties found it must inevitably end in a combat, which, were it postponed till the sons of each grew up, might be enlarged perhaps from an individual into a regular family engagement. It was therefore thought better that the business should be ended at once: and it was decided that they should fight on horseback, on the green of Maryborough; that the ground should be one hundred yards of race, and eight of distance; the weapons of each, two holster-pistols, a broad-bladed but not very long sword (I have often seen my grandfather's), with basket-handle, and a skeen, or long, broad-bladed dagger: the pistols to be charged with one ball and swandrops.

The entire country, for miles round, attended to see the combat, which had been six months settled and publicly announced, and the county trumpeter, who attended the judges at the assizes, was on the ground. My grandfather's second was a Mr. Lewis Moore, of Cremorgan, whom I well recollect. Gilbert's was one of his own name and family — a captain of cavalry.

All due preliminaries being arranged, the country collected and placed as at a horserace, and the ground kept free by the gamekeepers and huntsmen mounted, the combatants started, and galloped toward each other. Both fired before they reached the nearest spot, and missed. The second course was not so lucky. My grandfather received many of Gilbert's shot full in his face: the swandrops penetrated no deeper than his temple and cheek bones; the large bullet fortunately passed him. The wounds not being dangerous, only enraged old Jonah Barrington; and the other being equally willing to continue the conflict, a fierce battle, hand to hand, ensued: but I should think they did not close *too* nearly, or how could they have escaped with life?

My grandfather got three cuts, which he used to exhibit with great glee; one on the thick of the right arm, a second on his bridlearm, and a third on the inside of the left hand. His hat, which he kept to the day of his death, was also sliced in several places; but both had iron sculleaps under their hats, which probably saved their brains from remaining upon the green of Maryborough.

Gilbert had received two pokes from my grandfather on his thigh and his side, but neither dangerous. I fancy he had the best of the battle, being as strong as, and less irritable than, my grandfather, who, I suspect, grew, toward the last, a little ticklish on the subject—for he rushed headlong at Gilbert, and instead of striking at his person, thrust his broadsword into the horse's body as often as could, until the beast dropped with his rider underneath him: my grandfather then leaped off his horse, threw away his sword, and putting his skeen, or broad dagger, to the throat of Gilbert, told him to ask his life or die, as he must do either one or the other in half a minute. Gilbert said he would ask his life only upon the terms that, without apology or conversation, they should shake hands heartily and be future friends and companions, and not leave the youths of two old families to revenge their quarrel by slaughtering each other. These terms being quite agreeable to my grandfather, as they breathed good sense, intrepidity, and good heart, he acquiesced: and from that time they were the most intimately attached and joyous friends and companions of the county they resided in.

My grandfather afterward fought at Clapook, a Mr Fitzgerald, who was badly shot. On this occasion, old Gilbert was my grandfather's second: I remember well seeing him; as I do also the late chief-justice (then sergeant) Pattison, who had come down to Cullenaghmore to visit my grandfather, and, as I afterward discovered, to cheat him. Gilbert brought me a great many sweet things; and I heard that evening so many stories of fights at Clapook, and on the ridge of Maryborough, that I never forgot them; and it is curious enough that I have all my life taken the greatest delight in hearing of, or reading about, ancient battles and chivalrous adventures. Nothing amuses me more to this day; and hence perhaps it is, that I recollect those tales and traditions at the present moment with perfect distinctness and accuracy: my memory seldom fails me in anything, and least of all in recitals such as the foregoing.

GEORGE HARTPOLE.

Curious Fatality in the Hartpole Family—Characteristic Sketch of the Last of the Name—Description of Shrewl Castle—The Chapel and Cemetery—Strictures on Epitaph Writing—Eccentricities of Earl of Aldborough—His Lordship proposes his Sister, Lady Sarah Stratford, as Returning Officer for the Borough of Saltinglass—Consequent Disturbances—The North Briton put on his Mettle, but outmanœuvered—"Lending to the Lord"—Successful Conspiracy to marry Hartpole to the Daughter of a Village-Innkeeper—He is stabbed by his Wife, and deserts Her in consequence—He forms an Attachment to Miss Maria Otway, whom he marries under the Plea of his previous Connection being Illegal—Unfortunate Nature of this Union—Separation of the Parties—Hartpole's Voyage to Portugal, his Return and Death—Sundry other Anecdotes of the Stratford Family.

In the year 1791, George Hartpole, of Shrewl castle, Queen's county, Ireland, had just come of age. He was the last surviving male of that name, which belonged to a popular family, highly respectable, and long established in the county. Few private gentlemen commenced life with better promise, and better merited esteem and happiness. He was my relative by blood; and though considerably younger, the most intimate and dearest friend I had.

His father, Robert, had married a sister of the late and present earls of Aldborough. She was the mother of George, and through this connection originated my intercourse with that eccentric nobleman and his family.

A singular fatality had attended the Hartpole family from time immemorial. The fathers seldom survived the attainment of the age of twenty-three years by their elder sons, which circumstance gave rise to numerous traditionary tales of sprites and warnings.*

Robert, as usual with the gentlemen of his day, was the dupe of agents, and the victim of indolence and the spirit of hospitality. He had deposited his consort in the tomb of her fathers, and had continued merrily enjoying the convivialities of the world (principally in the night-time) till his son George had passed his twenty-second year; and then punctually made way for the succession, leaving George inheritor of a large territory, a moderate income, a tattered mansion, an embarrassed rent-roll, and a profound ignorance (without the consciousness of it) of business in all departments.

George, though not at all handsome, had completely the mien and manners of a gentleman. His features accorded well with his address, bespeaking the cordiality of a friend and the ardor of an Irishman. His disposition was mild—his nature brave, generous, and sincere; yet on some occasions he was obstinate and peevish; on others somewhat sullen and suspicious; but in his friendships, George Hartpole was immutable.

His stature was of the middle height, and his figure exhibited no appearance of either personal strength or constitutional vigor; his slender form and the languid fire of his eye indicated excitation without energy; yet his spirits were moderately good, and the most careless observer might feel convinced that he had sprung from no ordinary parentage—a circumstance which then had due influence in Ireland, where agents, artisans, and attorneys, had not as yet supplanted the ancient nobility and gentry of the country.

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* The country authorities were very wise, very grave, and very grim, on this subject; but, after all, I suspect the most natural way of accounting for the fatality alluded to is, that the old gentlemen were commonly among the *hardest livers* in the country, and consequently, the gout was certain to be their companion, and generally their executioner.

Shrewl Castle, the hereditary residence of the Hartpoles, was in no way distinguishable from the numerous other castellated edifices now in a state of dilapidation throughout the whole island—ruins which invariably excite a retrospect of happier times, when the resident landlord, reverenced and beloved, and the cheerful tenant, fostered and protected, felt the natural advantages of their reciprocal attachment; a reflection which leads us to a sad comparison with modern usages, when the absent lord and the mercenary agent have no consideration but the rents, and their collection; when the deserted tenantry keep pace in decline with the deserted mansion; when the ragged cottager has no master to employ, no guardian to protect him—pining, and sunk in the lowest state of want and wretchedness—*sans* work, *sans* food, *sans* covering, *sans* everything—he rushes forlorn and desperate into the arms of destruction, which in all its various shapes stands ready to receive him. The reflection is miserable, but true; such is Ireland since the year 1800.

Hartpole's family residence, picturesquely seated on a verdant bank of the smooth and beautful Barrow, had, during the revolutions of time, entirely lost the character of a fortress: patched and pieced after all the numberless orders of village architecture, it had long resigned the dignity of a castle without acquiring the comforts of a mansion; yet its gradual descent, from the stronghold of powerful chieftains to the rude dwelling of an embarrassed gentleman, could be traced even by a superficial observer. Its half-levelled battlements, its solitary and decrepit tower, and its rough and dingy walls (giving it the appearance of a sort of habitable buttress), combined to portray the downfall of an ancient family.

Close bounding the site of this ambiguous heritage was situate the ancient burial-place of the Hartpole family and its followers for ages. Scattered graves—some green, some russet—denoted the recentness or remoteness of the different interments; and a few broad flagstones, indented with defaced or illegible inscriptions, and covering the remains of the early masters of the domain, just uplifted their mouldering sides from among weeds and briers, and thus half disclosed the only objects which could render that cemetery interesting.

One melancholy yew-tree, spreading wide its straggling branches over the tombs of its former lords and the nave of an ancient chapel (its own hollow trunk proclaiming that it could not long survive), seemed to await, in awful augury, the honor of expiring with the last scion of its hereditary chieftains.

To me the view of this melancholy tree always communicated a low, feverish sensation, which I could not well account for. It is true I ever disliked to contemplate the residence of the dead:* but that of the Hartpole race, bounding their hall of revelry, seemed to me a check upon all hilarity; and I never could raise my spirits in any room, or sleep soundly in any chamber, which overlooked that sanctuary.

The incidents which marked the life of the last owner of Shrewl castle were singular and affecting, and on many points may tend to exhibit an instructive example. Nothing, in fact, is better calculated to influence the conduct of society than the biography of those whose career has been conspicuously marked by either eminent virtues or peculiar events. The instance of George Hartpole may serve to prove, were proof wanting, that matrimony, as it is the most irrevocable, so is it the most precarious step in the life of mortals; and that sensations of presentiment and foreboding (as I have already more than once maintained) are not always visionary.

I was the most valued friend of this ill-fated young man. To me his whole heart was laid open; nor was there one important circumstance of his life, one feeling of his mind, concealed from me. It is now many years since he paid his debt to Nature: and, by her course, I shall not much longer tarry to regret his departure; but, while my pilgrimage continues, that regret can not be extinguished.

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* I never could get over certain disagreeable sensations and awe at the interment of any person. So strongly, indeed, have I been impressed in this way, that I formed a resolution, which (with one exception) I have strictly adhered to these forty years—namely, never to attend the funeral even of a relative. I have now and then indulged a whim of strolling over a country churchyard occasionally, to kill time when travelling, in other instances for statistical purposes; but, in general, the intelligible and serious inscription on the tombstones are so mingled and mixed with others too ridiculous even for the brain of a stonecutter to have devised, that the rational and preposterous, alternately counteracting each other, made a sort of equipoise; and I generally left an ordinary churchyard pretty much in the same mood in which I entered it.

George had received but a moderate education, far inadequate to his rank and expectations; and the country life of his careless father had afforded him too few conveniences for cultivating his capacity. His near alliance, however, and intercourse with the Aldborough family, gave him considerable opportunities to counteract, in a better class of society, that tendency to rustic dissipation to which his situation had exposed him, and which, at first seductive, soon becomes habitual, and ruinous in every way to youthful morals.

Whatever were the other eccentricities or failings of Robert, earl of Aldborough (the uncle of Hartpole), the hyperbolical ideas of importance and dignity which he had imbibed, though in many practical instances they rendered him ridiculous, still furnished him with a certain address and air of fashion which put rustic vulgarity out of his society, and combined with a portion of classic learning and modern belles-lettres, never failed to give him an entire ascendency over his ruder neighbors. This curious character, in short, formed a living illustration of the titlepage of a justly-popular work written by a friend of mine, and called "Highways and Byways"—for he exhibited a pretty equal proportion of ostentation and meanness.*

The most remarkable act of his lordship's life was an experiment regarding his sister, Lady Hannah Stratford. The borough of Baltinglass was in the patronage of the Stratford family; and on that subject his brothers John and Benjamin never gave him a peaceable moment: they always opposed him, and generally succeeded. He was determined, however, to make a new kind of burgomaster or returning-officer, whose adherence he might religiously depend on. He therefore took his sister, Lady Hannah, down to the corporation, and recommended *her* as a fit and proper returning-officer for the borough of Baltinglass! Many highly approved of her ladyship, by way of a change, and a double return ensued — a man acting for the brothers, and the lady for the nobleman. This created a great battle. The honorable ladies all got into the thick of it: some of them were well trounced — others gave as good as they received. The affair made a great uproar in Dublin, and informations were moved for and obtained against some of the ladies. However, the brothers, as was just, kept the borough, and his lordship never could make any further hand of it.

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* Hartpole, though he despised the empty arrogance of his uncle, yet saw that his lordship knew the world well, and profited by that knowledge. He therefore occasionally paid much attention to some of my lord's worldly lectures; and had he observed the best of them, though he might possibly have appeared less amiable, he would doubtless have been far more fortunate. But Hartpole could not draw the due distinction between the folly of his uncle's ostentation and the utility of his address; disgusted with the one, he did not sufficiently practise the other; and despised the idea of acting as if he knew the world, lest he should be considered as affecting to know too much of it.

The *high*ways of Lord Aldborough, and the *by*ways with which he intersected them, are well exhibited by an incident that occurred to him when the country was rather disturbed in 1797. He proceeded in great state, with his carriage, outriders, &c., to visit the commanding officer of a regiment of cavalry, which had just arrived in that part of the country. On entering the room, he immediately began by informing the officer that he was the earl of Aldborough, of Belan castle; that he had the finest parks and fishponds in that neighborhood, and frequently did the military gentlemen the honor of inviting them to his dinners; adding, with what he thought a dignified politeness, "I have come from my castle of Belan, where I have all the conveniences and luxuries of life, for the especial purpose of saying, major, that I am glad to see the military in my county, and have made up my mind to give *you*, major, my countenance and protection." The major, who happened to be rather a rough soldier, and of a country not famed for the softness of its manners, could scarcely repress his indignation at his lordship's arrogant politeness: but when the last sentence was pronounced, he could restrain himself no longer. "Countenance and protection!" repeated he, contemptuously, two or three times; "as for your *protection*, mister my lord, Major M'Pherson is always able to protect himself; and as for your *countenance*, by Heaven, I would not take it for your earldom!"

His lordship withdrew, and the major related the incident as a singular piece of assurance. My lord, however, knew the world too well to let the soldier's answer stick against him. Next day he invited *every* officer of the regiment to dinner, and so civilly, that the major lost all credit with his brother-officers for his surly reply to so hospitable a nobleman! Nay, it was even whispered among them at mess that the major had actually *invented* the story, to show off his own wit and independence—and thus Lord Aldborough obtained complete revenge.

On another occasion, his lordship got off better still. Being churchwarden of Baltinglass parish, he did not please the rector, Bob Carter, as to his mode of accounting for the money in the poor-boxes. The peer treated Bob (who was as hard-going, good-hearted, devil-may-care a parson, as any in Ireland) with the greatest contempt. The parson, who felt no sort of personal respect for my lord, renewed his insinuations of his lordship's false arithmetic, until the latter, highly indignant, grew wroth, and would give Bob no further satisfaction on the matter; upon which the rector took the only revenge then in his power, by giving out a second charity-sermon, inasmuch as the proceeds of the first had not been duly forthcoming. The hint went abroad, the church was crowded, and, to the infinite amusement of the congregation, Bob put forth as his text—"Whosoever *giveth* to the *poor*, *lendeth* to the *Lord*." The application was so clear, that the laugh was irresistible. Bob followed up his blow all through the sermon, and "the Lord" was considered to be completely blown; but, skilfully enough, he contrived to give the matter a turn that disconcerted even Bob himself. After the sermon was concluded, his lordship stood up, publicly thanked Bob for his most excellent text and charity-sermon, and declared that he had no doubt the lord-lieutenant or the bishop would very soon promote him, according to his extraordinary merits, which he was ready to vouch in common with the rest of the parishioners; and finally begged of him to have the sermon printed!

Hartpole's fortune on the death of his father was not large;

but its increase would be great and *certain*, and this rendered his adoption of any money-making profession or employment unnecessary. He accordingly, on the other hand, purchased a commission in the army, and commenced his *entrée* into a military life and general society with all the advantages of birth, property, manners, and character.

A cursory observation of the world must convince us of one painful and explicable truth: that there are some men (and frequently the best) who, even from their earliest youth, appear born to be the victims of undeviating misfortune; whom Providence seems to have gifted with free agency only to lead them to unhappiness and ruin. Ever disappointed in his most ardent hopes—frustrated in his dearest objects—his best intentions overthrown—his purest motives calumniated and abused—no rank or station suffices to shelter such an unfortunate: *ennui* creeps upon his hopeless mind, communicates a listless languor to a sinking constitution, and at length he almost joyfully surrenders an existence which he finds burdensome even perhaps at its outset.*

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* I can not better illustrate the state of a person so chased by misery, than by quoting a few unpublished lines, the composition of a very young lady, with whom, and with whose amiable family, I have the pleasure of being intimate.

I am aware that I do her great injustice by quoting these particular verses, some of the most *inferior* of her writings; but they seem so much to the point, that I venture to risk her displeasure. She is not, indeed, irritable; and I promise to atone for my error by a few further quotations from her superior compositions:—

I.

"I never sought a day's repose,
But some sharp thorn soon pierced my breast
I never watched the evening's close,
And hoped a heaven of rest,
But soon a darkling cloud would come
Athwart the prospect bright,
And, pale as twilight on a tomb,
My hopes grew dim in night

II.

"Oft have I marked the heavenly moon
Wandering her pathless way
Along the midnight's purple noon,
More fair, more loved than day;

Such nearly was the lot of the last of the Hartpoles. He had scarcely commenced a flattering entrance into public life, when one false and fatal step, to which he was led in the first place by a dreadful accident, and subsequently by his own benevolent disposition, worked on by the chicanery of others, laid the foundation of all his future miseries.

While quartered with his regiment at Galway, in Ireland, his gun, on a shooting-party, burst in his hand, which was so shattered, that it was long before his surgeon could decide that amputation might be dispensed with.

During the protracted period of his indisposition, he was confined to his chamber at a small inn, such as Ireland then exhibited, and still exhibits, in provincial towns. The host, whose name was Sleven, bad two daughters, both of whom assisted in the business. The elder, Honor, had long been celebrated as a vulgar humorist, and the cleverest of all her contemporaries; and the bar, on circuits, frequented her father's house purposely to be amused by her *witticisms*. Her coarse person was well calculated to protect her moral conduct; but she jested and took her glass with reasonable *moderation*. Besides entertaining the bar, she occasionally amused the judges also; and Lord Yelverton, the chief baron (who admired wit in anybody), was Honor's greatest partisan.

But soon she flung her shadowy wreath
O'er dark eternity,
As a faint smile on the cheek of death
'Twixt hope and agony!

III.

"Even so the mirth of man is madness—
His joy as a sepulchral light,
Which shows his solitude and sadness,
But chaseth not the night.

* * * * * *

IV.

"Oft on the rainbow's bloom I've gazed,
Arched as a gate of heaven,
Till gushing showers its portals razed,
And bathed the brow of even:
'Tis thus young hopes illume the sky
Of life's dark atmosphere;
Yet, like the rainbow's splendid dye,
They swiftly disappear!"

Such females ever appeared to me unnatural and disgusting. A *humorous* and vulgar Amazon, who forgets her own sex, scarcely can expect that ours will recollect it.

Mary, the younger sister, was of a different appearance and character. She was as mild and unassuming as, from her low occupation and habits of life, could be expected: though destitute of any kind of talent, yet she appeared as if somewhat better born than Honor, and her attention to her guests was at the same time assiduous and reserved; which conduct, contrasted with the masculine effrontery of the other, gave her, in my mind, a great superiority.

It must have been remarked by every person who has observed the habits and manners of provincial towns, that the distinctions of society are frequently suspended by the necessary familiarities of a contracted circle, and that inferior females frequently excite (especially among the youthful military, when such are to be found), sensations of tenderness which in a metropolis would never have been thought of—at least, in the same point of view. And here the evil genius of Hartpole first commenced her incantations for his ruin.

Throughout George's painful and harassing confinement, the more than assiduous care of Mary Sleven could not escape the observation of the too sensitive convalescent. Hartpole has often described to me the rise and progress of the giddy, romantic feeling which then seized upon him; how he used to catch her moistened eye watching his interrupted slumbers, or the progress of his recovery; and when she was conscious of being perceived, how the mantling blush would betray a degree of interest far beyond that of an ordinary attendant.

Mary was *rather* well looking; though there was little to captivate, there was nothing about her to excite his distaste: he was not permitted to have society; and thus, being left nearly alone with this young female during many weeks of pain and solitude, and accustomed to the solicitude of a woman (so exquisite to a man in every state of suffering), Hartpole discovered in the sequel, that a feeling of *gratitude* of the highest order had sunk deeper than he wished within his bosom.

He could not but perceive, indeed, that the girl actually *loved* him, and his vanity of course was alive to the disclosure; but his honorable principles prevented him from taking any advantage of that weakness, which she could not conceal, and whereto he could not be blind. It was in truth a dangerous situation for both. There were, as I have said, no external objects to divert George's mind from this novel sensation; there was no one to point out its folly or interrupt its progress. Her partiality flattered him in his seclusion, and led his thoughts gradually and imperceptibly into a channel inconsistent with the welfare of himself, the honor of his family, and the becoming pride of a gentleman. It was, after all, a sort of nondescript passion; it certainly was not love.

Meanwhile the keen masculine understanding of Honor soon perceived the game which it would be wise in her to play, and conceived a project whereby to wind up Hartpole's feelings to the pitch she wanted, and insensibly to lead his gratitude to love, and his love to *matrimony*. This was Honor's aim, but she overrated her own penetration, and deceived herself as to Hartpole's character: she *overacted* her part, and consequently weakened its effect.

At length, awakened from his vision of romantic gratitude, and beginning to open his eyes to the views of the two women, my friend felt ashamed of his facility, and mustered up sufficient resolution to rescue himself from the toils they were spreading for his capture. He had never made *any species of proposal* to Mary, and she could not, with just or honest hope, look to marriage with a person so greatly her superior. On his perfect recovery, he determined by going over to England, to avoid all their machinations: and he also determined that his departure should be abrupt.

The keen and rapid eye of the designing Honor, however, soon discovered the secret of his thoughts; and guessing the extent of his resolution, she artfully impressed upon him (under the affectation of concealing it) the *entire* attachment of her pining sister, but at the same time communicated Mary's resolution to be seen by him no more—since it would be useless farther to distract her devoted heart by cultivating society from which she must so soon be separated for ever.

Here Honor was again mistaken: no melting looks, no softening blandishments, now intervened to oppose George's pride or stagger his resolution. He had only to struggle with *himself;* and after a day and night of calm reflection, he fully conquered the dangers of his high-flown gratitude, and departed at daybreak from the inn without even desiring to see the lovelorn and secluded Mary.

The sisters were thus totally disappointed. He had paid munificently for the trouble he had given them, written a letter of grateful thanks to Mary, left her a present, and set off to Dublin to take immediate shipping for England.

Hartpole now congratulated himself on his escape from the sarcasms of the world, the scorn of his family, and his own self-condemnation. He had acted with honor; he had done nothing wrong; and he had once more secured that rank in society which he had been in danger of relinquishing. In Dublin he stopped at the Marine hotel, whence the packet was to sail at midnight, and considered himself as on the road to Stratford place, London, which his uncle Lord Aldborough, had built, and where his lordship then resided.

The time of embarkation had nearly arrived when a loud shriek issued from an adjoining chamber to his, at the hotel. Ever alive to any adventure, Hartpole rushed into the room, and beheld—Mary Sleven! She was, or affected to be, fainting, and was supported by the artful Honor, who hung over her, apparently regardless of all other objects, and bemoaning, in low accents, the miserable fate of her only sister.

Bewildered by both the nature and suddenness of his rencontre, Hartpole told me that for a moment he nearly lost his sight—nay, almost his reason; but he soon saw through the scheme, and mustered up sufficient courage to withdraw without explanation. He had, in fact, advanced to the door, and was on the outside step, the boat being ready to receive him, when a second and more violent shriek was heard from the room he had just quitted, accompanied by exclamations of "She's gone! she's gone!" Hartpole's presence of mind entirely forsook him; he retraced his steps, and found Mary lying, as it would seem, quite senseless, in the arms of Honor:

his heart relented; his evil genius profited by the advantage and he assisted to restore her. Gradually Mary's eyes opened; she regarded George wildly but intently, and having caught his eye, closed hers again—a languid, and, as it were an involuntary pressure of his hand, conveying to him her sensations. He spoke kindly to her; she started at the sound, and *renewed the pressure* with *increased* force. As she slowly and gradually revived, the scene became more *interesting*. A medical man being at hand, he ordered her restorative cordials; Madeira only could at the-moment be procured: she put the glass to her mouth, sipped, looked tenderly at Hartpole, and offered it him; her lips had touched it—he sipped also—the patient smiled: the doctor took a glass; Hartpole pledged him; glass followed glass, until George was bewildered! The artful Honor soon substituted another bottle; it was Hartpole's first wine after his accident, and quickly mounted to his brain.

Thus did an hour flit away, and meanwhile, the packet had sailed. Another person affected also to have lost his passage while occupied about the patient, and this turned out to be a *catholic priest.* Some refreshment was ordered: the doctor and the priest were pressed to stay; the Madeira was replenished: the moments fled! The young man's brain was inflamed; and it is only necessary to add, that the morning's sun rose, not on the happy George, but on the happy *Mary*, the wedded wife of Hartpole.

I will not attempt to describe the husband's feelings when morning brought reflection. Every passion met its foe within his bosom: every resolve was overwhelmed by an adverse one; his sensitive mind became the field of contest for tumultuous emotions; until, worn out by its own conflicts, it sank into languor and dejection. He had lost himself! he therefore yielded to his fate, abandoned all idea of farther resistance, and was led back in chains by the triumphant sisters.

His family and connections, however, never would receive her; and George for awhile, sunk and disgraced, without losing all his attachment for the girl, had lost all his tranquil lity. After two years' struggle, however, between his feelings for her and his aspirations after a more honorable station in society, the conspiracy which had effected his ruin, being by chance discovered, arose before his eyes like a spectre, and, as if through a prism the deception appeared in the clearest colors.

The conflict now became still more keen within his breast; but, at length his pride and resolution prevailed over his sensibility, and he determined (after providing amply for her) to take advantage of that statute which declares null and void all marriages solemnized by a popish priest. He made this determination, but unfortunately, he lingered as to its execution. Her influence meanwhile was not extinguished; and she succeeded in inducing him to procrastinate from time to time the fatal resolve. She could not, it is true, deny that he had been inveigled, and had made up her own mind, should he stand firm, to accept a liberal provision, and submit to a legal sentence, which indeed could not be resisted.

As the propriety of Mary's moral conduct had never been called in question, she might, after all, be able to obtain a match more adapted to her station and to everything except her ambition: but the coarse and vulgar Honor miscalculated all. She irritated and wound up Mary almost to madness; and in this state, her characteristic mildness forsook her, she became jealous of all other women, and hesitated not daily to lavish gross and violent abuse on the passive and wretched Hartpole.

One morning, in Dublin, where they were residing, he came to my house in a state of trembling perturbation. He showed me a wound on his hand, and another slight one from a knife's point indented on his breast bone. Mary, he said, had, in a paroxysm of rage, attempted to stab him while sitting at breakfast; he had, with difficulty, wrested the knife from her grasp, and left the house never to return to it. He could in fact, no longer feel safe in her society, and therefore, arranging all his necessary concerns, he repaired to Edinburgh, where his regiment was quartered.

The suit for a decree of nullity was commenced, but no effective proceedings were ever taken, nor any sentence in the cause pronounced, owing to events still more unfortunate to poor Hartpole.

Prior to this fatal act of George's, I had never observed an attachment on his part toward any female, save a very temporary one to a young lady in his neighborhood, whom few men could see without strong feelings of admiration; the second daughter of Mr. Yates, of Moon, a gentleman of the old school, almost antediluvian in his appearance, and of good fortune, in County Kildare.

Miss Yates's beauty amounted almost to perfection. It was of that nature with which poets, painters, and novelists, have attempted to invest the most favorite of their heroines. It was neither Grecian nor Roman in its symmetry, yet she might have sat for a Madonna, or have been the model for a Venus. But my coloring would be partial, were I not to admit that shades of those frailties and passions, from which the female mind is so seldom exempt, not unfrequently betrayed their rapid transits over a countenance more indebted for its expression to sensibility than to intellect, and upon which caution seldom impressed one moment's control. Still, all her errors appeared amiable: her glance was electric, and a smile never failed to complete her conquest. Nature seemed to have created her solely to display the blandishments of affection, and her whole frame appeared as if susceptible of being dissolved in love. In a word, at twenty, Myrtle Yates was wholly irresistible, and not a youth of her country, who had a heart, could boast of its insensibility to her charms. Perhaps in truth she owed to the bewildering number of those admirers, the good fortune, if such it was, of not devoting herself to any.

Hartpole's attachment to Myrtle Yates was neither deep nor lasting. He considered her *too* attractive, perhaps too *yielding;* and had he always adhered to the same principle of judgment, it is possible he might have yet existed.

On his return from Scotland, he immediately repaired to Clifton, to get rid, if he might, of a severe cold, which could no longer be neglected, and required medical advice and a balmy air. Here fate threw in the way of this ill-fated youth another lure for this destruction, but such a one as might have entrapped even the most cautious and prudent. Love, in its genuine and national shape, now assailed the breast of the ever-sensitive Hartpole, and an attachment grew up fatal to his happiness, and, I think I may add, eventually to his life.

At Clifton, my friend made the acquaintance of a family, in one of whose members were combined all the attractive qualities of youth, loveliness, and amiability, while their possessor at the same time moved in a sphere calculated to gratify the requisitions of a decent pride. Those who saw and knew the object of George's present attachment could feel no surprise at the existence of his passion.

The unfortunate young man, however, sorely felt that his situation under these new circumstances was even more dreadful than in the former connection. Loving one woman to adoration, and as yet the acknowledged husband of another, it is not easy to conceive any state more distracting to a man of honor. His agitated mind had now no suspension of its misery, save when lulled into a temporary trance by the very lassitude induced by its own unhappiness.

He wrote to me, expressing the full extent of his feelings—that is, as fully as pen could convey them. But imperfect indeed must be all words which attempt to describe intensity of feeling. It was from blots and scratches, and here and there the dried-up stain of a tear, rather than from words, that I gathered the excess of his mental agony. He required of my friendship to *advise* him—a task, to the execution of which I was utterly incompetent. All I could properly advise him to, was what I knew he would not comply with; namely, to come over to Ireland, and endeavor to conquer the influence of his passion, or at least to take no decisive step in divulging it till the law had pronounced its sentence on his existing connection.

Hartpole had strong feelings of honor as to this latter. For a long time he could scarce reconcile himself to the idea of publicly annulling what he had publicly avowed; and it was only by urging on his consideration the fact, that the ceremony by a popish priest in no case legally constituted a marriage, that he was prevailed on to seek for a public decree of nullity. Such decree was not indeed *necessary;* but to have it upon record was judged advisable. Though the incipient proceedings had been taken by his proctor, they were not completed, and Mary Sleven's marriage *never* was formally declared a nullity by the sentence of the ecclesiastical court, nor was she ever technically separated from the deluded Hartpole.

Under all these circumstances, I was totally bewildered as to what ought to be my friend's future conduct, when I was one morning greatly surprised by the sudden appearance of Hartpole at my breakfast-table, obviously in better health: he looked very superior to what I had expected; his eye sparkled, and there was an air of satisfaction diffused both over his features and address which convinced me that some decisive step had been taken by him. He lost no time in telling me that he had actually proposed for Miss Otway to her father and mother; that she herself had consented; that Mr. and Mrs. Otway had come over, to have his fortune investigated, and wished to see me with as little delay as convenient; and concluded by saying that he was most anxious to introduce me to the source of all his terrestrial happiness.

I could not but start on hearing all this, and declined entering at all in the business with Mr. Otway till George had given me a written license to communicate with him as I pleased. He acceded to all I desired, and the next morning I waited on that gentleman.

I never felt more embarrassed in my life than at this interview. I had in the interim made myself master of Mr. Otway's character, and the knowledge by no means contributed to ease my scruples or diminish my embarrassment. However, to my astonishment, a very short time disposed of both, and in a way which I had conceived impossible.

I found Colonel Cooke Otway, a strong-minded, steady, peremptory, gentlemanly man, obviously with more head than heart, and with sufficient good sense to *appear* good-natured; in short, one of those well-trained persons who affect to be quite off-handed, yet on closer remark, are obviously *in reserve.*

He introduced me to Mrs. Otway, whose character required no research. It was ordinary, but amiable: she had evidently great kindness of heart, and her conduct was uniformly reported to be such as left nothing to amend either as wife or mother: she appeared to be in declining health, while her daughter, in the full bloom of youth and first blush of ripening beauty, presented a striking contrast.

I also read, as far as its hitherto slight development would admit, the character of Maria Otway: I could perceive neither the languor of love nor the restlessness of suspense at all predominant in her feelings. Perfect ease and entire resignation appeared to sit cheerfully on her brow: she seemed to consider the wish of her parents as the rule of her destiny; and it was clearly perceptible that Hartpole had the greater proportion of the love at his own disposal.

Maria united in her appearance, her manners, and her obvious disposition, most of those amiable and engaging traits which the age of eighteen so frequently develop in a female. Her figure, in height rather below the middle stature, had just arrived in that proportionate fullness which forms the just medium between the round and slender, and without the defects of either gives the advantages of both. Her limbs, cast in the mould of perfect symmetry, were moved with that ease and moderate activity which constitute the natural grace of female action. Her features small, and not strictly justifying the epithet beautiful, yet formed in their assemblage a blooming and expressive index of the young heart that ruled them; and the disadvantage of a less prominent profile than should be, was almost disregarded on account of the brilliant delicacy of her complexion. Her blue eyes were untutored; but her smile was intoxicating, and my friend was bound in the trammels of female witchery.

In my own judgment, Maria Otway was certainly at that time a very interesting young female: still her beauty, obviously aided by youth, health, and thoughtless happiness, was not of that animated and vigorous cast on which we so often see neither time, care, nor age make quick impression: it was, on the other hand, that soft and delicate loveliness to which years and family are such inveterate and sometimes rapid enemies.

Over such a man as Hartpole, the victory of Miss Otway's beauty was complete, and the result of that unfortunate passion convinces me that a man (unless his judgment be superior to his sensibility) can not commit an act of greater folly than to encourage an attachment to any woman whom he thinks everybody else must admire as well as himself. George at first was inclined to resist his passion, but he did not *fly from the cause of it*, and he therefore fell a victim to romantic love as he had before done to romantic gratitude.

Mr. Otway at once opened the business, and told me Hartpole had referred him to me for a statement of his estates and financial situation. On this point I had come fully prepared. Hartpole's circumstances exceeded rather than fell below Mr. Otway's expectation.

"I am quite satisfied, my dear sir," said he to me, with a significant nod; "you know that in Ireland we always make a small allowance for a Stratford connection."

I now found my embarrassment recommence, but determined, at every risk, to free myself from all future responsibility or reproach: I therefore informed Col. Otway explicitly of Hartpole's marriage, and that no sentence had as yet been pronounced to declare that marriage a nullity, though in point of law it was so.

Having heard me throughout with the greatest complacency he took me by the hand:—"My dear sir," said he with a smile which at first surprised me, "I am happy to tell you that I was fully apprized, before I came to Ireland, of every circumstance you have related to me as to that woman, and had taken the opinions of several eminent practitioners on the point, each of whom gave, without any hesitation, exactly the same opinion you have done: my mind was, therefore, easy and made up on that subject before I left England, and I do not consider the circumstance any impediment to the present negotiation."

It is not easy to describe the relief thus afforded me; though, at the same time, I must own I was somewhat astonished at this seeming *nonchalance*. We parted in excellent humor with each other.

The negotiation went on: Miss Sleven was no more regarded; and after a deal of discussion, but no difference of opinion, all the terms were agreed upon, and the settlements prepared, for a marriage, in all its results as unfortunate for the young people, and *as culpable in the old,* as any that ever came within my recollection.

A circumstance of singular and not very auspicious nature occurred on the first step toward the completion of that ill-starred alliance. It was necessary to procure a license from the prerogative court for the solemnization of the marriage in the city of Dublin, and Hartpole's uncle, the Honorable Benjamin O'Neil Stratford (now earl of Aldborough) attend with George upon Doctor Duigenan, then judge of the prerogative, for that purpose.

The doctor (who when irritated was the most outrageous judge that ever presided in a civil law court) was on the bench officiating, upon their arrival. Benjamin conceived that his rank and intimacy with the doctor would have procured him at least common civility, but in this he was egregiously mistaken.

Benjamin O'Neil Stratford, who attended his nephew on that dangerous expedition, was endowed with several good-natured qualities, but, as folks said rather inclined to the pleasures of *litigation.* In every family which is not very popular, there is always one, of whom people in general say, "Oh! he is *the best of them:*" and this was Benjamin's reputation in the Stratford family.*

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* The noble earl had then also the appellation of "Blind Ben," which had been conferred on him by the witty Lady Aldborough, and which ought not to have been by any means considered derogatory, inasmuch as his name is certainly Benjamin, and one of his eyes was actually out; and as the abrupt mode of its quitting his lordship's head was rather humorous, it may be amusing to mention it.

He had once, as he thought, the honor of killing a crane. Benjamin's evil genius, however, maliciously scattered the shot, and the crane had only been what they call in Ireland *kilt;* but feeling pretty sure that her death was determined on, she resolved to die heroically, and not unrevenged. She fell, and lying motionless, seduced her assassin to come and wring her head off, according to the usual rules and practices of humanity. The honorable sportsman approached triumphantly, and stooping to seize the *spolia opima,* Madame Crane, having as good eyes of her own as the one that took aim at her, in return for his compliment, darted her long bill plump into the head of the honorable Benjamin O'Neil Stratford, entering through the very same window which he had closed the shutters of, to take his aim. She, in fact, On their arrival in the presence of the doctor, who pretended never to know anybody in court, he asked, "who those people were," and on being informed, proceeded to inquire what business brought them there.

The honorable Benjamin answered that, "he wanted a marriage license for his nephew, George Hartpole, of Shrewl castle, Esq,, and Miss Maria Otway, of Castle Otway, County Tipperary."

He had scarcely pronounced the words, when the doctor, rising with the utmost vehemence, roared out, "George Hartpole! George Hartpole! is that the rascal who has another wife living?"

George, struck motionless, shrank within himself; but Benjamin, not being so easily frightened, said something equally warm, whereupon the doctor, without farther ceremony, rushed at him, seized him by the collar, and cried, "Do you want me to countenance bigamy, you villains?" at the same time roaring to his crier and servants to "turn the fellows out!" which order, if not literally, was virtually performed, and the petitioners for a license congratulated themselves upon their providential escape from so outrageous a judge of prerogative.

The fact was, the suit of nullity had been actually commenced in the court, but not having been proceeded on, the judge only knew Hartpole as a married man upon record, and it certainly could not appear very correct of the honorable Benjamin to apply to the same judge who was to try the validity of the first marriage, to grant his license for the solemnization of a second while the first remained undecided. On Hartpole's mind the circumstance made an indelible impres-

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turned the honorable gentleman's eye clean out of its natural residence; and being thus fully gratified by extinguishing the light in one of her enemy's lanterns, she resigned her body to be plucked, stuffed, and roasted, in the usual manner, as was performed accordingly. Thus, though her slayer was writhing in agony, his *family* was fully revenged by *feasting* on his *tormentor.* Daily consultations were held to ascertain whether her long rapier had not actually penetrated the *brain* of the honorable Benjamin. One of the tenants being heard to say, in a most untenant-like manner, that it might in such case be *all for the best,* was asked his reason for so undutiful an expression; and replied, that if she had just pricked his honor's brain, may be it might have let out the *humors* therein, which would have done no harm either to his honor or to Baltinglass.

sion, and he never afterward took any farther proceedings in the cause then instituted.

Hartpole returned to me and recounted the adventure, affecting to treat it as a jest against his uncle. But it was a vain disguise; although by struggling sharply with his feelings, he in some degree overcame them.

But what was now to be done, since no license could be obtained in Dublin? A general consultation was held; Mr Otway (still singularly to me) appeared to regard the circumstance as a mere *bagatelle.* I thought *far otherwise;* and it was so deeply engraven on Hartpole's mind that he mentioned it to me not three days previously to his dissolution, as having foreboded all his subsequent misfortunes.

It was at length agreed upon that he should be married in the diocess of Kildare, by a license from the bishop's surrogate there. This was in effect accomplished. I was not present at the ceremony; after which, the parties pursued their journey to Castle Otway, where, in the midst of everything that was desirable on earth, Hartpole commenced the trial of his new connection.

Spite of these apparent advantages, however, my friend soon began either to find or conjure up new and dangerous sources of uneasiness. He continued some months at Castle Otway, listless and devoured by *ennui,* he pined for a change of scene, and longed to return to his hereditary domain. His health, too, steadily, although slowly declined; yet he took no medical advice; the remote symptoms of consumption began to exhibit themselves, and the effects of care upon a constitution naturally irritable favored their development. But, amidst all this, he fancied for a while that he possessed everything he could wish for; his wife daily improved in her person, her manners were delightful, her conduct unexceptionable.

Maria was adored by her parents, but adored to a degree that tended eventually to create her misery: the thought of separating from them was to her almost unbearable; she durst scarcely look at such an event with firmness. Her reluctance could not be concealed from the sharp eye of her uneasy husband. Every mark of affection lavished by her on her parents, he considered as if filched from him. He thought her heart should have no room for any attachments but to himself, whereas it had been wholly preoccupied by filial tenderness, that true passion of nature. In a word, she had never *loved* Hartpole, for whom she felt no other than a neutral species of attachment. Neither her mind nor her person had arrived at their full maturity, when she was called upon to love; and under such circumstances, she really evinced more affection for her husband than I supposed she would do, but far less than he expected.

At length it was agreed that they should come, on a visit, to my house in Dublin for some time, and that her mother should afterward stay with her at Shrewl castle till Maria was gradually reconciled to the dreaded change, and to final residence with a man whom I believed she early discovered was not exactly calculated to make her happy. The story of Mary Sleven, I believe, she had not heard; if she had, I am pretty sure she never would have left the protection of her father.

When Hartpole arrived at my house, I soon perceived that my gloomy auguries had been too well grounded. I found his mind bewildered; he received no enjoyment from reading; his health did not permit strong exercise; he took no pleasure in new and strange society, but on the contrary, pined for his own home, his free associates, his steward, his tenants, his colliers, and above all for a passive, fond companion, who should have no wish but her husband's.

Now, none of these things were to Maria's taste, and she yielded to the inroads of discontent, as I think, unreasonably: still, this feeling never showed itself with offensive prominence. She gave way to every desire expressed by her husband, but her acquiescence seemed to me like that of a *victim*. I have often noticed that, even while she intimated her obedience, her averted eye betrayed a rebel tear, and she only awaited the moment when it might gush out with safety, and relieve her.

I perceived that, unless some step was taken to occupy George's mind, a residence at Shrewl castle would surely proclaim to the world both his folly and his ruin. I therefore applied to Mr. Pelham, then secretary in Ireland, to procure Hartpole promotion to the office of high-sheriff for Queen's county for the ensuing year, 1794. My application was immediately conceded. I also took out for him a commission of the peace. Meantime his old castle was in part newly furnished, and I was happy to see that he felt a sort of gratification in the appointment of sheriff; and though in a state of health badly calculated to execute the duties of such an office, the occupation of his mind would, I hoped, make ample amends for his necessary personal exertions. If that year had passed favorably, it was my intention to have recommended a tour to some foreign country, where change of climate and of scene might tend to restore my friend's health, to amuse his mind, and perhaps to make a desirable alteration in the feelings both of himself and his wife: but Heaven decreed otherwise.

While on their visit at my house, I perceived, in Hartpole's disposition, among other traits which so close a communion could scarcely fail to develop, one which I had never before suspected in him — and calculated to prove the certain and permanent source of unhappiness. Jealousy is of all others the most terrible of human passions. When once it fixes its roots in a hasty, sanguine nature, it becomes master of every action and every word; and reason, justice, and humanity, all fly before it! When it pervades a less ardent spirit, impetuosity is bridled; but the desire of revenge is no less powerful, and too often seeks gratification in the exercise of cold treachery or petty annoyance: in either case, the eye magnifies every object which can at all feed the greediness of suspicion. When this passion has any fair cause, it may be justifiable, and a crisis generally ends it; but when no cause exists, save in the distempered fancy of a sinking constitution, it is permanent and invincible.

Such was the case with my friend: his jealousy had no fixed object on which to fasten itself, but wandered from person to person. Indeed, it could have no resting-place; for in this point of view, Maria was blameless. But in the eye of my friend she had guilt — the guilt of being attractive. He conceived that everybody must love her as he did himself, and fancied that a female universally admired could not be universally *ungrateful.*

This melancholy and morbid state of mind appeared to me likely to increase from residence in a metropolis, and I hastened his departure for Shrewl castle, to take upon himself the office of high-sheriff. I did not go with them, for my mind misgave me: her mother met them there, and innocently completed the ruin of her children by a step the consequences whereof should ever be a warning to wives, to parents, and to husbands!

At Shrewl, Mrs. Otway perceived George's ideal malady; she was a silly woman who fancied she was wise, and thought she never could do wrong because she always intended to do right. She proposed to Maria a most desperate remedy to cure her husband of his jealousy, though she did not reflect that it might probably be at the expense of his existence, and certainly of her daughter's duty. They conspired together, and wrote two or three letters directed to Mrs. Hartpole, without signature, but professing love, and designating meetings. These they took measures to drop so as Hartpole might accidentally find some of them, and thus they thought in the end to convince him of his folly, and laugh him out of his suspicions.

The result may be easily anticipated by those who have read with attention the character of the husband. He became outrageous; the development did not pacify him; and his paroxysm was nearly fatal. Maria was in consequence but little better, and the unexpected result of her own injudicious conduct nearly distracted the unhappy mother. But it was too late to retrieve their error: the die was thrown; Hartpole was inflexible; and the first I heard of it was Maria's departure to her father's, and a final separation: and thus, after a marriage of little more than eighteen months, that ill-starred young man, completely the sport of fortune, became once more solitary! Laboring under the false idea that he could soon conquer his attachment, he made Maria an ample separate maintenance, and determined to go to Lisbon, where he thought a change of scene might, perhaps, restore his peace, and the climate his shattered constitution.

Before he sailed, I endeavored in vain to reconcile them. She did not love him well enough to risk a farther residence at Shrewl, in the absence of her connections; and his mind was casehardened against the whole family from which she sprang. His reasons to me for parting from her finally, were at least plausible.

"I acquit her at once," said he, "of ever having shown a symptom of impropriety, nay even of giddiness: there I was wrong, and I own it: but she has proved herself perfectly capable of, and expert at, *deception;* and the woman that has practised deception for *my* sake would be equally capable of practising it for *her own.* So far from *curing my error,* she has confirmed me in it; and when confidence ceases separation ought to ensue."

Hartpole shortly after embarked for Portugal, and only returned to terminate his short career by a lingering and painful death.

On his arrival at Lisbon without any amendment in either mind or body, I felt, and I am sure he did himself, that the world was fast receding from him. The ruffianly manners of the person whom he had chosen as a led-captain, were little congenial to his own characteristic mildness. He had, however, a most faithful valet; and after a few posts, I conceived, from his letters, that his spirits had very much improved, when a circumstance occurred which, had he been in health, would have been merely ludicrous; but which the shattered state of his nerves rendered him almost incapable of bearing up against.

On his marriage he had given the commission he then held to Mr. Otway, his brother-in-law (I believe, now, General Otway); on his separation, however, he determined to resume the profession, and accordingly purchased a commission in a regiment of the line then raising by his uncle, the late Lord Aldborough; and he had been gazetted previously to his departure.

After he had been a short time at Lisbon, some mischievous person, for some mischievous object, informed his uncle that he been dead a fortnight! and, without further inquiry, that nobleman resold George's commission, and an announcement appeared in the newspapers, that Hartpole had fallen a victim at Lisbon, to consumption, the rapid progress of which had rendered his case hopeless even before he quitted Ireland. adding the name of the party who had succeeded him in his regiment.

Now the fact is, that the climate of Lisbon had been of great service to his health; and he was quickly recovering strength and spirits, when taking up, one day, an English paper, he read the above-mentioned paragraph.

His valet described to me coarsely the instantaneous effect of this circumstance on his master's mind. It seemed to proclaim his fate by anticipation: his commission was disposed of, under the idea that he was actually dead; every melancholy reflection crowded upon him; he totally relapsed; and I firmly believe that paragraph was his death-blow. After lingering several months longer, he returned to England, and I received a letter requesting me to meet him without delay at Bristol, and stating that he had made his will. I immediately undertook the journey, and took him over a horse which I conceived adapted to him at that time. His sister (the present Mrs. Bowen, of Rutland square) was with him. His figure was emaciated to the last degree, and he was sinking rapidly into the grave. He was attended by a very clever young physician of that place, a Doctor Barrow, and I soon perceived that the doctor had fallen a victim to the charms of Miss Hartpole

The patient had, however, declined but little in appetite, when the disorder suddenly fixed itself in his throat, and he ceased to have the power of eating: he now entirely gave himself up as a person who must die of hunger. This melancholy scene almost distracted me, and produced a most unpleasant affection of the head. The doctor gave us little consolation; and Hartpole himself, though reduced to such a state, was really the most cheerful of the party, evincing a degree of resignation at once heroic and touching. His will had been prepared by Mr. Lemans, of Bristol (to me a perfect stranger), and executed while I was in Ireland: he informed us all that I was joint executor, with two of his uncles.

On the morning of Hartpole's death he sent for me to rise and come to him. I found him in an *agony of hunger*—perspiration in large drops rolling down his face. He said, neither food nor liquid could descend into his stomach; that his ribs had contracted inward, as if convulsively drawn together; and that he was in great pain. I can not describe my emotion! He walked about his room and spoke to me earnestly on many subjects, on some of which I have been, and ever shall be, totally silent. At length he called me to the window:—"Barrington," said he, "you see at a distance a very green field?" "Yes," I replied. "Well," continued George, "it is my dying request that I may be buried there *to-morrow evening*."

He spoke so calmly and strongly, that I felt much surprised. He observed this, and said, "It is true: *I am in the agonies of death.*" I now called the doctor and Hartpole's servant: the invalid sat down upon the bed; and when he took me by the hand, I shuddered, for it was burning hot, while every nerve and sinew seemed to be in spasmodic action. I never had been in collision with a dying person before: he pressed my hand with great fervor, and murmured, "My friend!" these were the last words I heard him utter. I looked in his face: his eyes were glazed—his lips quivered—he laid his head on the pillow, and expired.

This awful scene, to me so perfectly new, overpowered me, and for a few minutes I was myself insensible.

I disobeyed Hartpole's injunctions respecting his funeral; for I had his body enclosed in a leaden coffin and sent to be interred at Shrewl castle, in the cemetery of his ancestors, wherein his remains were not admitted without much reluctance by his ungrateful sister and her husband, who resided there in his absence.

On the reading of the will, his first bequest appeared to be to "his friend Barrington, six thousand pounds," together with the reversion of his landed estates and collieries, on the death of his sisters without children: one had been some time married and had none; the other was unmarried, but soon after made a match with a gentleman of considerable property, but whom I should think few young ladies of fortune would have fancied.

The uncles would not act as executors: considered me as an interloper; and commenced a suit to annul the will, as prepared under undue influence. Fortunately for my reputation, I had never known the persons who prepared it, was in another kingdom at the time, and had not seen Hartpole for many months before its execution: *his sister* was with him; not I.

I got a decree without delay. The family of Stratford, who preferred law to all other species of *pastime*, appealed. My decree was confirmed, and they were burdened with the whole costs; and in effect paid me six thousand pounds, on an amicable arrangement. My reversion yielded me nothing; for I fancy the sisters have since had nearly twenty children between them to inherit it.

Thus ended Hartpole's life, and thus did a family become extinct, of the most respectable description. I neither looked to nor expected any legacy from my friend, beyond a mourning ring. He left numerous other bequests, including a considerable one to Mary Sleven, whose fate I never heard.

The sequel of Maria Otway's history was not much less melancholy than that of her unhappy partner, as she died prematurely, by the most affecting of all deaths—in childbirth. I saw her after the separation, but never after George's decease. As I predicted, her style of beauty was not calculated to *wear well;* and even before she was out of her teens, Maria Otway *had been* much handsomer. Her manner became more studied —of course, less graceful: and that *naïveté*, which had rendered her so engaging to my friend, was superseded by the cold affectation which fashionable manners prescribe.

Maria, I think, *never* had been attached to Hartpole; and within two years after his decease, she made another and a most unexceptionable match—namely, with Mr. Prittie, the present member for Tipperary: but Providence seemed to pursue fatally even the relict of my friend; and at the age of twenty-three, death cut off the survivor of that union which an unconcerned spectator would have deemed so auspicious. It is said, but I do not wish to be understood as vouching the report, that after Mrs. Prittie's death, a prediction of its occurrence was found written by herself six months before, designating the precise time of her departure.

I have been diffuse on the memoirs of Hartpole, because I felt myself interested in almost every material event of his career. To overlook our friendship, indeed, and his liberality, would have been ungrateful in any memoir of myself.*

Before I quit these "fond records," and the associations which they excite, I am tempted once more to revert to the peculiarities of the Stratford family, which indeed present an ample field for anecdote. More curious or dissimilar characters never surely bore the same name!

Earl Robert, one of those who declared war against me on Hartpole's death, was surnamed "The Peer of a Hundred Wills;" and it is matter of fact that, upon a trial at law in County Wicklow, since his lordship's death, fifty different wills were produced, together with a great number of affidavits, &c., also signed by the earl. Several of these documents are of the most singular description, highly illustrative of the earl's character, and I should think among the most extraordinary papers existing in the prerogative court.

It was a general rule with this peer to make a will or codicil in favor of any person with whom he was desirous of carrying a point, taking especial care that the party should be made acquainted with his proceeding. No sooner, however, was his end accomplished, and other game started, than a fresh instrument annulled all the provisions of the preceding one! Thus, if desirous of obtaining a lady's regards, *he made a will in her favor*, and let her find it *by accident*. He at length got fifty thousand pounds with a grand-daughter of the duke of Chandos.

In the cause before mentioned, I was retained by the late Earl John, to argue that his brother was mad, and Mr. Plunkett was my opponent. In support of *our* position it was that the fifty wills were produced; and I hesitate not to say that *either* of them, had it emanated from any other individual than his lordship, would have been deemed conclusive. But the jury had known the party whose vagaries they were summoned to decide upon; and therefore found, as usual, in favor of his lordship's *last* will. I subsequently asked one of those gentlemen the grounds of their verdict; and his answer was—"We all knew well that the testator was more ***** than fool: did you ever hear of anybody *taking him in?*"—and, the truth is, the jury were right: for I never met with a man who had more worldly sense and tact than Robert, earl of Aldborough, and owing to my close connection with his nephew Hartpole, I had abundant opportunities of judging.

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* George Hartpole was sponsor to my only son.

The present countess-dowager of Aldborough was in the habit of uttering *jeux d'esprit* with more spirit and grace than any woman in the world. She often cut deeply; but so keen and polished was the edge of her wit, that the patient was never mangled.

The cause of her naming the Honorable and Reverend Paul Stratford, her brother-in-law, "Holy Paul," was droll enough. Mount Neil, a remarkably fine old country-house, furnished in the ancient style, was that ecclesiastic's family mansion, wherein he resided many years, but of which it was thought he at last grew tired. One windy night, this house (some time after it had been insured to a large amount) most perversely and miraculously took fire (the common people still say, and verily believe, it was *of its own accord).* No water was to be had; the flames raged; the tenants bustled, jostled, and tumbled over each other, in a general uproar and zeal to save his reverence's great house. His reverence alone, meek and resigned, beheld the voracious element devour his hereditary property—piously attributing the evil solely to the just will of Providence as a punishment for his having vexed his mother some years before her death! Under this impression, the Honorable and Reverend Paul adopted the only rational and pious means of extinguishing the conflagration: he fell on his knees in front of the blazing mansion, and, with clasped and uplifted hands, and in the tone of a saint during his martyrdom, besought the Lord to show him mercy, and extinguish a flame which was setting all human aid at defiance! The people around, however, did not place equal reliance on the interposition of Providence, which, as a country-fellow very judiciously observed, might be employed somewhere else at the time, and unable to look to his reverence's business: so they continued, while practicable, to bring out the furniture piecemeal, and range it on the grass plot. Paul no sooner perceived the result of their exertions, than, still on his knees, he cried out: "Stop, stop! throw all my valuables back into the flames! Never fly, my friends, in the face of Heaven! When the Almighty resolved to burn my house, he most certainly intended to destroy the furniture. I feel resigned. The Lord's will be done!"

The tenants reluctantly obeyed his orders; but, unfortunately for "Holy Paul," the insurance-company, when applied to for payment of his losses, differed altogether from his reverence as to the dispensation of Providence, and absolutely refused to pay any part of the damage incurred

So much disrepute did the Honorable and Reverend Paul get into by this occurrence, that people were not prone to employ him on clerical functions, and his nephew himself peremptorily declined being married by him. In fact, the stain of holy Paul's character was, inordinate love of money; he had very good property, but was totally averse to paying away anything. He was put into prison by his niece's husband, where he long remained rather than render a due account; and when at length he did so, he refused to pay a few pounds' fees, and continued voluntarily in confinement until his death.

HAMILTON ROWAN AND THE BAR.

Sketch of the Character of Mr Hamilton Rowan—His Quixotic Spirit of Philanthropy—Case of Mary Neil, taken up by Mr. Rowan—Dinner-Club among the Briefless Barristers of Dublin—Apparition of Mr. Hamilton Rowan and his Dog—More frightened than hurt—An Unanswerable Query—Mr. Rowan's Subsequent Adventures—The Rev. Mr. Jackson—He is brought up to receive Sentence for High-Treason, and expires in Court.

There were few persons whose history was connected with that of Ireland during my time, who excited my interest in a greater degree than Mr. Hamilton Rowan. The dark points of this gentleman's character have been assiduously exhibited by persons who knew little or nothing of his life, and that, too, long after he had ceased to be an obnoxious character. I will endeavor to show the obverse of the medal; and I claim the meed of perfect disinterestedness, which will, I think, be awarded, when I state that I never had the least social intercourse with Mr. Rowan, whose line of politics was always decidedly opposed to my own.

Archibald Hamilton Rowan (I believe he still lives) is a gentleman of most respectable family, and of ample fortune. Considered merely as a private character, I fancy there are few who will not give him full credit for every quality which does honor to that station in society. As a philanthropist, he certainly carried his ideas even beyond reason, and to a degree of excess which I really think laid in his mind the foundation of all his enthusiastic proceedings, both in common life and in politics.

The first interview I had with this gentleman did not occupy more than a few minutes; but it was of a most impressive nature, and, though now eight-and-thirty years back, appears as fresh to my eye as if it took place yesterday: in truth, I believe it must be equally present to every individual of the company who survives, and is not too old to remember anything.

There is generally in every metropolis some temporary incident which serves as a common subject of conversation; something which *nominally* excites interest, but which in fact nobody cares a *sous* about, though for the day it sells all the newspapers, and gives employment to every tongue, till some new occurrence happens, to work up curiosity and change the topic.

In 1788, a very young girl, of the name of Mary Neil, had been ill-treated by a person unknown, aided by a woman. The late Lord Carhampton was supposed to be the transgressor, but without any proof whatsoever of his lordship's culpability. The humor of Hamilton Rowan, which had a sort of quixotic tendency to resist all oppression and to redress every species of wrong, led him to take up the cause of Mary Neil with a zeal and enthusiastic perseverance which nobody but the knight of La Mancha could have exceeded. Day and night the ill-treatment of this girl was the subject of his thoughts, his actions, his dreams: he even went about preaching a kind of crusade in her favor, and succeeded in gaining a great many partisans among the citizens; and, in short, he eventually obtained a conviction of the woman as accessary to a crime, the perpetrator whereof remained undiscovered, and she accordingly received sentence of death. Still Mary Neil was not bettered by this conviction: she was utterly unprovided for, had suffered much, and seemed quite wretched. Yet there were not wanting persons who doubted her truth, decried her former character, and represented her story as that of an impostor. This not only hurt the feelings and philanthropy but the pride of Hamilton Rowan; and he vowed personal vengeance against all her calumniators, high and low.

At this time about twenty young barristers, including myself, had formed a dinner-club in Dublin. We had taken large apartments for the purpose; and, as we were not yet troubled with *too much* business, were in the habit of faring luxuriously every day, and taking a bottle of the best claret which could be obtained.*

There never existed a more cheerful nor half so cheap a dinner-club. One day, while dining with our usual hilarity, the servant informed us that a gentleman below stairs desired to be admitted *for a moment.* We considered it to be some brother-barrister who requested permission to join our party, and desired him to be shown up. What was our surprise, however, on perceiving the figure that presented itself!—a man, who might have served as model for a Hercules, his gigantic limbs conveying the idea of almost supernatural strength; his shoulders, arms, and broad chest, were the very emblems of muscular energy; and his flat, rough countenance, overshadowed by enormous dark eyebrows, and deeply furrowed by strong lines of vigor and fortitude, completed one of the finest yet most formidable figures I had ever beheld. He was very well dressed Close by his side stalked in a shaggy Newfoundland dog of corresponding magnitude, with hair a foot long, and who, if he should be voraciously inclined, seemed well able to devour a barrister or two without overcharging his stomach: as he entered, indeed, he alternately looked at us and then up at his master, as if only awaiting the orders of the latter to commence the onslaught. His master held in his hand a large, yellow, knotted club, slung by a leathern thong round his great wrist; he had also a long small-sword by his side.

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* One of us, Counsellor Townly Fitgate (afterward chairman of Wicklow county), having a pleasure-cutter of his own in the harbor of Dublin, used to send her to smuggle claret for us from the isle of Man: he made a friend of one of the tidewaiters, and we consequently had the very best wines on the cheapest possible terms.

This apparition walked deliberately up to the table; and, having made his obeisance with seeming courtesy, a short pause ensued, during which he looked round on all of the company with an aspect, if not stern, yet ill calculated to set our minds at ease, either as to his or his dog's ulterior intentions.

"Gentlemen!" at length he said, in a tone and with an air at once so mild and courteous, nay, so polished, as fairly to give the lie, as it were, to his gigantic and threatening figure —"Gentlemen! I have heard, with very great regret, that some members of this club have been so indiscreet as to calumniate the character of Mary Neil, which, from the part I have taken, I feel identified with my own. If any present have done so, I doubt not he will now have the candor and courage to avow it. *Who* avows it?" The dog looked up at him again; he returned the glance, but contented himself for the present with patting the animal's head, and was silent. So were we.

The extreme surprise, indeed, with which our party was seized, bordering almost on consternation, rendered all consultation as to a reply out of the question; and never did I see the old axiom that "what is everybody's business is nobody's business" more thoroughly exemplified. A few of the company whispered each his neighbor, and I perceived one or two steal a fruitknife under the table-cloth, in case of extremities; but no one made any reply. We were eighteen in number; and as neither would or could answer for the others, it would require eighteen replies to satisfy the giant's single query: and

I fancy some of us *could not* have replied to his satisfaction, and stuck to the truth into the bargain.

He repeated his demand (elevating his tone each time) thrice: "Does any gentleman avow it?" A faint buzz now circulated round the room, but there was no *answer* whatsoever. Communication was cut off, and there was a dead silence. At length our visiter said, with a loud voice, that he must suppose, if any gentleman had made any observations or assertions against Mary Neil's character, he would have had the *courage* and the spirit to avow it: "Therefore," continued he, "I shall take it for granted that my information was erroneous; and, in that point of view, I regret having *alarmed* your society." And, without another word, he bowed three times very low, and retired backward to the door (his dog also backing out with equal politeness), where, with a salaam doubly ceremonious, Mr. Rowan ended this extraordinary interview. On the first of his departing bows, by a simultaneous impulse, we all rose and returned his salute, almost touching the table with our noses, but still in profound silence; which *booing* on both sides was repeated, as I have said, till he was fairly out of the room. Three or four of the company then ran hastily to the window, to be sure that he and the dog were clear off into the street; and no sooner had this satisfactory *denouement* been ascertained, than a general roar of laughter ensued, and we talked it over in a hundred different ways; the whole of our arguments, however, turned upon the question "which had behaved the *politest* upon the occasion," but not one word was uttered as to which had behaved the *stoutest*.

This spirit of false chivalry, which took such entire possession of Hamilton Rowan's understanding, was soon diverted into the channels of political theory; and from the discussion of general politics he advanced to the contemplation of sedition. His career in this respect was short: he was tried and convicted of circulating a facticus paper, and sentenced to a heavy fine and a long imprisonment, during which, political charges of a much more serious nature were arrayed against him. He fortunately escaped from prison to the house of Mr. Evans, of Portrenne, near Dublin, and got off in a fishing-boat to France, where, after numerous dangers, he at length arrived safely. Rowan subsequently resided some years in America, in which country he had leisure for reflection, and saw plainly the folly and mischief of his former conduct. The government found that his contrition was sincere. He eventually received his majesty's free pardon; and I have since seen him and his family at the castle drawing-rooms, in dresses singularly splendid, where they were well received by the viceroy and by many of the nobility and gentry: and the people should consider that his majesty's free pardon for political offences is always meant to *wipe away* every injurious feeling from his subject's recollection.

The mention of Mr. Rowan reminds me of an anecdote of a singular nature, extremely affecting, and which at the time was the subject of much conversation; and as a connection was alleged to exist between him and the unfortunate gentleman to whom it relates (which connection had nearly proved fatal to Mr. Rowan), I consider this not an inappropriate place to allude to the circumstance.

Mr. Jackson, an English clergyman, who had come over to assist in organizing a revolution in Ireland, had been arrested in that country, tried, and found guilty of high treason in corresponding with the enemy in France. I was in court when Mr. Jackson was brought up to receive sentence of death; and I believe whoever was present must recollect it as one of the most touching and uncommon scenes which appeared during that eventful period.

He was conducted into the usual place where prisoners stand to receive sentence. He was obviously much affected as he entered; his limbs seemed to totter, and large drops of perspiration rolled down his face. He was supposed to *fear death*, and to be in great terror. The judge began the usual admonition before he pronounced sentence: the prisoner seemed to regard it but little, appearing abstracted by the internal agony. This was still attributed to apprehension: he covered his face, and seemed sinking: the judge paused—the crowd evinced surprise—and the sheriff, on examination, declared the prisoner was *too ill* to *hear* his sentence. Meanwhile the wretched culprit continued to droop, and at length, his limbs giving way, he fell! A visitation so unexampled created a great sensation in the court: a physician was immediately summoned, but too late; Jackson had eluded his denouncers, and was no more.

It was discovered that, previous to his coming into court, he had taken a large quantity of arsenic and aquafortis mixed in tea. No judgment, of course, was pronounced against him. He had a splendid funeral, and to the astonishment of Dublin, it was attended by several members of parliament and barristers! a Mr. Tigh, and Counsellor Richard Guinness, were among them.

It is worthy of observation, that I was always on friendly, nay, intimate terms, with many leading persons of the two most hostile and intolerant political bodies that could possibly exist together in one country, and in the midst of the most tumultuous and bloody scenes, I did not find that I had one enemy. It is singular, but true, that my attachment to the government, and my activity in support of it, yet, placed me in no danger from its inveterate enemies; and in several instances I was sought as mediator between the rebel and Lord Kilwarden, then attorney-general;* of whom, now he is no more, it is but justice to say, that of all the law-officers and official servants of the crown I ever had communication with, the most kind-hearted, clement, and honorable, was one whose manners and whose name conveyed a very different reputation. I know that he had been solicited to take some harsh measures as to the barristers who attended Jackson's funeral; and though he might have been justified in doing so, he said "that both the honor of his profession and the feelings of his own mind, prevented him from giving publicity to, or stamping as a crime, what he was sure in its nature could only be inadvertency."

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* He was at that time Mr. Wolfe. An information *ex-officio* had been filed against a printer in Cork for a seditious newspaper: it turned out that the two Counsellors Sheers were the real editors. They begged of me to mediate with the attorney-general. He had always a strong feeling for the honor and character of his profession, and forgave all parties on conditions which I all but *vouched for*, but to which they certainly did not adhere.

SELF-DECAPITATION.

An Irish Peasant cutting his own head off *by mistake*—His reputed Ghost—*Natural* deaths of the Irish Peasantry—Reflections on the Excise Laws.

Among my memorandums of singular incidents, I find one which even now affords me as much amusement as such a circumstance can possibly admit of; and as it is, at the same time, highly characteristic of the people among whom it occurred, in that view I relate it. A man *decapitating himself by mistake*, is indeed a *blunder* of true Hibernian character.

In the year 1800, a laborer, dwelling near the town of Athy, County Kildare, where some of my family then resided, was walking with his comrade up the banks of the Barrow to the farm of a Mr. Richardson, on whose meadows they were employed to mow; each, in the usual Irish way, having his scythe loosely wagging over his shoulder, and lazily lounging close to the bank of the river, they espied a salmon partly hid under the bank. It is the nature of this fish that, when his *head* is concealed, he fancies no one can see his *tail* (there are many wiseacres, beside the salmon, of the same way of thinking). On the present occasion the body of the fish was visible.

"Oh, Ned—Ned dear!" said one of the mowers, "look at that big fellow there, isn't it a pity we ha'n't no spear?"

"May be," said Ned, "we could be after piking the lad with the scythe handle."

"True for you!" said Dennis; "spike of yeer handle is longer nor mine; give the fellow a dig with it at any rate."

"Ay, will I," returned the other; "I'll give the lad a prod he'll never forget any how."

The spike and their sport was all they thought of; but the *blade* of the scythe, which hung over Ned's shoulders, never came into the contemplation of either of them. Ned cautiously looked over the bank; the unconscious salmon lay snug, little imagining the conspiracy that had been formed against his tail.

"Now hit the lad smart!" said Dennis: "there now—

there! [illegible] your first: now you have the boy! now Ned—success!"

Ned struck at the salmon with all his might and main, and that was not trifling. But whether "the boy" was piked or not never appeared, for poor Ned, bending his neck as he struck at the salmon, placed the vertebræ in the most convenient position for unfurnishing his shoulders, and his head came tumbling splash into the Barrow, to the utter astonishment of his comrade, who could not conceive *how* it could *drop off* so suddenly. But the next minute he had the consolation of seeing the head attended by *one of his own ears*, which had been most dexterously sliced off by the same blow which beheaded his comrade.

The head and ear rolled down the river in company, and were picked up with extreme horror at the milldam, near Mr Richardson's, by one of the miller's men.

"Who the devil does this head belong to?" exclaimed the miller.

"Whoever owned it," said the man, "had three ears, at any rate."

A search now being made, Ned's headless body was discovered lying half over the bank, and Dennis, in a swoon, through fright and loss of blood, was found recumbent by its side. Dennis, when brought to himself (which process was effected by whiskey), recited the whole adventure. They tied up the head; the body was attended by a numerous assemblage of Ned's countrymen to the grave; and the habit of carrying scythes carelessly very much declined. Many accidents had happened before from that cause, and the priest very judiciously told his flock, after the *De Profundis*, that Ned's *misfortune* was a just punishment for his negligence, whereby he had hurt a child a day or two before.

From that time none of the country people would, on any occasion go after dark to the spot where the catastrophe happened, as they say the doctor stole the head to *anatomize* it; which fact was *confirmed* by a man without any head being frequently seen by the *women and children* who were occasionally led to pass the moat of Ascole, three miles from Athy, in the night-time; and they really believed the apparition to be no other than the ghost of poor Ned Maher, looking everywhere for his head that the doctor had made way with.

This leads me to a digression more important. The superstition of the lower orders of Irish, when death occurs in any peculiar manner, is superlative. In truth, the only three kinds of death they consider as *natural* are, dying quietly in their own cabins, being hanged, about the assize time, or starving when the potato crop is deficient. All these they regard as matters of course; but any other species of dissolution is contemplated with much horror; though, to be sure, they make no very strong objection to being shot at by a regular army. They say their "fathers and forefathers before them, were always used to *that same;*" and all they expect in such case is, that there should be some sort of reason for it, which they themselves frequently furnish. But those manslaughters which occur through the activity of the revenue officers in prevention of distillation, they never can reconcile themselves to, and never forgive. They can not understand the *reason* for this at all, and treasure up a spirit of savage revenge to the last day of their lives.

An ignorant poor cottager says, naturally enough, to his landlord, "Ough! then is n't it mighty odd, plase your honor, that we are not hindered from eating oats, whenever we can get any? but if we attempt to *drink* them, by J——s, we are kilt, and battered, and shot, and burned out like a parcel of dogs by the excisemen, that's twice greater rogues nor we are, plase your honor."

In truth it is to be lamented that this distinction between solids and fluids should not be better reconciled to the common sense of the peasantry, or be somehow regulated so as to prevent perpetual resort to that erroneous system of mountain warfare and revenue bloodshed, which ever has kept, and ever will keep, whole districts of Ireland in a state of excitement and distraction. I know that I speak the sentiments of some of his majesty's enlightened ministers on this subject.

FATHER O'LEARY.

Humorous Story of Father O'Leary and a Bear—Mistaken Notions respecting Ireland on the Continent—Lord Ventry and his Tenant; an Anecdote characteristic of the Irish Peasant.

I FREQUENTLY had an opportunity of meeting at my father-in-law's, Mr. Grogan's, where he often dined, a most worthy priest, Father O'Leary, and have listened frequently with great zest to anecdotes which he used to tell with a quaint yet spirited humor quite unique. His manner, his air, his countenance, all bespoke wit, talent, and a good heart. I liked his company excessively, and have often regretted I did not cultivate his acquaintance more, or recollect his witticisms better. It was singular, but it was fact, that even before Father O'Leary opened his lips, a stranger would say, "That is an Irishman," and at the same time guess him to be a priest.

One anecdote in particular I remember. Coming from St. Omer, he told us, he stopped a few days to visit a brother priest in the town of Boulogne sur Mer. Here he heard of a great curiosity which all the people were running to see—a curious bear that some fishermen had taken at sea out of a wreck; it had sense, and attempted to utter a sort of lingo which they called *patois,* but which nobody understood.

O'Leary gave his six sous to see the wonder, which was shown at the port by candlelight, and was a very odd kind of animal, no doubt. The bear had been taught a hundred tricks, all to be performed at the keeper's word of command. It was late in the evening when O'Leary saw him, and the bear seemed sulky; the keeper, however, with a short spike at the end of a pole, made him move about briskly. He marked on sand what o'clock it was, with his paw, and distinguished the men and women in a very comical way; in fact, our priest was quite diverted. The beast at length grew tired; the keeper hit him with the pole; he stirred a little, but continued quite sullen: his master coaxed him—no! he would not work! At length, the brute of a keeper gave him two or three sharp pricks with the goad, when he roared out most tremendously, and rising on his hind legs, swore at his tormentor in very good native Irish.

O'Leary waited no longer, but went immediately to the mayor, whom he informed that the blackguards of fishermen had sewed up a poor Irishman in a bear-skin, and were showing him for six sous! This civic dignitary, who had himself seen the bear, would not believe our friend: at last O'Leary prevailed on him to accompany him to the room. On their arrival the bear was still upon duty; and O'Leary, stepping up to him, says, "*Gand e tha hawn, Pat?*" (How do you do, Pat?)—"*Slanger a manugouth*" (Pretty well, thank'ee), says the bear. The people were surprised to hear how plainly he spoke: but the mayor directly ordered him to be ripped up; and after some opposition and a good deal of difficulty, Pat stepped forth (stark naked) out of the bear-skin wherein he had been fourteen or fifteen days most cleverly stitched. The women made off; the men stood astonished; and the mayor ordered the keepers to be put in jail unless they *satisfied* him; but that was presently done. The bear afterward told O'Leary that he was very well fed, and did not care much about the clothing, only they worked him too hard. The fishermen had found him at sea on a hencoop, which had saved him from going to the bottom with a ship wherein he had a little venture of dried cod from Dungarvon, and which was bound from Waterford to Bilboa. He could not speak a word of any language but Irish, and had never been at sea before. The fishermen had brought him in, fed him well, and endeavored to repay themselves by showing him as a curiosity.

O'Leary's mode of telling this story was quite admirable. I never heard any anecdote (and I believe this one to have been true) related with so much genuine drollery, which was enhanced by his not changing a muscle himself while every one of his hearers was in a paroxysm of laughter.

Another anecdote he used to tell with incomparable dramatic humor. By-the-bye, all his stories were in some way national; and this gives me occasion to remark, that I think Ireland is at this moment nearly as little known on many parts of the continent as it seems to have been then. I have myself heard it more than once spoken of as an *English town.*

At Nancy, where Father O'Leary was travelling, his native country happened to be mentioned; when one of the *société,* a quiet French farmer of Burgundy, asked in an unassuming tone, "If Ireland stood *encore?*"—"*Encore!*" said an astonished John Bull courier, coming from Germany, "*encore!* to be sure she does: we have her yet, I assure you, monsieur." "Though neither very safe nor very sound," interposed an officer of the Irish brigade, who happened to be present, looking over significantly at O'Leary, and not very complacently at the courier. "And pray, monsieur," rejoined the John Bull to the Frenchman, "why *encore?*" "Pardon, monsieur," replied the Frenchman, "I heard it had been worn out (*fatigué*) long ago by the great number of people that were living in it!"

The fact is, the Frenchman had been told, and really understood, that Ireland was a large house where the English were wont to send their idle vagabonds, and whence they were drawn out again as they were wanted to fill the ranks of the army: and (I speak from my own personal knowledge) in some interior parts of the continent the existence of Ireland, *as a nation,* is totally unknown, or it is at best considered as about a match for Jersey, &c. On the seacoasts they are better informed. This need not surprise us, when we have heard of a native of St. Helena formerly (who never had been out of the island), who seriously asked an English officer, "If there were many *landing-places* in *England?*"

Some ideas of the common Irish are so strange, and uttered so unconsciously, that in the mouths of any other people they might be justly considered profane. In those of my countrymen, however, such expressions are idiomatic, and certainly spoken without the least idea of profanity.

The present Lord Ventry was considered, before his father's death, the oldest heir apparent in the Irish peerage, to which his father had been raised in 1800, in consequence of an arrangement made with Lord Castlereath at the time of the union. He had for many years been bed-ridden, and had advanced to a *very* great age latterly without any corresponding utility: yet little apprehensions were entertained of his speedy dissolution.

A tenant on the estate, the stability of whose lease depended entirely on the son surviving the father, and who was beginning to doubt which of them might die of *old age* first, said seriously to the heir apparent, but without the slightest idea of any sort of impropriety, either as respected God or man:—

"Ah, then, Master Squire Mullins, isn't it mighty strange that my poor ould landlord (Heaven preserve his noble lordship!) should lie covered up in the bed all this time past? I think, plase your honor, that it would be well done, to take his lordship (Lord bless his honor!) up to the tip-top of Crow-Patrick, and hold him up there as high as could be—just to show his lordship a bit to the Virgin. For I'm sure, plase your honor, if God Almighty hadn't quite forgotten his lordship, he would have taken him home to himself long and many a day ago."

DEATH OF LORD ROSSMORE.

Strictures on Dr. Johnson—His Biographer Boswell—False Definitions and Erroneous Ethics—Superstition—Supernatural Appearances—Theological Argument of the Author in Favor of his Peculiar Faith—Original Poetry by Miss T . . .—The Author purchases Lady Mayo's Desmesne, County Wicklow—Terrific and Cultivated Scenery contrasted—Description of the Golden Belt of Ireland, and the Beauties of the above-mentioned County—Lord Rossmore—His Character—Supernatural Incident of a most Extraordinary Nature, vouched by Living Witnesses, and Attendant on the Sudden Death of his Lordship.

It is not pleasant to differ essentially from the general opinions of the world, and nothing but a firm belief that we are right can bear us up in so doing. I feel my own fallibility poignantly, when I venture to remark upon the celebrated personage 'yclept "the great moralist of England."

To criticise the labors of that giant of literature I am unequal: to detract from his ethics is not my object. But it surely savors not of treason to avow that parts of his lexicon I condemn, and much of his philosophy I dissent from.

It is fortunate for the sake of truth that Boswell became Johnson's biographer; for, as the idolators of China devoutly attach a full proportion of bad qualities to the object of their adoration, so in like manner, he has shown no want of candor as to the doctor's failings; and it might have been still wiser in him to have reflected on the unkind propensities of this wicked world, by which reflection his eulogiums would probably have been rendered less fulsome, and his biography yet more correct.

The English language had been advancing gradually in its own jog-trot way from the days of Bayley to those of Johnson; it travelled over a plain, smooth surface, and on a gentle ascent. Everybody formerly appear to understand each other tolerably well: words were then very intelligible, and women, in general, found no difficulty in pronouncing them. But the great lexicographer soon convinced the British people (the Irish are out of the question) that they had been reading, writing, and spouting in a starved, contracted tongue, and that the magnificent *dassimibomimus'* of the Grecian language were ready in polysyllables to relieve that wretched poverty under which ours had so long languished.

This noble revolution in letters has made a progress so rapid, that I found in one essay of a magazine, two or three months ago, no fewer than twenty-four words which required me to make as many references to our great lexicon.

Nobody can deny the miraculous labor which that work must have required. Yet now, when enthusiasm has somewhat abated, and no danger exists of being clapper-clawed by the doctor himself, some ungrateful English grammarians have presumed to assert that, under the gaberdine of so great an authority, anybody is lawfully entitled to coin any *English* word he chooses out of any foreign language he thinks proper; and that we may thus tune up our vocabulary to the key of a *lingua franca,* an assemblage of all tongues, sounds, and idioms, dead or living. It has also been asserted, since his decease, that the doctor's logic is frequently false in both premises and conclusion, his ethics erroneous, his philosophy often unintelligible, and his diction generally bombastic. However, there are so many able and idle gentlemen of law, physic, and divinity, amply educated, with pens stuck behind their ears ready for action, and who are much better skilled in the art and practice of criticism than I am, that I shall content myself with commenting on one solitary word out of forty thousand—which word not only bears strongly on my own tenets and faith, but also affects one of the most extraordinary occurrences of my life.

This comprehensive and important word (which has upon occasion puzzled me more than any other in the English language) is "superstition"—whereof one of the definitions given by the doctor, in his lexicon, appears to be rather inconsiderate, namely, "religion without morality." Now, I freely and fully admit that I am *superstitious;* yet I think it is rather severe and somewhat singular in the doctor to admit my religion and extinguish my morality, which I always considered as marching hand-in-hand.

When Dr. Johnson began to learn his own morality, does not appear: I suppose not until he got an honorary degree from the pedants of Oxford. Collegiate degrees in general, however, work no great reformation, I am inclined to believe, in morality: at least I am certain that when I became a doctor of laws I did not feel my morals in the least improved by my diploma. I wish the candid Boswell had mentioned the precise epocha of the doctor's reformation (for he admits him to have been a *little* wild in his youth), and then we might have judged under what state of mind he adopted the definition.

For myself, I consider faith, grounded on the phenomena of nature (not the faith of sectarianism or fanaticism), as the true source and foundation of morality, and morality as the true source and foundation of religion.

No human demonstration can cope with that presented by the face of nature. What proof so infallible as that the sun produces light, and heat, and vegetation?*—that the tides ebb

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* The following lines are by the young poetess whom I have before mentioned, and shall again allude to more fully:—

"The sun is in the empire of his light,
Throned in the mighty solitude of heaven:
He seems the visible Omnipotent
Dwelling in glory: his high sanctuary
Do the eyes worship, and thereon, as if

and flow—that the thunder rolls—that the lightning flashes—that the planets shine?* Who can gaze on the vast orb of day without feeling that it is the visible demonstration of a superior Being, convincing our reason and our senses, and even the scanty reason of illiterate savages?

It is foreign from the intention of this work to dilate on theoretical subjects of any kind; suffice it to say that the following are simply my own sentiments, which I must be permitted to retain, and which, indeed, nothing on this side the grave can shake.

The omnipotence of the Deity in our creation and destruction—in the union and separation of our bodies and souls—and in rendering the latter responsible for the acts of the for-

Impiety to gaze, the senses reel,
Drunk with the spirit of his deep refulgence.
Circle of glory!—Diadem of heaven!
Cast in the mould of bright eternity,
And bodying forth the attributes of Him
Who made thee of this visible world supreme,
And thou becamest a wonder and a praise—
A worship—yea, a pure idolatry!
The image of the glories of our God."

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* The reader may deem it curious to compare the two following paraphrases: the first graced with the great name, as author, of Mr. Addison; the second the performance of my accomplished young friend, and extracted from her commonplace-book, without any opportunity given for revision:—

"ON THE PLANETS.

"The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens—a shining frame!—
Their great Original proclaim.
In Reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
For ever singing, as they shine,
'The hand that made us is divine!'"

"Ye living fires in yon eternal dome—
Ye lamps, whose light is immortality—
Hung forth in mercy from our Father's house,
As beacon-lights to guide us to our God!
Ye are ordained man's faithful monitors,
Gazing like heavenly eyes upon our deeds,
Till Guilt is awed and shrinks beneath your glance.
Ye bright and visible rewards, held forth
From God's high sanctuary, to work in us
A pure ambition for eternal things,
And glories which our spirit heaves to grasp!"

mer—no Christian denies: and if the Deity be thus omnipotent in forming, destroying, uniting, separating, and judging, he must be equally omnipotent in *reproducing* that spirit and that form which he created, and which remain subject to his will, and always in his power.

It follows, therefore, that the omnipotent Creator may at will reproduce that spirit which he reserves for future judgment, or the semblance of that body which once contained the undecaying soul. The smallest atom which floats in the sunbeam can not (as everybody knows), from the nature of matter, be actually *annihilated:* death consequently only decomposes the materials whereof our bodies are formed, which materials are obviously susceptible of being recombined. The Christian tenets maintain that the soul and body must appear *for* judgment, and why not *before* judgment—if so willed by the Almighty? The main argument which I have heard against such appearances tends nearly as much to mislead as a general disbelief or denial of omnipotence—namely, that though this power *may* exist in the Deity, he never *would permit* such spectacles on the earth, to terrify the timorous, and give occasion to paltering with the credulity of his creatures.

It is truly surprising how rational men can resort to these methods of reasoning. When we admit the omnipotence, we are bound likewise to admit the omniscience, of the Deity; and presumptuous indeed must that man be who overlooks the contractedness of his own intellectual vision, or asserts that, because he can not see a reason for a supernatural interference, none therefore can exist in the eye of the Supreme.

The objects of God are inscrutable: an appearance of the departed upon the earth may have consequences which none—*not even those who are affected by it*—can either discover or suppose.* Can any human wisdom presume to divine why man was originally created at all? why one man is cut short in high, blooming health and youth, and another lingers long in age and decrepitude? why the best of men are frequently the most unfortunate, and the greatest villains the most prosperous? why the heinous criminal escapes in triumph, and the innocent being is destroyed by torture? And is the production of a supernatural appearance, for the inscrutable purposes of God, more extraordinary, or less credible, than these other ordinations of the Deity, or than all those unaccountable phenomena of nature, which are only—as the rising and setting sun—disregarded by common minds, from the frequency of their occurrence?

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* Nothing in print places my theory in so distinct, clear, and pleasing a point of view, as Parnell's "Hermit"—a strong, moral, and impressive tale—beautiful in poetry, and abounding in instruction. There the omniscience of God is exemplified by human incidents, and the mysterious causes of his actions brought home to the commonest capacity. The moral of that short

This is a subject whereon I feel strongly and seriously, and hence it is that I have been led into so long an exordium. I regard the belief in supernatural apparitions as inseparable from my Christian faith and my view of Divine Omnipotence; and however good and learned individuals may possibly impugn my reasoning, I have the consolation of knowing that the very best and wisest doctors in divinity and masters of arts in the British empire can have no better or *truer* information upon the subject than myself; that I am as much in my senses as many of them; and that the Deity has made no sort of distinction between the intellectual capacity of a bishop and a judge: the secrets of heaven are not divulged to either of them. The judge does justice to other people, and the bishop does justice to himself: both are equally ignorant of the mysteries of futurity, and must alike wait until they pass the dim boundary of the grave, to gain any *practical* information. When a military captain is ordained a clergyman, as is somewhat the fashion during the peace establishment, does he become one atom wiser or more knowing as to the next world

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and simple tale says more than a hundred volumes of dogmatic controver- The following couplets appear to me extremely impressive:—

"The Maker justly claims that world he made:
In this the right of Providence is laid:
Its sacred majesty, through all, depends
On using second means to work its ends.

"What strange events can strike with more surprise
Than those which lately struck thy wondering eyes!
Yet, taught by these, confess the Almighty just;
And where you can't *unriddle*, learn to *trust*."

than when he was in the army? Probably, on the other hand, he thinks much less about the matter than when standing upon the field of battle.

I would not have the reader imagine that I should be found ready to receive any idle ghost-story which might be told me. So far contrary, I have always been of opinion that no incident or appearance (and I have expressed as much before in this work), however strange, should be considered as supernatural which could *any how* be otherwise accounted for, or referred to natural or human agency.

I will proceed at once to the little narrative thus importantly prefaced. The circumstances will, I think, be admitted as of an extraordinary nature: they were not connected with the workings of imagination; depended not on the fancy of a single individual: the occurrence was, altogether, both in its character and in its possible application, far beyond the speculations of man. But let me endeavor to soften and prepare my mind for the strange recital by some more pleasing recollections connected with the principal subject of it.

Immediately after the rebellion of 1798, the countess dowager of Mayo discovered a man concealed under her bed, and was so terrified that she instantly fled from her country residence in the most beautiful part of County Wicklow: she departed for Dublin, whence she immediately sailed for England, and never after returned. Her ladyship directed her agent (Mr. Davis) immediately to dispose of her residence, demesne, and everything within the house and on the grounds, for whatever they might bring. All property in the disturbed districts being then of small comparative value, and there having been a battle fought at Mount Kennedy, near her house, a short time previous, I purchased the whole estate, as it stood, at a very moderate price, and on the ensuing day w . put into possession of my new mansion. I found a house not large, but very neat and in good order, with a considerable quantity of furniture, some excellent wines, &c. and the lands in full produce. The demesne was not extensive, but delightfully situated in a district which, I believe, for the union of rural beauties and mild uniformity of climate, few spots can excel.

I have already disclaimed all pretensions, as a writer, to the power of scenic description or imaginary landscape—though no person existing is more gratified than myself with the contemplation of splendid scenery; in saying this, however, I do not mean that savage sublimity of landscape—that majestic assemblage of stupendous mountain and roaring cataract—of colossal rocks and innumerable precipices—where Nature appears to designate to the bear and the eagle, to the boar or chamois, those tracts, which she originally created for their peculiar accommodation: to the enthusiastic sketcher and the high-wrought tourist I yield an exclusive right to those interesting regions, which are far too sublime for my ordinary pencil. I own that I prefer that luxurious scenery where the art and industry of man go hand in hand with the embellishments of nature, and where Providence, smiling, combines her *blessings* with her *beauties.*

Were I asked to exemplify my ideas of rural, animated, cheering landscape, I should say—"My friend, travel!—visit that narrow region which we call the *golden belt of Ireland;** explore every league from the metropolis to the meeting of the waters: journey which way you please, you will find the native myrtle and indigenous arbutus, glowing throughout the severest winter, and forming the ordinary cottage fence.

The scenery of Wicklow is doubtless on a very minor scale, quite unable to compete with the grandeur and immensity of continental landscape: even to our own Killarney it is not comparable; but it possesses a genial glowing luxury, whereof more elevated scenery is often destitute. It is, besides, in the world: its beauties seem *alive.* It blooms: it blossoms: the mellow climate extracts from every shrub a tribute of fragrance wherewith the atmosphere is saturated, and through such a medium does the refreshing rain descend to brighten the hues of the evergreens!

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* That lovely district extends about thirty miles in length, and from four to seven in breadth: it commences near Dublin, and ends at a short distance beyond Avondale: the soil is generally a warm gravel, with verdant valleys, bounded by mountains arable to their summits on one side, and by the sea upon the other. The gold mine is on a frontier of this district: and it is perhaps the most congenial to the growth of trees and shrubs, of any spo in the British dominions.

I frankly admit myself an enthusiast as to that lovely district. In truth, I fear I should have been enthusiastic on many points, had not law, the most powerful antidote to that feeling interposed to check its growth.

The site of my sylvan residence, Dunran, was nearly in the centre of the golden belt, about fifteen miles from the capital; but owing to the varied nature of the country, it appeared far more distant. Bounded by the beautiful glen of the downs, at the foot of the magnificent Bellevue, and the more distant sugar-loaf mountain called the Dangle, together with Tynnehinch (less celebrated for its unrivalled scenery than as the residence of Ireland's first patriot), the dark deep glen, the black lake and mystic vale of Lugelough, contrasted quite magically with the highly-cultivated beauties of Dunran: (the parks, and wilds, and sublime cascade of Powerscourt, and the newly-created magnificence of Mount Kennedy, abundantly prove that perfection itself may exist in contrasts): in fine I found myself enveloped by the hundred beauties of that enchanting district, which, though of one family, were rendered yet more attractive by the variety of their features: and had I not been tied to laborious duties, I should infallibly have sought refuge there altogether from the cares of the world.

One of the greatest pleasures I enjoyed while resident at Dunran, was the near abode of the late Lord Rossmore, at that time commander-in-chief in Ireland. His lordship knew my father, and, from my commencement in public life, had been my friend, and a sincere one. He was a Scotsman born, but had come to Ireland when very young, as page to the lord-lieutenant. He had married an heiress; had purchased the estate of Mount Kennedy; built a noble mansion; laid out some of the finest gardens in Ireland; and, in fact, improved the demesne, as far as taste, skill, and money, could accomplish. He was what may be called a remarbably fine old man, quite the gentleman, and when at Mount Kennedy quite the *country* gentleman. He lived in a style few people can attain to: his table, supplied by his own farms, were adapted to the viceroy himself, yet was ever spread for his neighbors: in a word, no man ever kept a more even hand in society, than Lord Rossmore, and no man was ever better repaid by universal esteem. Had his connections possessed his understanding, and practised his habits, they would probably have found more friends when they wanted them.

This intimacy at Mount Kennedy gave rise to an occurrence the most extraordinary and inexplicable of my whole existence—an occurrence which for many years occupied my thoughts, and wrought on my imagination. Lord Rossmore was advanced in years, but I never heard of his having had a single day's indisposition. He bore, in his green old age, the appearance of robust health. During the viceroyalty of Earl Hardwick, Lady Barrington, at a drawing-room at Dublin castle, met Lord Rossmore. He had been making up one of his weekly parties, for Mount Kennedy, to commence the next day, and had sent down orders for every preparation to be made. The lord-lieutenant was to be of the company.

"My little farmer," said he to Lady Barrington, addressing her by a pet name, "when you go home, tell Sir Jonah that no business is to prevent him from bringing you down to dine with me to-morrow. I will have no *ifs* in the matter—so tell him that come he *must!*" She promised positively, and on her return informed me of her engagement, to which I at once agreed. We retired to our chamber about twelve; and toward two in the morning, I was awakened by a sound of a very extraordinary nature. I listened; it occurred first at short intervals; it resembled neither a voice nor an instrument; it was softer than any voice and wilder than any music, and seemed to float in the air. I don't know wherefore, but my heart beat forcibly: the sound became still more plaintive, till it almost died away in the air; when a sudden change, as if excited by a pang, changed its tone: it seemed *descending*. I felt every nerve tremble; it was not a *natural* sound, nor could I make out the point whence it came.

At length I awakened Lady Barrington, who heard it as well as myself; she suggested that it might be an Eolian harp—but to that instrument it bore no similitude: it was altogether a different *character of sound.* My wife at first appeared less affected than I; but subsequently she was more so.

We now went to a large window in our bedroom which looked directly upon a small garden underneath: the sound seemed then obviously to *ascend* from a grass-plot immediately below our window. It continued; Lady Barrington requested that I would call up her maid, which I did, and she was evidently more affected than either of us. The sounds lasted for more than half an hour. At last a deep, heavy, throbbing sigh seemed to issue from the spot, and was shortly succeeded by a sharp but low cry, and by the distinct exclamation, thrice repeated, of "Rossmore—Rossmore—Rossmore!" I will not attempt to describe my own feelings; indeed I can not. The maid fled in terror from the window, and it was with difficulty I prevailed on Lady Barrington to return to bed; in about a minute after, the sound died gradually away, until all was silent.

Lady Barrington, who is not so *superstitious* as I, attributed this circumstance to a hundred different causes, and made me promise that I would not mention it next day at Mount Kennedy, since we should be thereby rendered *laughing-stocks.* At length, wearied with speculations, we fell into a sound slumber.

About seven the ensuing morning a strong rap at my chamber door awakened me. The recollection of the past night's adventure rushed instantly upon my mind, and rendered me very unfit to be taken suddenly on any subject. It was light: I went to the door, when my faithful servant, Lawler, exclaimed on the other side, "Oh Lord, sir!"—"What is the matter?" said I, hurriedly: "Oh, sir!" ejaculated he, "Lord Rossmore's footman was running past the door in great haste, and told me in passing that my lord, after coming from the castle, had gone to bed in perfect health, but that about *half after two* this morning, his own man hearing a noise in his master's bed (he slept in the same room), went to him, and found him in the agonies of death; and before he could alarm the other servants, all was over!"

I conjecture nothing. I only relate the incident as unequivocally matter of *fact;* Lord Rossmore *was absolutely dying at the moment I heard his name pronounced.* Let skeptics draw their own conclusions; perhaps natural causes *may* be assigned; but *I* am totally unequal to the task.

Atheism may ridicule me: Orthodoxy may despise me: Bigotry may lecture me: Fanaticism might *burn* me: yet in my very faith I would seek consolation. It is in my mind better to believe *too much* than *too little,* and that is the only theological crime of which I can be fairly accused.

MEMORANDA CRITICA.

Remarks on Lady Morgan's Novel of "The Wild Irish Girl," &c.—Prince O'Sullivan at Killarney—Miss Edgworth's "Castle Rackrent"—Memoir of Jonathan Clerk—"Florence Macarthy"—Comparison between Lady Morgan and Thomas Moore as Writers—The Author's Knowledge of Both—"Captain Rock" condemned—The "Irish Melodies" by Moore and Power—The Harmonizing of Them by Sir John Stevenson injurious to the National Music—Anecdote of Mr. Thomas Moore and Mrs. K . . . y.

It is remarkable that the state of the Irish people, in its various gradations of habit and society, has been best illustrated by two female authors, the one of more imaginative, the other of purer narrative powers: but each, in her respective lines, possessing very considerable merit.

Though a fiction, not free from numerous inaccuracies inappropriate dialogue, and forced incident, it is impossible to peruse the "Wild Irish Girl," of Lady Morgan without deep interest, or to dispute its claims as a production of true national feeling as well as literary talent.

The tale was the first and is perhaps the best of all her writings. Compared with her "Ida of Athens," it strikingly exhibits the author's *falling off* from the unsophisticated dictates of nature to the less-refined conceptions induced by what she herself styles fashionable society.

To persons unacquainted with Ireland, the "Wild Irish Girl" may appear an ordinary tale of romance and fancy: but to such as understand the ancient history of that people, it may be considered as a delightful legend. The authoress might perhaps have had somewhat in view the last descendant of the Irish princes, who did not altogether forget the station of his forefathers.

O'Sullivan, lineally descended from the king of the lakes, not many years since vegetated on a retired spot of his hereditary dominions at Killarney; and, though overwhelmed by poverty and deprivation, kept up in his mind a visionary dignity. Surveying from his wretched cottage that enchanting territory over which his ancestors had reigned for centuries, I have been told he never ceased to recollect his royal descent. He was a man of gigantic stature and strength; of uncouth, yet authoritative mien—not shaming his pretensions by his presence. He was frequently visited by those who went to view the celebrated lakes, and I have conversed with many who have seen him: but at a period when familiar intercourse has been introduced between actual princes and their subjects, tending undoubtedly to diminish in the latter the sense of "that divinity which doth hedge a king," the poor descendant of that renowned O'Sullivan had no reason to expect much commiseration from modern sensibility.

The frequent and strange revolutions of the world within the last forty years—the radical alterations in all the material habits of society—announced the commencement of a new era: and the ascendency of commerce over rank, and of avarice over everything, completed the *regeneration.* But, above all, the loosening of those ties which bound kindred and families, in one common interest, to uphold their race and name—the extinction of that spirit of chivalry which sustained those ties—and the common prostitution of the heraldic honors of antiquity—have steeled the human mind against the lofty and noble pretensions of birth and rank; and while we superficially decry the principle of *equality,* we are travelling toward them by the shortest and most dangerous road that degeneracy and meanness can point out.

I confess myself to be a determined enemy at once to political and social equality. In the exercise of justice alone should the principle exist; in any other sense, it never did and never can, for any length of time.

Miss Edgeworth's "Castle Rackrent" and "Fashionable Tales" are incomparable in depicting truly several traits of the rather modern Irish character: they are perhaps on one point somewhat overcharged; but, for the most part, may be said to exceed Lady Morgan's Irish novels. The fiction is less perceptible in them: they have a greater air of reality—of what I have myself often and often observed and noted in full progress and actual execution throughout my native country. The landlord, the agent, and the attorney, of "Castle Rackrent" (in fact, every person it describes) are neither fictitious nor even uncommon characters: and the changes of landed property in the country where I was born (where perhaps they have prevailed to the full as widely as in any other of the United Empire) owed, in nine cases out of ten, their origin, progress, and catastrophe, to incidents in no wise differing from those so accurately painted in Miss Edgeworth's narrative.

Though moderate fortunes have frequently and fairly been realized by agents, yet, to be on the sure side of comfort and security, a country-gentleman who wishes to send down his estate in tolerably good order to his family should always be *his own receiver*, and compromise any claim rather than employ an attorney to arrange it.

I recollect to have seen in Queen's county a Mr. Clerk, who had been a working carpenter; and, when making a bench for the session-justices at the courthouse, was laughed at for taking peculiar pains in planing and smoothing the seat of it. He smilingly observed that he did so to make it *easy for himself*, as he was resolved he would never die till he had a right to sit thereupon: and he kept his word. He was an industrious man, and became an agent; honest, respectable, and kind-hearted, he succeeded in all his efforts to accumulate an independence: he did accumulate it, and uprightly; his character kept pace with the increase of his property, and he lived to sit as a magistrate on that very bench that he sawed and planed.

I will not quit the subject without saying a word about another of Lady Morgan's works—"Florence Macarthy," which, "errors excepted," possesses an immensity of talent in the delineation of the genuine Irish character. The different judges no one can mistake; but the Crawleys are superlative, and suffice to bring before my vision, in their full coloring, and almost without a variation, persons and incidents whom and which I have many times encountered. Nothing is exaggerated as to them; and Crawley himself is the perfect and plain model of the combined agent, attorney, and magistrate—a sort of mongrel functionary whose existence I have repeatedly reprobated, and whom I pronounce to be at this moment the greatest nuisance and mischief experienced by my unfortunate country, and only to be abated by the residence of the great landlords on their estates. No people under heaven could be so easily tranquillized and governed as the Irish; but that desirable end is alone attainable by the personal endeavors of a liberal, humane, and resident aristocracy.

A third writer on Ireland I allude to with more pride on some points, and with less pleasure on others; because, though dubbed, *par excellence*, "The bard of Ireland," I have not yet seen many literary productions of his, especially on national subjects, that have afforded me an unalloyed feeling of gratification.

He must not be displeased with the observations of perhaps a truer friend than those who have led him to forget himself. His "Captain Rock" (though, I doubt not, well intended), coming at the time it did, and under the sanction of his name, is the most exceptionable publication, in all its bearings as to Ireland, that I have yet seen. Doctor Beattie says, in his "Apology for Religion," "if it does no good, it can do no harm;" but, on the contrary, if "Captain Rock" does no harm, it can certainly do no good.

Had it been addressed to, or calculated for, the better orders, the book would have been less noxious: but it is *not* calculated to instruct those whose influence, example, or residence, could either amend or reform the abuses which the author certainly exaggerates. It is *not* calculated to remedy the great and true cause of Irish ruin—the absenteeism of the great landed proprietors: so much the reverse, it is directly adapted to increase and confirm the real grievance, by scaring every landlord who retains a sense of personal danger (and I know none of them who are exempt from *abundance* of it) from returning to a country where "Captain Rock" is *proclaimed* by "the bard of Ireland" to be an *immortal sovereign.* The work is, in fact, a warm effusion of *party*, not a firm remonstrance of *patriotism.* It is a work better fitted for vulgar *éclat* than for rational approbation. Its effects were not calculated on; and it appears to me, in itself, to offer one of the strongest arguments against bestowing on the lower orders in Ireland the power of reading.

Perhaps I write warmly myself: I write not, however, for distracted cottagers, but for proprietors and legislators; and I have endeavored honestly to express my unalterable conviction that it is by encouraging, conciliating, reattaching, and recalling the higher, and not by confusing and inflaming the lower orders of society, that Ireland can be renovated.

Most undoubtedly Mr. Thomas Moore and Lady Morgan are among the most distinguished modern writers of our country: indeed, I know of none (except Miss Edgeworth) who has at present a right to compete with either, in his or her respective department.

But I can never repeat too often that I am *not a critic,* although I choose to speak my mind strongly and freely. I hope neither my friend Moore nor her ladyship will be displeased at my stating thus candidly my opinion of their *public* characters: they would perhaps scout me as an adulator were I to tell them what I thought of their *private* ones. I dare say some of the periodical-writers will announce that my telling the world I am a very inefficient critic is a mere work of *supererogation.* At any rate, it must be owned that making the confession in advance is to the full as creditable as leaving the thing to be stated for me.

In concluding my rambling estimate of the merits of these two justly-celebrated authors, let me bear in mind that they are of different sexes, and recollect the peculiar attributes of either.

Both of them are alike unsparing in their use of the bold language of liberty: but Lady Morgan has improved her ideas of freedom by *contrasts* on the European continent; while

Thomas Moore has *not* improved his by the *exemplification* of freedom in America. Lady Morgan has succeeded in adulterating her refinement; Thomas Moore unsuccessfully endeavored to refine his grossness. She has abundant *talent;* he has abundant *genius:* and whatsoever distinction those terms admit of, indicates, in my mind, their *relative* merit. This allowance, however, must be made—that the lady has contented herself with invoking only substantial beings and things of this sublunary world, while the gentleman has ransacked both heaven and hell, and "the half-way house," for figurative assistance.

I knew them both before they had acquired any celebrity, and after they had attained to much. I esteemed them then, and have no reason to disesteem them now: it is on their own account that I wish some of the compositions of both had never appeared; and I really believe, upon due consideration, they will themselves be of my way of thinking.

I recollect Moore being one night at my house in Merrion square, during the spring of his celebrity, touching the pianoforte, in his own unique way, to "Rosa," his favorite amatory sonnet; his head leant back; now throwing up his ecstatic eyes to heaven, as if to invoke refinement—then casting them softly sidewise, and breathing out his chromatics to elevate, as the ladies said, their souls above the world, but at the same moment convincing them that they were completely *mortal.*

A Mrs. K . . . y, a lady then *d'âge mûr,* but moving in the best society of Ireland, sat on a chair behind Moore: I watched her profile: her lips quavered in unison with the piano; a sort of amiable convulsion, now and then raising the upper from the under lip, composed a smile less pleasing than expressive; her eye softened, glazed—and half-melting she whispered to herself the following words, which I, standing at the back of her chair, could not avoid hearing:—"Dear, dear!" lisped Mrs. K . . . y, "Moore, this is not *for the good of my soul!*"

Almost involuntarily, I ejaculated in the same low tone—"*What* is not, Mrs. K . . . y?"

"You know well enough!" she replied (but without blushing, as people used to do formerly), "how can you ask so silly a question?" and she turned into the crowd, but never came near the piano again that night.

I greatly admire the national, indeed patriotic idea, of collecting and publishing the Irish Melodies; and it were to be wished that some of them had less the appearance of having been written *per annum.**

Sir John Stevenson, that celebrated warbler, has melodized a good many of these; but certainly has also *melo-dramatized* a considerable portion of them. I think our rants and planxties would have answered just as well without either symphonies or chromatics, and that the plaintive national music of Ireland does not reach the heart a moment the sooner for passing through a mob of scientific variations. Tawdry and modern upholstery would not be very appropriate to the ancient tower of an Irish chieftain; and some of Sir John's proceedings in melodizing simplicity, remind me of the Rev. Mark Hare, who whitewashed the great rock of Cashell to give it a *genteel* appearance against the visitation.

As I do not attempt (I suppose I ought to say *presume*) to be a literary, so am I far less a musical critic: but I know what pleases myself, and in *that* species of criticism I can not be expected to yield to anybody.

As to my own authorship, I had business more important than writing books in my early life: but now, in my old days, it is my greatest amusement, and nothing would give me more satisfaction than hearing the free remarks of the critics on my productions.

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*I allude to the public trial as to copyright, by Mr. Power, when it was stated that Mr. Moore wrote the Melodies for so *much a year*. They are certainly very unequal.

MEMORANDA POETICA.

Poets and Poetasters—Major Roche's Extraordinary Poem on the Battle of Waterloo—"Tears of the British Muse"—French Climax of Love—A Man's Age discovered by his Poetry—Evils of a Motto—Amorous Feelings of Youth—Love Verses of a Boy: of a Young Man—"Loves of the Angels"—Dinner Verses of an Oxonian—"The Highlander," a Poem—Extracts from the Poetical Manuscripts of Miss T . . . n, &c.

There can not be a juster aphorism than "Poeta nascitur, non fit;" the paucity of those literary productions which deserve the epithet of poetry, compared with the thousand volumes of what rhyming authors call poems, forms a conclusive illustration.

A true *poet* lives for ever; a *poetaster*, just till another relieves him in the circulating libraries, or on the toilets of young ladies—used to keep them awake at night and send them to sleep in the morning.

There may possibly be three degrees of excellence in true poetry, but certainly no more. A fourth-rate *poet* must be, in my idea, a mere forger of rhymes; a manufacturer of versification: but if he minds his prosody, and writes in a style either vastly interesting, immensely tender, or delightfully luxurious, he will probably find readers among the fair sex from fifteen to forty-five.

Major Roche, an Irishman, who, in 1815, printed and published at Paris a full and true hexameter account of the great battle of Waterloo, with his own portrait emblazoned in the front, and the duke of Wellington's in the rear, must certainly be held to exceed in ingenuity all the poets and poetasters great and small of the present generation.

The alphabetical printed list of subscribers to his work set forth the name of every emperor, king, prince, nobleman, general, minister, and diplomatist—Russian, Prussian, Austrian, German, Dutch, English, Irish, Don, Cossack, &c., &c. Such an imperial, royal, and every way magnificent list was never before, nor ever will be again, appended to any poem, civil, political, military, religious, or scientific: and as the major thought very truly that a book so patronized and garnished must be worth at least fifty times as much as any other poem of the same dimensions, he stated that "a few copies *might still* be procured at *two guineas* each." He succeeded admirably, and I believe got more money at Paris than any one of the army did at Waterloo.

His introduction of the duke of Wellington was well worth the money: he described his grace as Mars on horseback (new!) riding helter-skelter, and charging fiercely over everything in his headlong course; friends and foes, men, women, and children, having no chance of remaining perpendicular if they crossed his way; his horse's hoofs striking flames of fire even out of the regimental buttons of the dead bodies which he galloped over! while swords, muskets, spears, and cuirasses, pounded down by his trampling steed, formed as it were a turnpike road, whereupon he seemed to fly in his endeavors to *catch* Bonaparte.

I really think Major Roche's idea of making Lord Wellington Mars, was a much better one than that of making him Achilles, as they have done at Hyde Park corner. Paris found out the weak point of Achilles, and *finished* him: but Mars is immortal; and though Diomed knocked him down, neither his carcass nor character is a jot the worse. Besides, though Achilles killed Hector, it was not Lord Wellington who killed Bonaparte.

A remark of mine which, though of no value, is, however, rather a curious one, I can not omit—namely, that every man who has been in the habit of scribbling rhyme of any description, involuntarily betrays his age by the nature of his composition. The truth of this observation I will endeavor to illustrate by quotations from some jingling couplets written at different periods of life by a friend of mine, merely to show the strange and gradual transitions and propensities of the human mind from youth to maturity, and from maturity to age. I was brought up at a school where poetry was cultivated, whether the soil would bear a crop or not: I early got, however, somehow or other, an idea of *what* it was, which boys in general at that age never think of. But I had no practical genius, and never set for it Our second master, the son of the principal one, was a parson, and as he thought, a poet, and wrote a thing called "The Tears of the British Muse," which we were all obliged to purchase, and repeat once a month. In fact, of all matters, prosody was most assiduously whipped into us.

Love is the first theme of all the poets in the world Though the French do not understand that matter a bit better than other folks, yet their language certainly *expresses* amatory ideas far more comprehensively than ours. In talking of love they do not speak of refinement: I never knew a Frenchwoman tie them together fast: their terms of gradation are—L'AMOUR *natural, bien sensible, très fort, à son goût, superbe;* forming the climax with *pas necessaire encore:* this classing of the passion with the palate, is certainly a very simple mode of defining one of its varieties.

The state of the feelings and propensities of men is regulated by the amount of their years (ladies in general stick to their text longest). In early youth, poetry flows from natural sensations; and at this period verses in general have much modesty, much feeling, and a visible struggle to keep in with refinement.

In the next degree of age, which runs quite close upon the former, the scene nevertheless sadly alters. We then see plain amatory sonnets turning poor *refinement* out of company, and showing that it was not so very pure as we had reason to suppose. Next comes that stage wherein sensualists, wits, ballad-singers, gourmands, experienced lovers, and most kinds of poetasters, male and female, give their varieties. All the organs of craniology swell up in the brain and begin to prepare themselves for development: this is rather a lasting stage, and gently glides into, and amalgamates with the final one, filled by satirists, psalmists, epigrammatists, and other specimens of antiquity and ill-nature. But I fancy this latter must be a very unproductive line of versification for the writer, as few ladies ever read such things till after they begin to wear spectacles. Few persons like to see themselves caricatured; and the moment a lady is convinced that she ceases to be an object of *love,* she fancies that, as matter of course, she at once becomes an object of *ridicule:* so that she takes care to run no chance of reading to her own mortification, till she feels that it is time to commence *devotee.*

I recollect a friend of mine writing a poem of satire so general, that everybody might attribute it to their neighbors, without taking it to themselves. The first edition having gone off well, he published a second, announcing improvements, and giving as a motto the words of Hamlet:—

> "To hold as 'twere the mirror up to Nature."

This motto was fatal; the idea of the *mirror* condemned the book: nobody would venture to look into it: and the entire impression is, I dare say, in the act of rotting on the bookseller's shelves at the present moment.

Oh! that delicious dream of life, when age is too far distant to be seen, and childhood fast receding from our vision! when nature pauses briefly between refinement and sensuality—first imparting to our wondering senses what we are and what we shall be, before she consigns us to the dangerous guardianship of chance and of our passions.

That is the crisis when lasting traits of character begin to bud and blossom, and acquire sap; and every effort should *then* be made to crop and prune, and train the young shoots, while yet they retain the principle of ductility.

During that period the youth is far too charry to avow a passion which he does not fully comprehend, satisfied with making known his feelings by delicate allusions, and thus contriving to disclose the principle without mentioning its existence. All sorts of pretty sentimentalities are employed to this end: shepherds and shepherdesses are pressed into the service; as are likewise tropes of Arcadian happiness and simplicity, with abundance of metaphorical roses with thorns to them—perfumes and flowers.

A particular friend of mine, nearly as well known to me as myself, and who, when a young man, had a great propensity to fall in love and make verses accordingly, has often told me his whole progress in both, and says positively that he should ascertain in a moment a man's decimal from his versification

He entertained me one morning by showing me certain memorandums which he had from time to time made upon this subject, and from which he permitted me to take extracts, as also from some of his own effusions which he said he had kept out of curiosity.

It appears that at the age of fifteen he fell in love with a Miss Lyddy St. John, who was herself a poetess of fourteen, and the most delicate young *Celestial* he had ever seen. The purity of her thoughts and verses filtered all his sentiments as clear as spring-water, and did not leave an atom of grossness in the whole body of them.

Before he left school he wrote the following lines on this young lady, which he had suffered to stand as the poetical illustration of his boyhood.

I.

"What sylph that flits athwart the air,
Or hovers rounds its favorite fair,
Can paint such charms to fancy's eye,
Or feebly trace
The unconscious grace
Of her for whom I sigh?

II.

As silver flakes of falling snow
Tell the pure sphere from whence they flow,
So the chaste beauties of her eye
Faintly impart
The chaster heart
Of her for whom I sigh."

Lyddy, however, objected to the last line of each stanza, as she did not understand what he meant by *sighing* for her; and he not being able to solve the question, she seemed to entertain rather a contempt for his intellect, and palpably gave the preference to one of his schoolfellows—a *bolder* boy.

In the next stage toward maturity the poet and lover began to know better what he was about; and determined to pay a visit to the fair one, and try if any circumstance might give him a *delicate* opportunity of disclosing his sentiments and sufferings.

He unfortunately found that the innocent cause of his torment had gone on a tour, and that his interview must be adjourned *sine die.* However, he explored the garden; sat down in all the arbors; walked pensively over the flower-plots; peeped into her chamber-window, which was on the ground-floor, and embroidered with honeysuckles and jessamine: his very soul swelled with thoughts of love and rural retirement: and thus his heart, as it were, burst open, and let out a gush of poetry, which he immediately committed to writing in the garb of a lamentation for the fair one's absence, and forced under the window-frame of her bedchamber; after which he disconsolately departed, though somewhat relieved by this effort of his muse. The words ran thus:—

"LAMENTATION OF CRONEROE FOR THE ABSENCE OF ITS SYLVAN NYMPH.

I.

"Ah, where has she wandered? ah, where has she strayed?
What clime now possesses our lost sylvan maid?—
No myrtle now blossoms; no tulips will blow;
And the lively arbutus now fades at Croneroe.

II.

"No glowing carnation now waves round her seat;
Nor crocus nor cowslip weave turf for her feet;
And the woodbine's soft tendrils, once trained by her hand,
Now wild round her arbor distractedly stand.

III.

"Her golden-clothed fishes now deaden their hue;
The birds cease to warble—the wood-dove to coo;
The cypress spreads wide, and the willow droops low,
And the noon's brightest ray can't enliven Croneroe.

IV.

"In the low-winding glen, all embosomed in green,
Where the thrush courts her muse, and the blackbird is seen,
The rill as it flows, limpid, silent, and slow,
Trickles down the gray rock as the tears of Croneroe!

V.

"Then return, sylvan maid, and the flowers will all spring,
And the wood-dove will coo, and the linnet will sing—
The goldfish will sparkle, the silver streams flow,
And the noon-ray shine bright through the glen of Croneroe."

Nothing very interesting occurred for above two months to our amorous lyrist, when he began to tire of waiting for the nymph of Croneroe, and grew fond of one of his own cousins, without being able to give any very particular reason for it, further than that he was becoming more and more enlightened in the ways of the world. But this family flame soon burnt itself out; and he next fell into a sort of furious passion for a fine, strong, ruddy country-girl, the parson's daughter. She was a capital housekeeper, and the parson himself a jolly hunting-fellow. At his house there was a *good table,* and a hearty style of joking—which advantages, together with a walk in the shrubbery, a sillabub under the cow, and a romp in the haymaking field, soon sent poor refinement about its business. The poet became absolutely *mortal,* and began to write common hexameters. However, before he was confirmed in his mortality, he happened one day to mention a *sylph* to his new sweetheart. She merely replied that she *never saw one,* and asked her mamma privately what it was, who desired her never to mention *such a word* again.

But by the time he set out for Oxford, he had got tolerably well quit of all his ethereal visions, celestials, and snowdrops: and to convince his love what an admiration he had for sensible, *substantial* beauty, like hers, he wrote the following lines in a blank leaf of her prayer-book, which she had left in his way as if suspecting his intention:—

I.

"Refinement's a very nice thing in its way,
And so is platonic regard:
Melting sympathy too—as the *highflyers* say—
Is the only true theme for a bard.
Then give them love's phantoms and flights for their pains;
But grant me, ye gods! *flesh and blood and blue veins,*
And dear Dolly—dear Dolly Haynes.

II.

"I like that full fire and expression of eyes,
Where love's true *material* presides;
With a glance now and then to the jellies and pies,
To insure us good living besides.
Ye refiners, take *angels* and *sylphs* for your pains;
But grant me, ye gods! *flesh and blood and blue veins,*
And dear Dolly—dear Dolly Haynes!"

I should not omit mentioning here an incident which at the time extremely amused me. A friend of mine, a barrister, whose extravagant ideas of *refinement* have frequently proved source of great entertainment to me, was also a most enthusiastic admirer of Mr. Thomas Moore's writings, prose and verse.

I read over to him the foregoing rather "of the earth, earthy" composition, to which he listened with a shrug of the shoulders and a contraction of the upper lip; and I was desirous of drawing out his opinion thereon by adverting to his own favorite bard.

"Here," said I, "we have a fine illustration of the natural progress from refinement to sensuality—the amalgamation of which principles is so beautifully depicted by Mr. Thomas Moore in his 'Loves of the Angels.'"

"Your observation is just," replied my friend. "I can not conceive why those elegant amours have been so much carped at—since their only object is to prove that flesh and blood is in very high estimation even with the spirituals."

"What a triumph to mortality!" replied I.

"And why," continued he, "should people be so very skeptical as to the *authenticity* of these angelic love-matches?—Surely there are no negative proofs, and are we not every day told by the gravest authorities that we are bound at our peril to believe divers matters not an atom more intelligible? For my part, I can't comprehend why a poet should not be as credible a witness as a bishop on matters that are equally and totally invisible to both of them."

"True," observed I, smiling; "and the more so as poets, generally residing nearer the sky than any other members of society, are likely to get better information."

"Ay, poor fellows, 'on compulsion!'" said my friend, with a compassionate sigh. "But," resumed he, falling in with my tone of raillery, "there is one point which I could have wished that our most melodious of lyrists had cleared up to my satisfaction—*videlicit*, what *gender* angels really are of."

"Very little doubt, by logical reasoning, need exist upon that point," answered I; "Mr. Moore represents his angels in the characters of *gay deceivers;* and those characters being performed by the male sex, *ergo,* angels must be males. You perceive the syllogism is complete."

"Ay, ay," said my friend; "but how comes it, then, that when we see a beautiful woman, we cry out involuntarily, 'What an *angel!*'"

"The word *homo* signifies either man or woman," replied I; "give a similar latitude to the word *angel*, and you have your choice of sexes! Divers of the classics, and some of the sculptors, perfectly authorize Mr. Moore's delicious ambiguity."

"That," said my *Moorish* friend, "is certainly the fact, and most elegantly has our lyrist handled this question of celestial sexuality: he has paid the highest compliment ever yet conceived to human beauty, by asserting that ethereal spirits, instead of taking up with their own transparent species, prefer the opaque body-coloring of terrestrial dairy-maids—though fastidious casuists may, perhaps, call that a depraved taste."

"No such thing," replied I; "it is rather a proof of refined and filtered epicurism. The heathen mythology is crammed with precedents on that point. Every god and goddess in former times (and the sky was then quite crowded with them—")

"And may be so still," interrupted my friend, "for anything we *know* to the contrary."

"They played their several pranks upon our globe," continued I, "without the slightest compunction: even Jupiter himself frequently became a trespasser on the honor and peace of several very respectable fleshly families. The distinction between the spiritual and corporeal is likewise dexterously touched on by the dramatist Farquhar, who makes one of his characters* exclaim to another, "I'll take her *body*, you her *mind*—which has the better bargain?"

"But," rejoined my friend, "modern sentiment, which brings all these matters into collision, had not then been invented: now we can have both in one lot."

Finally, we determined to consult Mr. Thomas Moore himself upon this most interesting consideration, agreeing that nobody could possibly understand such a refined subject so well as the person who wrote a book about it. We therefore proceeded (as I shall now do) to the next stage of years and of poetry.

The poet and lover was soon fixed at the university, where he shortly made fast acquaintance with a couple of hot young Irishmen, who lost no time in easing him of the dregs of his sentimentality, and convinced him clearly that no *rational* man should ever be in love except when he is drunk, in which case it signifies little whom he falls in love with. Thus our youth soon forgot the parsonage, and grew enamored of the bottle: but having some lees of poetry still remaining within him, the classics and the wine set them a fermenting: and he now wrote drinking-songs, hunting-songs, boating-songs, satires on the shopkeepers' daughters, and lampoons on the fellows of Jesus and Brazen-nose colleges; answered letters in verse, and, in a word, turned out what the lads call a *genius.*

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* *Archer*, in "The Beaux' Stratagem."

The reverend private tutor of these young Irishmen wrote one day a letter to our poet in verse, inviting him to "meet at dinner a few fellow-countrymen, just arrived." The tutor was a hard-going old parson, fond of wine and versification, who had been sent over from Ireland by the father of the two young men above alluded to, with direction to "take care that the lads did not fall into the d——d English morals, which would soon turn them into *snowballs,* and disqualify them ever after from living in their own *proper* country and *natural society.*" These instructions the tutor faithfully acted up to; and the young poet very much amused the whole party by his humor and turn for rhyming; and was compelled to swear that he would pay them a *visit,* for a couple of years, at Belturbet, in Ireland, where they would show him what *living was.* Their father was himself doatingly fond of *poetry* and the *bagpipes;* and was induced to send them to Oxford only to please their mother's brother, who was, most unfortunately, an Englishman.

My friend's reply to the parson's invitation was also in verse, and ran as follows: it was not amiss for a young tipster, and smacked in some degree of both Oxford and "Belturbet:"—

"When parsons and poets their functions unite,
And court the old muses to sing "an invite,"
The profane and the sacred connected we find,
And are sure of a banquet to every man's mind.
Though on Pegasus mounted, to Bacchus we fly,
Yet we'll quaff just like Christians—our priest tells us why:—
'Tis moist hospitality banishes sin,
'Tis the wine-opened heart lets benevolence in.'

There no long, canting grace cools our spicy *ragout*,
While the impatient champagne bristles up all *mousseu*,
Our eyes darting toward heaven, we cry—'Come, goblets, give!
This old pagan cream teaches Christians to live!'
Thus the pastor and flock will soon empty the bowl,
And its spirit divide 'twixt the head and the soul!
Though the Jove of our banquet no eagle can boast,
We'll have plenty of 'kites flying' all round our host:
Mid loud peals of humor undaunted we'll sit,
And for flashes of lightning have flashes of wit:
Should his reverence perceive that our spirits are laid,
Then hot-peppered devils he'll call to his aid,
And, all Christians surpassing, old Tantalus see!—
The more liquor he quaffs, still the drier he'll be!
But two modes of death sinful mortals should know—
Break their necks from Parnassus, or drown in Bordeaux:
And to which of those deaths I am doomed from on high,
I'm sure of a parson who'll teach me to die.
Then who can refuse to accept of a dinner,
Where the host is from Erin—a priest—*saint**—and sinner?"

In fact, this same friend of mine, of whose poetry, or rather versification, I have thus given samples to the reader, is a very peculiar personage: bred to a profession which he never followed, with ample means and no occupation, he has arrived at a ripe age without much increasing his stock of wisdom, or at all diminishing that of his peculiarity. He told me he found his standard relief against *ennui* was invoking the muses, which, by ransacking his ideas and puzzling his genius, operated as a stimulus to his brain, and prevented that stagnation of the fluids which our ablest nosologists say is so often the inducement to suicide. My friend argues that the inexhaustible variety of passions, propensities, sentiments, and so forth, inherent to the human frame, and which poets (like noblemen's fools in days of yore) have a license for daubing with any colors they think proper, affords to the language of poetry a vast superiority over that of prose: which latter being in its nature but a *humdrum* concern, is generally expected to be reasonably correct, tolerably intelligible, and moderately decent—astringent qualifications which our modern poets appear to have conspired to disregard.

My friend, however, observed that he himself was not enabled to take other than a limited advantage of this license—inasmuch as he had been frequently jilted by the muses, who never would do more than *flirt* with him; and hence, for want of a sufficient modicum of inspiration, he was necessitated to put up with the ordinary subjects of verse—such as epigrams, satires, odes on *natal days*, epitaphs on lapdogs and little children, translations of Greek songs that he never saw, and of Italian poetry that had never existed, &c. It was true he went on to inform me that he had occasionally flown at higher game in the regions of poesy; but, somehow or other, no bookseller wonld publish his effusions: one said they were too *flat;* another that they were too *elevated;* a third characterized them as too *wild* for the critics; and a fourth pronounced them too *tame* for the ladies. At length, however, the true state of the matter was candidly developed by a very intelligent presbyterian bookseller in the city, who told my friend that he was quite *too late* as to *poetry*, with which the shops were crammed and the public nauseated. Besides, he said, all the poetic stations in any way productive were already occupied. For instance, a poet Fitzgerald (whom Lord Byron calls "Hoarse Fitzgerald") had, ever since the days of the "Rejected Addresses," been considered as the writer, reciter, and proprietor of the *fulsome* line of poetry; the amatory, celestial, and horticultural departments, had long been considered the property of Mr. Thomas Moore; and every dactyl or spondee relating to roses, posies, dewdrops and thorns, grapes, lilies, kisses, blisses, blushes, angels, &c., would be considered as gross plagiarism emanating from any other pen that of our justly-celebrated lyrist: while as to historic or Caledonian poetry, Walter Scott had not left an idea unappropriated for any fresh penman. He had raised an obscure people to eternal celebrity, by recording their murders in English versification; and, by his "Battle of Waterloo," had proved that his own muse, in the department of manslaughter, was in a very declining state of health, probably owing to the extraordinary fatigue she had previously undergone.

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* The Rev. Luke O'Maher had been thus sportively nicknamed, on account of his being so *very good* a fellow.

My friend was proceeding to detail further the admonitory conversation of this honest bipliopole, when I interrupted him by asking, naturally enough, how he could continue to derive any pleasure from a pursuit in which he admitted himself to have been so very unsuccessful; to which he adroitly replied, "On the very same principle that a bad shot may have just as much amusement as a capital sportsman—perhaps more—*one* good hit being as gratifying to him as twenty to an undeviating slaughterer." I coincided in my friend's remark, adding that the same sort of observation would apply to random jokers as well as rhymesters; and that I have more than once absolutely envied the inordinate happiness of a universal punster when he *chanced* to say anything that had a symptom of wit in it.

My friend then, gravely opening his portfolio, selected two of his productions, which he gave me permission to publish, particularly as one of them had been most abruptly rejected by an eminent newspaper, and the other by a magazine of considerable reputation.

The intended magazine article ran as follows:—

THE HIGHLANDER.

"A *sans culotte* from Caledonia's wilds,
Rasped into form by Nature's roughest files,
Hearing of savory meats—of moneys made—
Of unsmocked women—and of gaining trade;—
Resolved, from sooty cot to seek a town,
And to the lowlands boldly stumped it down.
But then, alas! his garb would never do:—
The greasy kilt, bare loins, and tatter'd shoe:
Yet urged to better food and better fame,
He borrowed breeches and assumed a name;
Then tucked his kilt, gartered his motley hose,
New nailed his heels, and caped the peeping toes.
His freckled fist a swineherd's bludgeon wields,
His tried companion through the sties and fields,
(Full many a jeering clown had felt its sway)
Now to a cane promoted, helps its master's way.
Full fifty baubees Sandy had in store,
And piteous tales had raised him fifty more:
His knife, his pipe, and eke his baubee bank,
In Basil pouch hung dangling from his flank:
No empty wallet on his shoulder floats:
Hard eggs, soft cheese, tobacco, salt, and oats,
Crammed in one end, wagged o'er his brawny chest,
And what was once a blanket poised the rest;
Thus wealthy, victualled, proud, content, and gay,
Down Grampian's sterile steeps young sandy wound his way

Hail food! hail raiment! hail that happy lot
Which lured such genius from the smoky cot,
To mingle in the ranks of breechesed men,
And coin a name and family again!

"Where famed St. Andrew's turrets tower on high;
Where learnéd doctors lecture, doze, and die;
Where Knowledge sleeps, and Science seeks repose,
And mouldering halls more mouldering heads disclose,—
Where Roman Virgil pipes in Celtic verse,
And Grecian Homer sings to gods in Erse;—
'Twas there that Sandy formed his worldly creed,
Brushed gowns, swept book-shelves, learned to shave and read
From craft to craft his willing genius rose;
When cash was scarce he wisely wrought for clothes,
And threadbare trophies, once the kirksmen's pride,
Mickle by mickle swelled his wallet's side.
Well turned, well washed, the rags denied their age,
While Sandy's granite visage aped the sage.
Here, great Lavater! here thy science stands
Confessed and proved by more than mortal hands.
Though o'er his features Nature's art we see,
Her deepest secrets are disclosed through thee.
The green-tinged eye, curled lip, and lowering brows,
Which malice harrows, and which treachery ploughs,
In deep sunk furrows on his front we find,
Tilling the crops that thrive in Sandy's mind.
No soft sensations can that face impart;
No gratitude springs glowing from the heart:
As deadly nightshade creeping on the ground,
He tries to poison what he can not wound.
Yet Sandy has a most consistent mind,
Too low to rise, too coarse to be refined,
Too rough to polish, and too loose to bind:
Yet if" * * *

On looking over the residue, I found I could not with propriety continue the publication of this satire: were I to proceed five or six lines farther, ill-natured people might possibly find a pretence for *designation*, and I should be very sorry to be considered as capable of becoming an instrument in so improper a procedure: I therefore returned the copy to my port-folio, and subsequently to the author mentioning my reasons, and advising him to burn the rest. His reply to me was laconic—"My Dear B . . . , *qui capit illè facit.*"

The other trifle is a mere *jeu d'esprit*, and can not be disagreeable to anybody, unless it may be taken amiss by some West Indian proprietor, whose probable touchiness at the introduction of the word slavery, I do not feel called on to compassionate.

"EPIGRAM.

"Sir Sidney Smith and Miss Rumbold.

"Says Sidney—'I'll put all white slavery down;
All Europe I'll summon to arms;'
But fair Rumbold replied—'I'll reverse my renown,
For all men shall be *slaves* to my charms.'

"If thus, lovely champion, that tongue and those eyes
Can set all mankind by the ears;
Go—fire off your glances, explode a few sighs,
And make captive the dey of Algiers!
Thus you'll rival Sir Sidney in glory and gains;
He may conquer the tyrant—you'll lead him in chains."

I can not conclude these memoranda without adding a few fragments from some unpublished and nearly unknown works, the production of Miss T . . . n, the amiable young lady to whom I have before introduced the reader, and who commenced versifying at the early age of fifteen. Her compositions are numerous, and comprise a variety of subjects and of styles, from the fugitive lyric to the pretending epic; but with a natural and becoming modesty (though in her case, in my opinion unnecessarily retained), she refuses to submit them to the ordeal of the public.

THE BARD.

Extracted from an unpublished Poem, called "Boadicea."

"Amid those aged sons of song
One seemed to tower the rest among:
For though the heavy hand of Time
Had somewhat marred his youthful prime;
Though the sunny glow had faded
On the locks his brow that shaded;
Stern Time, not even thy icy away
Might quench the heaven-enkindled lay
Which wakened to achievements high
Those heroes of antiquity.
Howe'er it were, from that bright band
Sadly apart he seemed to stand,
And lowly on his harp he leant
With eye of gloom and eyebrow bent;
But still, despite his sterner mood,
By all with reverence he was viewed,
Such charms of dignity hath age
When on the brow experience sage
Hath stamped the worth of years that sleep,
And when the mind hath known to reap
Harvests of scientific lore,
And well-secured the precious store;—

When all the stormy dreams of youth
Fade in the beacon-light of truth;
When fiery feelings are repressed,
The spirit calmed, the heart at rest!
Then in the form of age we find
Somewhat surpassing earthly kind.
Now forth his harp that minstrel drew,
And o'er the chords his fingers threw,
The while beneath that lighter sway
Murmured the scarcely-hidden lay,
In soft half-warbled cadence stealing
O'er the melting soul of feeling:
But when he caught the transport high
Which marked the kindling melody,
His upturned eye and heaving breast
The mighty frenzy quick confessed;
The sympathetic strings beneath
A wild inspiring chorus breathe,
And borne the lofty halls along,
Floats high the patriot minstrel's song:—

"'The mildew of time steeps the laurel-bound wreath,
And the war-sword ingloriously rusts in its sheath,
Which burst on the foe as the bolt from on high,
And sprinkled the blood of revenge to the sky.

"'The arm is unbraced and the nerves are unstrung
Of him who in combat that dark weapon swung;
For the souls of the heroes of loftier days,
Kindled high in their glory, have sunk in the blaze:

"'And the laurels of Britain, drooped, withered, and shrunk,
And her standard of freedom all hopelessly sunk,
And the sons of the isles, scattered thin on the hill,
Stood forsaken and drooping, but dauntlessly still.

"'Ye sons of the brave! is the bold spirit fled
Which to combat and conquest your forefathers led?
Oh no! it but sleeps in the souls it should warm!
The more fiercely to burn in the day of the storm.

'But too long it hath slept: for the hearts of the brave
Are a country's best bulwarks to guard and to save:
Oh then be the lion aroused in each breast,
Triumphant to conquer, or nobly to rest.

'Be it yours to divulge the dark volume of fate;
Be it yours to revenge, ere revenge be too late:
Oh let not the spirit of freedom repose
Till it visit the wrongs of our land on its foes.

'Tis your country that calls; shall that cry be in vain?
All bleeding she lies in the conqueror's chain:
Chiefs! but one struggle more, and her freedom is won;
Let us triumph or die, as our fathers have done.

"'Like the lightning of heaven be your arms on the heath,
Loud, loud ring your shields with the thunder of death:
As the waves of your ocean rush down to the strife,
And each stroke be for Britain—for freedom and life!'

"The bard has ceased: the lofty lay
In long vibrations dies away,
And melts upon the air around
Till silence blends away the sound.
The bard upon each warrior gazed,
To mark what thoughts his strain had raised.
The eye that late flashed high with mirth
In altered cheer now sought the earth;
The cheek that bright with joy had blushed,
Far other feeling now had flushed.
It might have seemed throughout the hall,
(So motionless, so mute, were all),
As though the spirit of the storm
Had swept along each stately form
A moment—and what change was wrought
In every look and every thought!
Roused by the breath of life, they seem
To start at once from their death-like dream;
A sudden impulse, wild and strong,
Agitates the moving throng
And like the billows of the deep,
When darkening tempests o'er it sweep,
In every freeborn heart, that strain
Concordant echoes roused again!"

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THEATRICAL RECOLLECTIONS.

The Author's Early Visits to Crow Street Theatre—Interruptions of the University *Men*—College Pranks—Old Mr. Sheridan in "Cato" and in "Alexander the Great."—Curious *Scene* introduced, by Mistake, in the latter Tragedy—Mr. Digges in the Ghost of Hamlet's Father—Chorus of Cocks—The Author's Preference of Comedy to Tragedy—Remarks on Mr. Kean and the London Moralists—Liston in "Paul Pry."—Old Sparks—The Spanish *Debutante*—Irish Johnstone—Modern Comedy—The French Stage.

From my youth I was attached to theatrical representations, and have still a clear recollection of many of the eminent performers of my early days. My grandmother, with whom I resided for many years, had silver tickets of admission to Crow Street theatre, whither I was very frequently sent.

The playhouses in Dublin were then lighted with tallow candles, stuck into tin circles hanging from the middle of the stage, which were every now and then snuffed by some performer; and two soldiers, with fixed bayonets, always stood like statues on each side of the stage, close to the boxes, to keep the audience in order. The galleries were very noisy and very *droll.* The ladies and gentlemen in the boxes always went dressed out nearly as for court; the strictest etiquette and decorum were preserved in that circle; while the pit, as being full of critics and wise men, was particularly respected, except when the young gentlemen of the university occasionally forced themselves in, to revenge some insult, real or imagined, to a member of their body; on which occasions, all the ladies, well-dressed men, and peaceable people generally, decamped forthwith, and the young gentlemen as generally proceeded to beat or turn out the rest of the audience, and to break everything that came within their reach. These exploits were by no means uncommon; and the number and rank of the young culprits were so great, that (coupled with the impossibility of selecting the guilty), the college would have been nearly depopulated, and many of the great families in Ireland enraged beyond measure, had the students been expelled or even rusticated.

I had the honor of being frequently present, and (as far as in *mêlée*), giving a helping hand to our encounters both in the playhouses and streets. We were in the habit of going about the latter, on dark nights, in coaches, and, by flinging out half-pence, breaking the windows of all the houses we rapidly drove by, to the astonishment and terror of the proprietors. At other times we used to convey gunpowder squibs into all the lamps in several streets at once, and by longer or shorter fuses contrive to have them all burst about the same time, breaking every lamp to shivers, and leaving whole streets in utter darkness. Occasionally we threw large crackers into the china and glass shops, and delighted to see the terrified shopkeepers trampling on their own porcelain and cut glass, for fear of an explosion. By way of a treat, we used sometimes to pay the watchmen to lend us their cloaks and rattles; by virtue whereof, we broke into the low prohibited gambling houses, knocked out the lights, drove the gamblers down stairs, and then gave all their stakes to the watchmen. The whole body of watchmen belonging to one parish (that of the round church) were our sworn friends, and would take our part against any other watchmen in Dublin. We made a permanent subscription, and paid each of these regularly seven shillings a week for his *patronage*. I mention these trifles, out of a thousand odd pranks, as a part of my plan, to show, from a comparison of the past with the present state of society in the Irish metropolis, the extraordinary improvement which has taken place in point of decorum within the last half-century. The young gentlemen of the university then were in a state of great insubordination; not as to their learning, but their wild habits: indeed, the singular feats of some of them would be scarcely credible now; and they were so linked together, that an offence to one was an offence to all. There were several noblemen's sons with their gold-laced, and elder sons of baronets with their silver-laced gowns, who used to accompany us, with their gowns turned inside out; yet our freaks arose merely from the fire and natural vivacity of uncontrolled youth; no calm, deliberate vices, no low meannesses, were ever committed; that class of young men now termed dandies we then called macaronies; and we made it a standing rule to thrash them whenever we got a fair opportunity: such also as had been long tied to their "mother's apron-strings," we made no small sport with when we got them clear inside the college: we called them *milksops*, and if they declined drinking as much wine as ordered, we always dosed them, as in duty bound, with tumblers of salt and water till they came to their *feeding*, as we called it. Thus generally commenced a young man of fashion's noviciate above fifty years ago. However, our wildness instead of increasing as we advanced in our college courses, certainly diminished, and often left behind it the elements of much talent and virtue. Indeed, I believe there were to the full as good scholars, and certainly to the full as high gentlemen, educated in the Dublin university then, as in this wiser and more cold-blooded era.

I remember, even before that period, seeing old Mr. Sheridan perform the part of *Cato* at one of the Dublin theatres; I do not recollect which: but I well recollect his dress, which consisted of bright armor under a fine laced scarlet cloak, and surmounted by a huge, white, bushy, well-powdered wig (like Dr. Johnson's) over which was stuck his helmet. I wondered much how he could kill himself without stripping off the armor before he performed that operation! I also recollect him particularly (even as before my eyes now) playing *Alexander the Great*, and throwing the javelin at *Clytus*, whom happening to miss, he hit the cupbearer, then played by one of the hack performers, a Mr. Jemmy Fotterel. Jemmy very naturally supposed that he was hit *designedly*, and that it was some *new light* of the great Mr. Sheridan to slay the cupbearer in preference to his friend *Clytus* (which certainly would have been a less unjustifiable manslaughter), and that therefore he ought to tumble down and make a painful end according to dramatic custom time immemorial. Immediately, therefore, on being struck, he reeled, staggered, and fell very naturally, considering it was his *first death;* but being determined on this unexpected opportunity to make an impression upon the audience, when he found himself stretched out on the boards at full length, he began to roll about, kick, and flap the stage with his hands most immoderately; falling next into strong convulsions, exhibiting every symptom of exquisite torture, and at length expiring with a groan so loud and so long that it paralyzed even the people in the galleries, while the ladies believed that he was really killed, and cried aloud.

Though then very young, I was myself so terrified in the pit that I never shall forget it. However, Jemmy Fotterel was in the end, more clapped than any Clytus had ever been, and even the murderer himself could not help laughing most heartily at the incident.

The actresses of both tragedy and genteel comedy formerly wore large hoops, and whenever they made a speech walked across the stage and changed sides with the performer who was to speak next, thus veering backward and forward, like a shuttlecock, during the entire performance. This custom partially prevailed in the continental theatres till very lately.

I recollect Mr. Barry, who was really a remarkably hand some man, and his lady (formerly Mrs. Dancer); also Mr. Digges, who used to play the *ghost* in "Hamlet." One night in doubling that part with Polonius, Digges forgot on appearing as the *ghost,* previously to rub off the bright red paint with which his face had been daubed for the other character. A spirit with a large red nose and vermilioned cheeks was extremely novel and much applauded. There was also a famous actor who used to play the *cock* that crew to call off the *ghost* when Hamlet had done with him: this performer did his part so well that everybody used to say he was the best *cock* that ever had been heard at Smock-Alley, and six or eight other gentry of the dunghill species were generally brought behind the scenes, who on hearing him, mistook him for a brother cock, and set up their pipes all together: and thus, by the infinity of crowing at the same moment, the hour was the better marked, and the *ghost* glided back to the other world in the midst of a perfect chorus of cocks, to the no small admiration of the audience.

Of the distinguished merits of the old actors, or indeed of many of the more modern ones, I profess myself but a very moderate judge. One thing, however, I am sure of; that, man or boy, I never admired tragedy, however well personated. Lofty feelings and strong passions may be admirably mimicked therein; but the ranting, whining, obviously premeditated starting, disciplined gesticulation, &c.—the committing of suicide in mellifluous blank verse, and rhyming when in the agonies of death, stretch away so *very* far from nature, as to destroy all that illusion whereon the effect of dramatic exhibition in my mind entirely depends. Unless occasionally to witness some very celebrated new actor, I have not attended a tragedy these forty years; nor have I ever yet seen any tragedian on the British stage who made so decided an impression on my feelings as Mr. Kean, in some of his characters, has done. When I have seen other celebrated men enact the same parts, I have remained quite tranquil, however my judgment may have been satisfied: but he has made me *shudder*, and that, in my estimation, is the grand triumph of the actor's art. I have seldom sat out the last murder scene of any play except "Tom

Thumb," or "Chrononhotonthologos," which certainly are no burlesques on some of our standard tragedies.

Kean's *Shylock* and *Sir Giles Overreach* seemed to me neither more nor less than actual *identification* of those portraitures: o much so in fact, that I told him myself, after seeing him perform the first-mentioned part, that I could have found in my heart to knock his brains out the moment he had finished his performance.*

Two errors, however, that great actor has in a remarkable degree: some of his *pauses* are so long, that he appears to have forgotten himself; and he *pats his breast* so often, that it really reminds one of a nurse patting her infant to keep it from squalling; it is a pity he is not aware of these imperfections!

If, however, I have been always inclined to undervalue tragedy, on the other hand, *all* the comic performers of my time in Ireland I perfectly recollect. I allude to the days of Ryder, O'Keeffe, Wilks, Wilder, Vandermere, &c., &c., &c.

The effect produced by even one actor, or one trivial incident, is sometimes surprising. The dramatic trifle called "Paul Pry" has had a greater run, I believe, than any piece of the kind ever exhibited in London. I went to see it, and was greatly amused, not altogether by the piece, but by the ultra oddity of one performer, Put any handsome, or even humane-looking person, in Liston's place, and take away his umbrella, and Paul Pry would scarcely bring another audience.

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* Nothing could be more truly disgusting than the circumstance of the most ruffianly parts of the London population, under the general appellation of a "*British audience*," assuming to themselves the feelings of virtue, delicacy, decorum, morals, and modesty, for the sole purpose of driving into exile one of the first performers that ever trod the stage of England! and that for an offence which (though abstractedly unjustifiable) a great number of the gentry, not a few of the nobility, and even members of the holy church militant, are constantly committing and daily detected in: which commission and detection by no means seem to have diminished their popularity, or caused their reception to be less cordial among saints, methodists, legal authorities, and justices of the quorum.

The virtuous sentence of transportation passed against Mr. Kean, by the mob of London certainly began a *new series* of British morality; and the laudable societies for the "suppression of vice" may shortly be eased of a great proportion of their labors by more active moralists, culled from High street, St. Giles', the Israelites of Rag Fair, and the houses of correction Hogarth has, in his print of "Evening," immortalized the happy state of the horned citizens at his period.

His countenance continually presents the drollest set of stationary features I ever saw, and has the uncommon merit of being exquisitely comic *per se,* without the slightest distortion: no *artificial* grimace, indeed, could improve his *natural.* I remember O'Keeffe justly the delight of Dublin: and Ryder the best *Sir John Brute, Ranger, Marplot,* &c., in the world: the prologue of "Bucks have at ye All!" was repeated by him four hundred and twenty-four times. O'Keeffe's *Tony Lumpkin,* Vandermere's *Skirmish,* Wilder's *Colonel Oldboy,* &c., &c., came as near nature as acting and mimicry could possibly approach. There was also a first edition of Liston as to drollery, on the Dublin stage, usually called "Old Sparkes." He was very tall, and of a very large size; with heavy-hanging jaws, gouty ankles, big paunch, and sluggish motion: but his comic face and natural drollery were irresistible. He was a most excellent actor in everything he could personate: his grotesque figure, however, rendered these parts but few. *Peachum,* in the "Beggar's Opera," *Caliban* (with *his own* additions), in "The Tempest," and all bulky, droll, low characters, he did to the greatest perfection. At one time, when the audience of Smock alley were beginning to flag, Old Sparkes told Ryder, if he would bring out the afterpiece of "The Padlock," and permit him to manage it, he would insure him a succession of good nights. Ryder gave him his way, and the bills announced a first appearance in the part of Leonora: the *debutante* was reported to be a Spanish lady. The public curiosity was excited, and youth, beauty, and tremulous modesty, were all anticipated; the house overflowed; impatience was unbounded; the play ended in confusion, and the overture of "The Padlock" was received with rapture. Leonora at length appeared; the clapping was like thunder, to give courage to the *debutante,* who had a handsome face, and was very beautifully dressed as a Spanish donna, which it was supposed she really was. Her gigantic size, it is true, rather astonished the audience. However, they willingly took for granted that the Spaniards were an immense people, and it was observed that England must have had a great escape of the Spanish Armada, if the men were proportionably gigantic to the ladies. Her voice too was rather of the hoarsest, but that was accounted for by the sudden change of climate: at last, Leonora began her song of "Sweet Robin"—

> "Say, little foolish, fluttering thing,
> Whither, ah whither, would you wing?"

and at the same moment Leonora's mask falling off, Old Sparkes stood confessed, with an immense gander which he brought from under his cloak, and which he had trained to stand on his hand and screech to his voice, and in chorus with himself. The whim took; the roar of laughter was quite inconceivable; he had also got Mungo played by a *real* black; and the whole was so extravagantly ludicrous, and so entirely to the taste of the Irish galleries at that time, that his "Sweet Robin" was encored, and the frequent repetition of the piece replenished poor Ryder's treasury for the residue of the season.

I think about that time Mr. John Johnstone was a dragoon. His mother was a very good sort of woman, whom I remember extremely well. Between fifty and sixty years ago she gave me a little book, entitled "The History of the Seven Champions of Christendom," which I have (with several other books of my childhood) to this day. She used to call at my grandmother's to sell run muslins, &c., which she carried about her hips in great wallets, passing them off for a hoop. She was called by the old woman, in pleasantry, "Mull and Jaconot;" sold great bargains, and was a universal favorite with the ladies. Young Johnstone was a remarkably genteel well-looking lad; he used to bring presents of trout to my grandmother, which he caught in the great canal then going on close to Dublin. He soon went into the army: but having a weakness in his legs, he procured a speedy discharge, and acquired eminence on the Irish stage.

I never happened to encounter Mr. Johnstone in private society, till we met at dinner at Lord Barrymore's, in 1812, where Col. Bloomfield, my friend Mr. Richard Martin (now justly called *Humanity Martin)*, and others, were assembled. I was glad to meet the distinguished comedian, and mentioned some circumstances to him which proved the extent of my memory. He sang that night as sweetly as ever I heard him on the stage, and that is saying much.

Mr. Johnstone was a truly excellent performer of the more refined species of Irish characters; but nature had not given him enough of that original *shoulder twist,* and what they call the "*potheen twang,*" which so strongly characterize the genuine national *vis comica* of the lower orders of Irish. In this respect, perhaps, Owenson was superior to him, of whom the reader will find a more detailed account in a future page.

No modern comedy, in my mind, equals those of the old writers. The former are altogether devoid of that high-bred, witty playfulness of dialogue so conspicuous in the works of the latter. Gaudy spectacle, commonplace clap-traps, and bad puns, together with forced or mongrel sentiment, have been substituted to "make the unskilful laugh," and to the manifest sorrow of the "judicious." Perhaps so much the better: as, although there are now most excellent scene-painters and fireworkers, the London stage appears to be almost destitute of competent performers in the parts of genuine comedy, and the present London audiences seem to prefer gunpowder, resin, brimstone, musketry, burning castles, and dancing ponies, to any human or Christian entertainments, evidently despising all those high-finished comic characters, which satisfy the understanding and owe nothing to the scenery.

There is another species of theatrical representation extant in France—namely, scriptural pieces, half-burlesque, half-melodrama. These are undoubtedly among the drollest things imaginable; mixing up, in one unconnected mass, tragedy, comedy, and farce—painting, music, scenery—dress and undress—decency and indecency!*

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* "Samson pulling down the Hall of the Philistines" is the very finest piece of *spectacle* that can be conceived!—"Susannah and the Elders" is rather too naked a concern for the English ladies to look at, unless through their fans: transparent ones have lately been invented, to save the expense of blushes at the theatres, &c. But the most whimsical of their scriptural dramas is the exhibition of Noah as a *shipbuilder*, preparatory to the deluge. He is assisted by large gangs of angels working as his *journeymen*, whose great solicitude is to keep their wings clear out of the way of their hatchets, &c. At length the whole of them *strike* and turn out for wages, till the arrival of a body of *gens d'armes* immediately brings them to order, by whom they are threatened to be sent back to heaven if they do not *behave themselves!*

I have seen many admirable comedians on the continent. Nothing can possibly exceed Mademoiselle Mars, for instance, in many characters: but the French are all actors and actresses from their cradles; and a great number of performers, even at the minor theatres, seem to me to *forget* that they are playing, and at times nearly made the audience forget it too! Their spectacle is admirably good, their dancing excellent, and their dresses beautiful. Their orchestras are *well filled*, in every sense of the word, and the level of musical composition is not so low as *some* of Mr. Bishop's effusions. Their singing, however, is execrable; their tragedy rant; but their *prose* comedy very nature itself!

In short, the French beyond doubt exceed all other people in the world with regard to theatrical matters; and as every man, woman, and child, in Paris, is equally attached to *spectacle*, every house is full, every company encouraged, all tastes find some gratification. An Englishman can scarcely quit a Parisian theatre without having seen himself or some of his family characteristically and *capitally* represented. The *Anglais* supply certainly an inexhaustible source of French mimicry; and as we can not help it, do what we will, our countrymen now begin to practise the good sense of laughing at it themselves! John Bull thinks that roast beef is the finest dish in the whole world, and that the finest fellow in Europe is the man that eats it. On both points, the Frenchman begs leave, *tout a fait*, to differ with John: and nothing can be sillier than to oppose opinions with a positive people, in their own country, and who never yet, right or wrong, gave up an argument.

MRS. JORDAN.

Public Misstatement respecting that Lady—The Author's long Acquaintance with Her—*Debut* of Mrs. Jordan, at the Dublin Theatre, as Miss Francis—Her incipient Talents at that Period—Favorite Actresses then in Possession of the Stage—Theatrical Jealousy—Mrs. Daly (formerly Miss Barsanti)—Curious Inversion of Characters in the Opera of "The Governess," resorted to by the Manager to *raise the Wind*—Lieutenant Doyne proposes for Miss Francis—His Suit rejected from Prudential Considerations—Miss Francis departs for England—Mr. Owenson, Lady Morgan's Father—Comparison between that Performer and Mr. John (commonly called *Irish*) Johnstone—Introduction of the Author to His Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence—Reflections on the Scurrilous Personalities of the English Press—Mrs. Jordan in the Green-Room and on the Stage—Her Remarks on the Theatrical Art, and on her own Style of Acting—Her Last Visit to Dublin, and Curious Circumstances connected therewith—Mr. Dwyer the Actor and Mr. Sergeant Gold—Mrs. Jordan in Private Society.—Extracts from her Letters—Her Retirement from Bushy, and subsequent Embarkation for France.

THE foregoing short and superficial sketches of the Dublin stage in my juvenile days bring me to a subject more recent and much more interesting to my feelings. I touch it nevertheless with pain, and must ever deeply regret the untimely catastrophe of a lady who was at once the highest surviving prop of her profession, and a genuine sample of intrinsic excellence. Had her fate descended while filling her proper station and in her own country—or had not the circumstances which attended some parts of that lady's career been entirely mistaken—had not the cause of her miseries been grossly misrepresented, and the story of her desertion and embarrassed state at the time of her dissolution altogether false—I probably should never have done more (under the impression of its being intrusive, perhaps indelicate) than mention her professional excellences.

But so much of that lady's life, and so much relating to her death also, has been misstated in the public prints (not for the purpose of doing her justice, but of doing another injustice), that I feel myself warranted in sketching some traits and incidents of Mrs. Jordan's character and life, all of which I know to be true, and a great proportion whereof I was personally acquainted with. Some degree of mystery has doubtless rested, and will probably continue to rest, on the causes which led that lady to repair to a foreign country, where she perished; all I shall say, however, on that score, is, that these causes have never yet been known except to a very limited number of individuals, and never had, in any shape or in any degree, bearing or connection with her former situation. The reports current on this head I know to be utterly unfounded, and many of them I believe to be altogether malicious.

I am not Mrs. Jordan's biographer; my observations only apply to abstract portions of her conduct and abstract periods of her life. I had the gratification of knowing intimately that amiable woman and justly-celebrated performer. Her public talents are recorded; her private merits are known to few. I enjoyed a portion of her confidence on several very particular subjects, and had full opportunity of appreciating her character

It was not by a cursory acquaintance that Mrs. Jordan could be known: unreserved confidence alone could develop her qualities, and none of them escaped my observation. I have known her when in the busy, bustling exercise of her profession: I have known her when in the tranquil lap of ease, of luxury, and of magnificence. I have seen her in a theatre, surrounded by a crowd of adulating dramatists: I have seen her in a palace, surrounded by a numerous, interesting, and beloved offspring. I have seen her happy: I have seen her, alas! *miserable*—and I could not help participating in all her feelings.

At the point of time when I first saw Mrs. Jordan, she could not be much more, I think, than sixteen years of age, and was making her *debut*, as Miss Francis, at the Dublin theatre. It is worthy of observation that her early appearances in Dublin were not in any of those characters (save one) wherein she afterward so eminently excelled; but such as, being more girlish, were better suited to her spirits and her age. I was then, of course, less competent than now to exercise the critical art, yet could not but observe that in these parts she was *perfect* even on her first appearance: she had no art, in fact, to study; Nature was her sole instructress. Youthful, joyous, animated, and droll, her laugh bubbled up from her heart, and her tears welled out ingenuously from the deep spring of feeling. Her countenance was all expression, without being all beauty: her form, then light and elastic—her flexible limbs—the juvenile but indescribable graces of her every movement—impressed themselves, as I perceived, indelibly upon all who attended even her earliest performances.

Her expressive features and eloquent action at all periods harmonized blandly with each other—not by artifice, however skilful, but by intellectual *sympathy;* and when her figure was adapted to the part she assumed, she had only to speak the words of an author to become the very person he delineated. Her voice was clear and distinct, modulating itself with natural and winning ease; and when exerted in song, its gentle, flute-like melody formed the most captivating contrast to the convulsed and thundering *bravura.* She was, throughout, the untutored child of Nature: she sang without effort, and generally without the accompaniment of instruments; and whoever heard her "Dead of the Night," and her "Sweet Bird," either in public or private, if they had any soul, must have surrendered at discretion.

In genuine playful, comic characters, such as *Belinda,* &c., she was unique: but in the *formal, dignified, high-bred* parts of genteel comedy, her superiority, although great, was not so decided. Her line, indeed, was distinctly marked out, but within its extent she stood altogether unrivalled—nay, unapproached.

At the commencement of Mrs. Jordan's theatrical career, she had difficulties to encounter which nothing but superiority of talent could so suddenly have surmounted. Both of the Dublin theatres were filled with performers of high popular reputation, and thus every important part in her line of acting was ably preoccupied. The talent of the female performers, matured by experience and disciplined by practice, must yet have yielded to the fascinating powers of her natural genius, had it been suffered fairly to expand. But the jealousy which never fails to pervade all professions was powerfully excited to restrain the development of her mimic powers; and it was reserved for English audiences to give full play and credit to that extraordinary comic genius which soon raised her to the highest pitch at once of popular and critical estimation.

Mrs. Daly, formerly Miss Barsanti, was foremost among the successful occupants of those buoyant characters to which Miss Francis was peculiarly adapted. Other actresses had long filled the remaining parts to which she aspired; and thus scarcely one was left open to engage her talents.

Mr. Daly, about this time, resorted to a singular species of theatrical entertainment, by the novelty whereof he proposed to rival his competitors of Smock alley—namely, that of *reversing characters*, the men performing the female, and the females the male parts, in comedy and opera. The opera of "The Governess" was played in this way for several nights, the part of *Lopez* by Miss Francis. In this singular and unimportant character the versatility of her talent rendered the piece attractive, and the season concluded with a strong anticipation of her future celebrity.

The company then proceeded to perform in the provinces, and at Waterford occurred the first grave incident in the life of Mrs. Jordan. Lieutenant Charles Doyne, of the third regiment of heavy horse (Greens), was then quartered in that city; and, struck with the *naïveté* and almost irresistible attractions of the young performer, his heart yielded, and he became seriously and honorably attached to her. Lieutenant Doyne was not handsome, but he was a gentleman and a worthy man, and had been my friend and companion some years at the university. I knew him intimately, and he intrusted me with his passion. Miss Francis's mother was then alive, and sedulously attended her. Full of ardor and thoughtlessness myself, I advised him, if he could win the young lady, to marry her—adding that no doubt fortune must smile on so disinterested a union. Her mother, however, was of a different opinion; and as she had no fortune but her talent, the exercise of which was to be relinquished with the name of Francis, it became a matter of serious consideration from what source they were to draw their support—with the probability, too, of a family! His commission was altogether inadequate, and his private fortune very small. This obstacle, in short, was insurmountable: Mrs. Francis, anticipating the future celebrity of her child, and unwilling to extinguish in obscurity all chance of fame and fortune by means of the profession she had adopted, worked upon her daughter to decline the proposal. The treaty accordingly ended, and Lieutenant Doyne appeared to me for a little time almost inconsolable. Miss Francis, accompanied by her mother, soon after went over to England, and for nearly twenty years I never saw that unrivalled performer.

Mr. Owenson, the father of Lady Morgan, was at that time highly celebrated in the line of Irish characters; and never did an actor exist so perfectly calculated, in my opinion, to personify that singular class of people. Considerably above six feet in height—remarkably handsome and brave-looking—vigorous and well-shaped—he was not vulgar enough to disgust, nor was he genteel enough to be *out of character.* Never did I see any actor so entirely identify himself with the peculiarities of those parts he assumed. In the highest class of Irish characters (old officers, &c.) he looked well, but did not exhibit sufficient dignity; and in the *lowest,* his humor was scarcely quaint and original enough; but, in what might be termed the *middle class of paddies,* no man ever combined the look and the manner with such felicity as Owenson. Scientific singing is not an Irish quality; and he sang well enough. I have heard Jack Johnstone warble so very skilfully, and act some parts so very like a man of first-rate education, that I almost forgot the nation he was mimicking. That was not the case with Owenson: he acted as if he had not received too much schooling, and sang like a man whom nobody had instructed. He was, like most of his profession, careless of his concerns, and grew old without growing rich. His last friend was old Fontaine, a very celebrated Irish dancing-master—many years domiciliated and highly esteemed in Dublin. He aided Owenson and his family while he had means to do so, and they both died nearly at the same time—instances of talent and improvidence.

This digression I have ventured on, because, in the first place, it harmonizes with the theatrical nature of my subject, and may be interesting—because it relates to the father of an eminent and amiable woman; and most particularly, because I was informed that Mr. Owenson took a warm interest in the welfare of Miss Francis, and was the principal adviser of her mother in rejecting Mr. Doyne's addresses.

After a lapse of many years I chanced to acquire the honor of a very favorable introduction to his royal-highness the duke of Clarence, who became the efficient friend of me and of my family—not with that high frigid mien which so often renders ungracious the favors of authorities in the British government, but with the frankness and sincerity of a prince. He received and educated my only son with his own, and sent him, as lieutenant of the fifth dragoon guards, to make his campaigns in the Peninsula. This introduction to his royal-highness and his family gave me full and unerring opportunities of knowing, of appreciating, and valuing, Mrs. Jordan. In her there was no guile; her heart was conspicuous in every word—her feelings in every action; and never did I find, in any character, a more complete concentration of every quality that should distinguish a mother, a friend, and a gentlewoman.

The outlines of Mrs. Jordan's public life after her connection of twenty-three years with that royal personage are too well known to require recital here. But with respect to her more private memoirs, so much falsehood and exaggeration have gone abroad—so many circumstances have been distorted, and so many *facts* invented—some of the latter possessing sufficient plausibility to deceive even the most wary—that, if not a duty, it appears at least praiseworthy, to aim at the refutation of such calumnies.

I have ever felt a great abhorrence of the system of defamation on hearsay. Public men, *as such*, may properly be commented on. It is the birthright of the British people to speak fairly their sentiments of those who rule them; but libel on private reputation is a disgusting excrescence upon the body of political freedom, and has latterly grown to an extent so dangerous to individuals, and so disgraceful to the press at large, that it may hereafter afford plausible pretences for curtailing the liberty of that organ—the pure and legal exercise of which is the proudest and surest guardian of British freedom. The present lax, unrestrained, and vicious exuberance of the periodical press, stamps the United Kingdom as the very focus of libel and defamation in all their ramifications. No reputation—no rank—no character, public or private, neither the living nor the dead, can escape from its licentiousness. One comfort may be drawn from the reflection—that it can proceed no further; its next movement must be a retrograde one, and I trust the legislature will not permit this retrogression to be long deferred.

That spirit of licentiousness I have been endeavoring to stigmatize was never more clearly instanced than by the indefatigable and reiterated attempts (for several years persevered in) to disparage the private reputation of a royal personage, whose domestic habits, and whose wise and commendable abstinence from political party and conflicting factions, should have exempted him from the pen and from the tongue of misrepresentation, and rendered sacred a character which only requires development to stand as high in the estimation of every man who regards the general happiness and power of the empire, as that of any member of the illustrious house from which its owner springs. On this point I speak not lightly: that which I state is neither the mere effusion of gratitude, nor the meanness of adulation: the royal personage I allude to would not commend me for the one, nor would I demean myself by the other.

I can not conclude this digression without reprobating in no measured terms that most dangerous of all calumnious tendencies which endeavors systematically to drag down the highest ranks to the level of the lowest, and by laboring to excite a democratic contempt of royal personages, gradually saps the very foundation of constitutional allegiance: such, however, has been a practice of the day, exercised with all the rancor, but without any portion of the ability, of Junius.

It is deeply to be lamented, that this system has been exemplified by some individuals whose literary celebrity might have well afforded them the means of creditable subsistence, without endeavoring to force into circulation works of mercenary penmanship by wanton slander of the very highest personage in the United Empire. I specify no name: I designate no facts; if they exist not, it is unimportant; if they are notorious, the application will not be difficult. It is true that a libeller can not fully atone—yet he may repent; and even that mortification would be a better penance to any calumniator of distinguished talent than to run the risk of being swamped between the Scylla and Charybdis of frivolity and disaffection.

But to return to the accomplished subject of my sketch:—I have seen her, as she called it, *on a cruise*, that is, at a provincial theatre (Liverpool); having gone over once from Dublin for that purpose: she was not then in high spirits; indeed her tone, in this respect, was not uniform; in the mornings she usually seemed depressed; at noon she went to rehearsal—came home fatigued, dined at three, and then reclined in her chamber till it was time to dress for the performance. She generally went to the theatre low-spirited.

I once accompanied Mrs. Jordan to the green-room at Liverpool: Mrs. Alsop and her old maid assiduously attended her. She went thither languid and apparently reluctant; but in a quarter of an hour her very nature seemed to undergo a metamorphosis: the sudden change of her manner appeared to me, in fact, nearly miraculous; she walked spiritedly across the stage two or three times, as if to measure its extent; and the moment her foot touched the scenic boards, her spirit seemed to be regenerated; she cheered up, hummed an air, stepped light and quick, and every symptom of depression vanished! The comic eye and cordial laugh returned upon their enchanting mistress, and announced that she felt herself moving in her proper element. Her attachment to the practice of her profession, in fact, exceeded anything I could conceive.

Mrs. Jordan delighted in talking over past events. She had strong impressions of everything; and I could perceive was often influenced rather by her feelings than her judgment.

"How happens it," said I to her, when last in Dublin, "that you still exceed all your profession even in characters not so adapted to you now as when I first saw you? How do you contrive to be so buoyant—nay, so childish, on the stage, while you lose half your spirits, and degenerate into gravity, the moment you are off it?"—"Old habits!" replied Mr

Jordan, "old habits! had I formerly studied my positions, weighed my words, and measured my sentences, I should have been artificial, and they might have hissed me; so, when I had got the words well by heart, I told Nature I was then at *her* service to do whatever she thought proper with my feet, legs, hands, arms, and features: to her I left the whole matter: I became, in fact, merely her puppet, and never interfered further myself in the business. I heard the audience laugh at at me, and I laughed at myself: they laughed again, so did I: and they gave me credit for matters I knew very little about, and for which Dame Nature, not I, should have received their approbation.

"The best rule for a performer is to forget, if possible, that any audience is listening. We perform best of all in our closets, and next best to crowded houses: but I scarcely ever saw a good performer who was always eying the audience. If," continued she, "half the gesticulation, half the wit, drollery, and anecdote, which I heard among you all at Curran's priory, at Grattan's cottage, and at your house, had been displayed before an audience, *without your knowing that anybody was listening to you*, the performance would have been cheered as one of the finest pieces of comic acting possible, though, in fact, your only *plot* was endeavoring to get tipsy as agreeably as you could."

This last visit of Mrs. Jordan to the Irish capital took place in the year 1809, and afforded me a still better opportunity of eliciting any trait of her nature or disposition. She was greeted in that metropolis with all the acclamations that her reputation and talent so fully merited: she was well received also among some of the best society in Dublin, whose curiosity was excited beyond measure to converse with her in private. Here, however, she disappointed all; for there was about her no display—and the animated, lively, brilliant mimic, on the boards, was in the saloon retiring, quiet, nay, almost reserved. Mrs. Jordan, in fact, seldom spoke much in company, but then she spoke well: she made no exertion to appear distinguished, and became more so by the absence of effort. The performer was wholly merged in the gentlewoman; and thus, although on her entrance this celebrated person failed to *impress* the company, she *never* failed to retire in possession of their respect.

On that tour she told me was very ill-treated by the manager. The understanding was, that Mrs. Jordan was to receive half the profits: yet, although the houses were invariably crowded, the receipts were quite inadequate. Many of the performers, who had been appointed to act with her, were below mediocrity, and her presence alone saved them from being scouted. One was forgetful—another drunk: I confess I never myself saw such a crew. All this rendered Mrs. Jordan miserable, and she sought relief in the exercise of her benevolent feelings. Among other objects of her bounty was an old actor called Barrett, who had played on the night of her *debut*, and was then in the most indigent circumstances. Him she made comfortable; and gave efficient assistance to several others whom she had known in former years.

The managers, I know not why, acted to her without the respect which *everybody*, except themselves, had shown that most amiable of human beings. She had found it absolutely necessary to refuse acting with one or two vulgar, drunken fellows, belonging to the set whom they had selected to *sustain* her; and she quitted the country at length, having formed a fixed determination never to repeat any engagement with the persons who then *managed* the theatricals of Dublin.

She had scarcely arrived in England, when some of the parties, including one Mr. Dwyer, a player, quarrelled; and actions for defamation were brought forward among them. A man of the name of Corri, also, published periodical libels, in one of which he paid Mrs. Jordan the compliment of associating her with the duchess of Gordon: I and my family had likewise the honor of partaking in the abuse of that libel, and I prosecuted the printer. On the trial of the cause, one of the counsel, Mr. Thomas (now Sergeant) Gold, thought proper to indulge himself in language and statements respecting Mrs. Jordan, neither founded in fact nor delicate in a gentleman. In cross-examining me as a witness, on the prosecution of the printer, he essayed a line of interrogation disparaging to the character of that lady; but that learned person always took care not to go too far with me, or to risk offending me in my presence: a monosyllable, or an intimation even, I ever found quite sufficient to check the exuberance of "my learned friend;" and on this occasion he was not backward in taking my hint: he grew tame, the libeller was found guilty, and justly sentenced to a protracted imprisonment.

I never knew Mrs. Jordan feel so much as at the wanton conduct of Mr. Thomas Gold on that occasion: his speech, as it appeared in the newspapers, was too gross even for the vulgarest declaimer; but when Mrs. Jordan's situation, her family, and her merits, were considered, it was altogether inexcusable. I do not state this feeling of Mrs. Jordan solely from my own impression: I received from her a letter indicative of the anguish which that gentleman had excited in her feelings, and I should do injustice to her memory if I did not publish her justification:—

"BUSHY HOUSE, Wednesday.

"MY DEAR SIR: Not having the least suspicion of the business in Dublin, it shocked and grieved me very much; not only on my own account, but I regret that I should have been the involuntary cause of anything painful to you, or to your amiable family. But of Mr. Jones I can think anything: and I beg you will do me the justice to believe that my feelings are not selfish. Why, indeed, should *I* expect to escape their infamous calumnies? Truth, however, will force its way, and justice exterminate that nest of vipers. I wanted nothing from Mr. Crompton's generosity, but I had a claim on his justice—his *honor*, * * * *

"During the two representations of 'The Inconstant,' I represented to him the state Mr. Dwyer was in, and implored him, out of respect to the audience, if not in pity to my terrors, to change the play. As to the libel on Mr. Dwyer, charged to me by Mr. Gold; I never directly or indirectly, by words or by writing, demeaned myself by interfering in the most remote degree with so wretched a concern. I knew no editor, I read no newspapers, while in Dublin. The charge is false and libellous on me, published, I presume, through Mr. Gold's assistance. Under that view of the case he will feel himself rather unpleasantly circumstanced, should I call upon him to either *prove* or *disavow* his assertions. To he introduced any way into such a business, shocks and grieves me: he might have pleaded for his companions without calumniating me; but, for the present, I shall drop an irksome subject, which has already given me more than ordinary uneasiness.

"Yours, &c. "DORA JORDAN."

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She requested my advice as to bringing an action for defamation. My reply was one that I had heard most adroitly given by Sir John Doyle, upon another occasion: "If you wrestle with a chimney-sweeper, it is true you may throw your antagonist; but your own coat will certainly be dirtied by the encounter."

Never was there a better aphorism. Mrs. Jordan took my advice, and satisfied herself with despising instead of punishing her calumniators.

I have seen this accomplished woman at Bushy in the midst of one of the finest families in England, surrounded by splendor, beloved, respected, and treated with all the deference paid to a member of high life. I could perceive, indeed, no offset to her comforts and gratification. She was, in my hearing, frequently solicited by the royal personage to retire from her profession; she was *urged* to forego all further emoluments from its pursuit: and this single fact gives the contradiction direct to reports which I should feel it improper even to allude to further. Her constant reply was, that she would retire when Mrs. Siddons did; but that her losses by the fire at Covent-Garden, together with other incidental outgoings, had been so extensive, as to induce her continuance of the profession to replace her finances. Her promise to retire with Mrs. Siddons, however, she did not act up to, but continued to gratify the public, with enormous profit to herself, down to the very last year she remained in England. It is matter of fact, too, though perhaps here out of place, that, so far from a desertion of this lady by that royal personage, as falsely reported, to the last hour of her life his solicitude was undiminished; and though separated by her own desire, for causes not discreditable to either, he never lost sight of her interest or her comforts. It was not the nature of his royal highness—he was incapable of that little less than *crime* toward Mrs. Jordan—which had, indeed, no foundation, save in the vicious representation of hungry or avaricious editors, or in the scurrility of those hackneyed and indiscriminate enemies of rank and reputation, whose aspersions are equally a disgrace and an injury to the country wherein they are tolerated.

To contribute toward the prevention of all further doubt as to Mrs. Jordan's unmixed happiness at the period of her residence at Bushy, as well as to exhibit the benevolence of her heart and the warmth of her attachments, I will introduce at this point extracts from some other letters addressed to myself:

"BUSHY.

"MY DEAR SIR: I can not resist the pleasure of informing you that your dear boy has not only passed, but passed with great credit, at the military college: it gives us all the highest satisfaction. My two beloved boys are now at home: they have both gone to South hill to see your Edward. We shall have a full and merry house at Christmas; 'tis what the dear duke delights in: a happier set, when all together, I believe never yet existed. The ill-natured parts of the world never can enjoy the tranquil pleasures of domestic happiness.

* * * * * * *

"I have made two most lucrative trips since I saw you. Adkinson came to see me at Liverpool—quite as poetical as ever, and the best-natured *poet*, I believe, in the world.

"Yours, ever truly, "DORA JORDAN."

"BUSHY.

"MY DEAR SIR: I have returned here on the 7th inst., after a very fatiguing though very prosperous *cruise* of five weeks, and found all as well as I could wish. Your Edward left us this morning for Marlow: I found him improved in everything. I never saw the duke enjoy anything more than the poultry you sent us; they were delicious: he desires me to offer his best regards to yourself and your ladies. Lucy is gone on a visit to Lady De Ross.

"Yours, most truly, "DORA JORDAN."

"BUSHY.

"MY DEAR SIR: I have returned here—but, alas! the happiness I had promised to myself has met a cruel check at finding the good duke very unwell. You can scarcely conceive my misery at the cause of such a disappointment: but there is every appearance of a favorable result not being very distant; 'tis his old periodical attack, but not near so severe as I have seen it. I shall not write to you, as I intended, till I can announce his royal highness's recovery. I shall have neither head nor nerves to write, or even to think, till I am able to contribute to your pleasure, by announcing my own happiness and his recovery. * * * *, &c.

"DORA JORDAN."

"SIR J. BARRINGTON,
"*Merrion square, Dublin.*"

"BUSHY.

"We have just returned from Maidenhead; and I postponed writing to you till I could give you an account of Edward, who, with Colonel Butler, dined with us there: he looks wonderfully well, and the uniform becomes him extremely. On the ladies leaving the room, Colonel Butler gave the duke a very favorable account of him; and I trust it will give you and Lady Barrington the more satisfaction, when I assure you that it is by no means a partial account.

"I am sure you will be pleased to hear that your young friend Lucy is about to be married, much to my satisfaction, to Colonel Hawker, of the 14th dragoons. He is a most excellent man, and has a very good private property. She will make the best of wives—a better girl never yet lived. It makes me quite happy, and I intend to give her the value of ten thousand pounds. * * * *, &c.

"DORA JORDAN."

The days of Mrs. Jordan continued to pass on alternately in the exercise of a lucrative profession, and the domestic enjoyment of an adoring family, when circumstances (which, because *mysterious*, the public construed necessarily to imply culpability somewhere or other) occasioned a separation—certainly an event most unexpected by those who had previously known the happy state of her connection. In me it would be worse than presumption to enter into any detail on a subject at once so private, so delicate, and so interesting. Suffice it to say that, of all the accounts and surmises as to that event in which the public prints were pleased to indulge themselves, not one that came under my eye was true. Indeed, there was scarcely a single incident whereto that separation was publicly attributed, that had any degree of foundation whatsoever. Such circumstances should ever remain known only to those who feel the impropriety of amusing the readers at a news-room with subjects of domestic pain and family importance. I will, however, repeat that the separation took effect from causes no way dishonorable to either party: that it was not sought for by the royal personage, nor necessary on the part of the lady. It was too hasty to be discreet, and too much influenced by feelings of the moment to be hearty. Though not unacquainted with those circumstances, I never presumed to make an observation upon the subject, save to contradict, in direct terms, statements which, at the time I heard them, I knew to be totally unfounded; and never was the British press more prostituted than in the malicious coloring given upon that occasion to the conduct of his royal highness.

General Hawker, one of the late king's aids-de-camp, had married Miss Jordan; and in the punctilious honor and integrity of this gentleman, everybody who knew and knows him did and does rely with unmixed confidence. Such reliance his royal highness evinced by sending, through him, *carte blanche* to Mrs. Jordan, when the separation had been determined on, enabling her to dictate whatever she conceived would be fully adequate to her maintenance, without recurrence to her profession, in all the comforts and luxuries to which she had been so long accustomed; and everything she wished for was arranged to her satisfaction. Still, however, infatuated with attachment to theatrical pursuits, she continued to accept of temporary engagements to her great profit: and it will perhaps scarcely be credited that so unsated were British audiences with Mrs. Jordan's unrivalled performances, that even at her time of life, with certainly diminished powers and an altered person, the very last year she remained in England brought her a clear profit of near seven thousand pounds! I *can not* be mistaken in this statement, for my authority could not err on that point. The malicious representations, therefore, of her having been left straitened in pecuniary circumstances, were literally *fabulous;* for, to the very moment of her death, she remained in full possession of all the means of comfort—nay, if she chose it, of *luxury and splendor.* Why, therefore, she emigrated, pined away, and expired in a foreign country (of whose language she was ignorant, and in whose habits she was wholly unversed), with every *appearance* of necessity, is also considered a mystery by those unacquainted with the cruel and disastrous circumstances which caused that unfortunate catastrophe. It is not by my pen that miserable story shall be told. It was a transaction wherein her royal friend had, *directly or indirectly*, no concern, nor did it in any way spring out of that connection. She had, in fact, only to *accuse* herself of benevolence, confidence, and honor: to those *demerits*, and to the worse than ingratitude of others, she fell a lingering, broken-hearted victim.

When his royal highness was informed of the determination that Mrs. Jordan should take up a temporary residence on the continent, he insisted on her retaining the attendance of Miss Kitchley, who for many years had been attached to the establishment at Bushy, and was superintendent and governess of the duke's children. This lady, therefore, whose sincere attachment had been so long and truly proved, accompanied Mrs Jordan as her companion, and to the time of her death continued to minister to her comforts—endeavoring, so far as in her lay, by her society and attentions, to solace the mental misery which pressed upon her friend's health and had extinguished her spirits. She was also accompanied by Colonel Hawker, the general's brother: but, as she wished, during her residence in France, to be totally retired, she took no suite. She selected Boulogne as a place of convenient proximity to England; and, in a cottage half a mile from that town, awaited with indescribable anxiety the completion of those affairs which had occasioned her departure, rapturously anticipating the happiness of embracing her children afresh after a painful absence.

MRS. JORDAN IN FRANCE

Decline of Mrs. Jordan's Health—Description of her Cottage and Grounds at Boulogne-sur Mer—Madame Ducamp and her Servant Agnes—Their Account of Mrs. Jordan's Habits and Manners—Removal of that Lady to Versailles, and subsequently to St. Cloud—Account of her Illness and Last Moments.

Such was the nature of the circumstances which impelled Mrs. Jordan to repair to the continent; and, after what has been said, the reader will not think it extraordinary that a deep impression was made upon her health—not, indeed, in the shape of actual disease, but by the workings of a troubled spirit, pondering and drooping over exaggerated misfortunes, and encountering obstacle after obstacle. Estranged from those she loved, as also from that profession the resort to which had never failed to restore her animation and amuse her fancy, mental malady soon communicated its contagiou to the physical organization, and sickness began to make visible inroads on the heretofore healthy person of that lamented lady.

We have seen that she established herself, in the first place, at Boulogne-sur-Mer. A cottage was selected by her at Marquetra, about a quarter of a mile from the gate of the fortress. Often have I since, as if on classic ground, strolled down the little garden which had been there her greatest solace. The cottage is very small, but neat, commodious, and of a cheerful aspect. A flower and fruit garden of corresponding dimensions, and a little paddock (comprising less than half an acre) formed her demesne. In an adjoining cottage resided her old landlady, Madame Ducamp, who was in a state of competence, and altogether an original. She had married a gardener, much younger and of humbler birth than herself. I think she had been once handsome; her story I never heard fully; but it appeared that she had flourished during the revolution. She spoke English well, when she pleased; and, like most French women, when *d'âge mûr*, was querulous, intrusive, and curious *beyond limitation*, with as much *professed* good nature as would serve at least fifty of our old English gentlewoman. She was not, in good truth, devoid of the reality as well as the semblance of that quality: but she *overacted* the philanthropist, and consequently did not deceive those accustomed to look lower than the surface. This good lady is still *in statu quo*, and most likely to remain so.

Under color of taking her vacant cottage for a friend, a party of us went to Marquetra, to learn what we could respecting Mrs. Jordan's residence there. The old lady recognised her name, but pronounced it in a way which it was scarcely possible for *us* to recognise. A long conversation ensued, in some parts as deeply interesting, and in others nearly as ludicrous as the subject could admit of. Madame Ducamp repeated to us a hundred times, in five minutes, that she had "beaucoup *beaucoup* de vénération pour cette chère, chère malheureuse dame Anglaise!" whom she assured us, with a deep sigh, was "sans doute un ange supérieur!" She was proceeding to tell us everything she knew, or I suppose could invent, when, perceiving a child in the garden pulling the flowers, she abruptly discontinued her eulogium, and ran off to drive away the intruder—having done which, she returned to resume: but too late! in her absence her place had been fully and fairly occupied by Agnes, an ordinary French girl, Madame Ducamp's *bonne* (servant of *all work*), whom we soon found was likely to prove a much more truth-telling person than her mistress.

Agnes informed us, with great feeling, that "the economy of that charming lady was very strict: *nécessairement, je crains*," added she, with a slow movement of her head and a truly eloquent look. They had found out (she said) that their lodger had been once *riche et magnifique*, but when there she was *very—very* poor indeed. "But," exclaimed the poor girl, her eye brightening up and her tone becoming firmer, "that could make no difference to me! *si j'aime, j'aime! J'ai servi cette pauvre dame avec le même zèle (peut-etre encore plus) que si elle eut eté une princesse!*"

This frank-hearted display of poor Agnes' sentiments was, however, not in fact called for in speaking of Mrs. Jordan, since she might have commanded, during the whole period of her continental residence, any sums she thought proper. She had money in the bank, in the funds, and in miscellaneous property, and had just before received several thousands But she was become nearly careless, as well of pecuniary as other matters, and took up a whim (for it was nothing more) to affect poverty, thus deceiving the world, and giving, herself, a vantage ground to the gossiping and censorious.

Agnes' information went on to show that Mrs. Jordan's whole time was passed in anxious expectation of letters from England, and on the English postdays she was peculiarly miserable We collected from the girl that her garden and guitar were her only resources against that consuming melancholy which steals away even the elements of existence, and plunges both body and mind into a state of morbid languor—the fruitful parent of disease, insanity, and death.

At this point of the story, Madame Ducamp would no longer be restrained, and returned to the charge with redoubled assertions of her own friendship to "the poor lady," and *bonne nature* in general.

"Did you know her, monsieur?" said she: "alas! she nearly broke *my heart* by trying to break *her own*."

"I have heard of her since I arrived here, madame," replied I cautiously.

"Ah! monsieur, monsieur," rejoined Madame Ducamp, "if you had known her as well as Agnes and I did, you would have loved her just as much. I am sure she had been accustomed to grandeur, though I could never clearly make out the cause of her reverses. Ah!" pursued madame, "she was *amiable et honnete* beyond description; and though *so very poor*, paid her *louage* like a goddess." At this moment some other matter, perhaps suggested by the word *louage*, came across the old woman's brain, and she again trotted off. The remaining intelligence which we gathered from Agnes, related chiefly to Mrs. Jordan's fondness for music and perpetual indulgence therein—and to her own little achievements in the musical way, whereby, she told us with infinite *naïveté*, she had frequently experienced the gratification of playing and singing *madame to sleep!* She said that there was some little mutual difficulty in the first place as to understanding each other, since the stranger was ignorant of the French language, and she herself "had not the honor" to speak English. "However," continued Agnes, "we formed a sort of language of our own, consisting of looks and signs, and in these *madame* was more eloquent than any other person I had ever known." Here the girl's recollections seemed fairly to overcome her; and with that apparently exaggerated sensibility which is, nevertheless, *natural* to the character of her country, she burst into tears, exclaiming, "*Oh ciel! oh ciel!—elle est morte! elle est morte!*"*

I can not help thinking that the deep and indelible impression thus made by Mrs. Jordan upon an humble unsophisticated servant-girl, exemplifies her kind and winning manners better than would the most labored harangues of a whole host of biographers.

Madame Ducamp meanwhile had been fidgeting about, and arranging everything to show off her cottage to the greatest

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* The intermixed French phrases which I have retained in sketching this conversation at Marquetra may, perhaps, appear affected to some; and I frankly admit, there are few things in composition so disagreeable to me, as a jumble of words culled from different tongues, and constituting a *melange* which advances no just claim to the title of any language whatever. But those who are accustomed to the familiar terms and expressive ejaculations of French colloquy, know that the idiomatic mode of expression *only* can convey the *true* point and spirit of the dialogue, and more particularly does this observation apply to the variegated traits of character belonging to French females.

The conversation with Agnes consisted, on her part, nearly of broken sentences throughout—I may say, almost of looks and monosyllables! at all events, of simple and expressive words in a combination utterly unadapted to the English tongue. Let a well-educated and unprejudiced gentleman hold converse on the same topics with an English and a French girl, and his remarks as to the difference will not fail to illustrate what I have said.

Far—very far be it from me, to depreciate the fair ones of our own country. I believe that they are steadier and better calculated to describe facts, or to advise in an emergency: but they must not be offended with me for adding, that in the expression of every feeling, either of a lively or tearful nature, as well as in the graces of motion, their elastic neighbors are immeasurably superior. Even their eyes speak idioms which our less pliable language can not explain. I have seen humble girls in France who speak more in one second than many of our finest ladies could utter in almost a century! *Chaqu'un a son gout,* however; and I honestly confess, that a sensitive French girl would make but an ill-assorted match with a thorough-bred John Bull, advantage; and without farther conversation, except as to the price of the tenement, we parted with mutual "assurances of the highest consideration."

I renewed my visits to the old woman; but her stories were either so fabulous or disconnected, and those of Agnes so unvaried, that I saw no probability of acquiring further information, and lost sight of Mrs. Jordan's situation for a considerable time after her departure from Boulogne. I thought it, by-the-by, very extraordinary, that neither the mistress nor maid said a word about any attendant of Mrs. Jordan, even although it was not till long after that I heard of Col. Hawker and Miss Kitchley having accompanied her from England. After Mrs. Jordan had left Boulogne, it appears that she repaired to Versailles, and subsequently, in still greater secrecy, to St. Cloud, where, *totally* secluded and under the name of Johnson, she continued to await, in a state of extreme depression and with agitated impatience, the answer to some letters, by which was to be determined her future conduct as to the distressing business that had led her to the continent. Her solicitude arose not so much from the real importance of this affair as from her indignation and disgust at the ingratitude which had been displayed toward her, and which, by drawing aside the curtain from before her unwilling eyes, had exposed a novel and painful view of human nature.

I at that period occupied a large hotel adjoining the Bois de Boulogne. Not a mile intervened between us: yet, until long after Mrs. Jordan's decease, I never heard she was in my neighborhood. There was no occasion whatever for such entire seclusion; but the anguish of her mind had by this time so enfeebled her, that a bilious complaint was generated, and gradually increased. Its growth, indeed, did not appear to give her much uneasiness—so dejected and lost had she become. Day after day her misery augmented, and at length she seemed, we were told, actually to regard the approach of dissolution with a kind of placid welcome.

The apartments she occupied at St. Cloud were in a house in the square adjoining the palace. This house was large, gloomy, cold, and inconvenient; just the sort of place, which would tell in description in a romance. In fact it looked to me almost in a state of dilapidation. I could not, I am sure, wander over it at night without a superstitious feeling. The rooms were numerous, but small; the furniture scanty, old, and tattered. The hotel had obviously once belonged to some nobleman, and a long, lofty, flagged gallery stretched from one wing of it to the other. Mrs. Jordan's chambers were shabby: no English comforts solaced her in her latter moments! In her little drawing-room, a small old sofa was the best-looking piece of furniture: on this she constantly reclined, and on it she expired.*

The account given to us of her last moments, by the master of the house, was very affecting: he likewise thought she was poor, and offered her the use of money, which offer was of course declined. Nevertheless, he said, he always considered her apparent poverty, and a magnificent diamond ring which she constantly wore, as quite incompatible, and to him inexplicable. I have happened to learn since, that she gave four hundred guineas for that superb ring. She had also with her, as I heard, many other valuable trinkets; and on her death, seals were put upon all her effects, which I understand still remain unclaimed by any legal heir.

From the time of her arrival at St. Cloud, it appears, Mrs. Jordan had exhibited the most restless anxiety for intelligence from England. Every post gave rise to increased solicitude, and every letter she received seemed to have a different effect on her feelings. Latterly she appeared more anxious and miserable than usual: her uneasiness increased almost momentarily, and her skin became wholly discolored. From morning till night, she lay sighing upon her sofa.

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* When I saw Mrs. Jordan's abode at St. Cloud first, it was on a dismal and chilly day, and I was myself in corresponding mood. Hence perhaps every cheerless object was exaggerated, and I wrote on the spot the above description. I have again viewed the place: again beheld with melancholy interest the sofa on which Mrs. Jordan breathed her last. There it still, I believe, remains; but the whole premises have been repaired, and an English family now has one wing, together with an excellent garden, before overgrown with weeds; the two melancholy cypress-trees I first saw there, yet remain. The surrounding prospect is undoubtedly very fine; but I would not, even were I made a present of that mansion, consent to reside in it *one month*.

At length an interval of some posts occurred, during which she received no answers to her letters, and her consequent anxiety, my informant said, seemed too great for mortal strength to bear up against. On the morning of her death, this impatient feeling reached its crisis. The agitation was almost fearful; her eye was now restless, now fixed; her motion rapid and unmeaning; and her whole manner seemed to bespeak the attack of some convulsive paroxysm. She eagerly requested Mr. C . . ., *before* the usual hour of delivery, to *go for her letters* to the post. On his return, she started up and held out her hand, as if impatient to receive them. He told here *there were none*. She stood a moment motionless; looked toward him with a vacant stare; held out her hand again; as if by an involuntary action; instantly withdrew it, and sank back upon the sofa from which she had arisen. He left the room to send up her attendant, who however had gone out, and Mr. C . . . returned himself to Mrs. Jordan. On his return, he observed some change in her looks that alarmed him: she spoke not a word, but gazed at him steadfastly. She wept not — no tear flowed: her face was one moment flushed and another livid: she sighed deeply, and her heart seemed bursting. Mr. C . . . stood uncertain what to do: but in a minute he heard her breath drawn more hardly and as it were sobbingly. He was now thoroughly terrified: he hastily approached the sofa, and leaning over the unfortunate lady discovered that those deep-drawn sobs had immediately preceded the moment of Mrs. Jordan's dissolution. She was already no more!

Thus terminated the worldly career of a woman at the very head of her profession, and one of the best-hearted of her sex! Thus did she expire, after a life of celebrity and magnificence, in exile and solitude, and literally of a broken heart! She was buried by Mr. Foster, now chaplain to the embassador.

Our informant told this little story with a feeling which evidently was not affected. The French have a mode of narrating even trivial matters with gesticulation and detail, whereby they are impressed on your memory. The slightest incident they repeat with emphasis; and on this occasion Mr.

C . . . completed his account without any of those digressions in which his countrymen so frequently indulge.

Several English friends at Paris, a few years ago, entered into a determination to remove Mrs. Jordan's body to Père le Chaise, and place a marble over her grave. The subscription, had the plan been proceeded in, would have been ample; but some (I think rather mistaken) ideas of delicacy at that time suspended its execution. As it is, I believe I may say, "Not a stone tells where she lies!" But, spirit of a gentle, affectionate, and excellent human being! receive, if permitted, the aspirations breathed by one who knew thy virtues (and who regrets, while he bows to the mysterious providence which doomed them to so sad an extinction) for thy eternal repose and happiness!

MEMORY.

Diversity of the Author's Pursuits—Superficial Acquirements contrasted with Solid—Variety and Change of Study conducive to Health—Breeding Ideas—How to avoid *Ennui*—The Principles of Memory and Fear—The Author's Theory respecting the Former, and his Motive for its Introduction.

My pursuits from my earliest days have been (right or wrong) all of my own selection: some of these were rather of a whimsical character; others merely adapted *pour passer le temps;* a few of a graver and more solid cast. On the whole I believe I may boast that few persons, if any, of similar standing in society, have had a greater variety of occupations than myself.

The truth is, I never suffered my mind to stagnate one moment; and unremittingly sought to bring it so far under my own control, as to be enabled to turn its energies at all times, promptly and without difficulty, from the lightest pursuits to the most serious business; and, for the time being, to occupy it exclusively on a single subject.

My *system* (if such it may be called) led me to fancy a general dabbling in all sciences, arts, and literature—just sufficient to feed my intellect, and keep my mind busy and afloat without being overloaded: thus, I dipped irregularly into numerous elementary treatises, embracing a great variety of subjects—among which, even theology, chemistry, physic, anatomy, and architecture (to say nothing of politics or mathematics), were included. In a word, I looked into every species of publication I could lay my hands on: and I never have been honored by one second of *ennui*, or felt a propensity to an hour's languor during my existence.

This fanciful—the reader may, if he pleases, say superficial and frivolous species of self-education—would, I doubt not, be scouted with contempt by learned LL. D.'s, bachelors of arts, fellows of colleges, wranglers at universities, &c. These gentlemen very properly saturate their capacities with more solid stuff, each imbibing even to the dregs one or two dignified, substantial sciences, garnished with dead languages, and served up to their pupils with a proper seasoning of pedantry and importance. Thus they enjoy the gratification of being wiser than their neighbors without much troubling their organs of variety—a plan, I readily admit, more appropriate to learning and philosophy, and perhaps more useful to others: but, at the same time, I contend that mine (and I speak with the experience of a long life) is conducive in a greater degree to pleasure, to health, to happiness; and, I shrewdly suspect, far more *convenient* to the greater number of capacities.

A certain portion of external and internal variety, like change of air, keeps the animal functions in due activity, while it renders the mind supple and elastic, and more capable of accommodating itself with promptitude to those difficult and trying circumstances into which the vicissitudes of life may plunge it. I admire and respect solid learning; but even a superficial knowledge of a variety of subjects tends to excite that inexhaustible succession of thoughts which, at hand on every emergency, gives tone and vigor to both the head and heart, not unfrequently excluding more unwelcome visiters.

All my life I perceived the advantage of *breeding ideas:* the brain can never be too populous, so long as you keep its inhabitants in that wholesome state of discipline that *they* are under *your* command, and not *you* under *theirs:* and, above all things, never suffer a mob of them to come jostling each other in your head at a time: keep them as distinct as possible, or it is a hundred to one they will make a blockhead of you at last!

From this habit it has ensued that the longest day is always too short for me. When in tranquil mood, I find my ideas as playful as kittens; when chagrined, consolatory fancies are never wanting. If I grow weary of thoughts relating to the present, my memory carries me back fifty or sixty years with equal politeness and activity; and never ceases shifting—time, place, and person—till it beats out something that is agreeable.

I had naturally very feeble sight. At fifty years of age, to my extreme surprise, I found it had strengthened so much as to render the continued use of spectacles unnecessary; and now I can peruse the smallest print without any glass, and can write a hand so minute, that I know several elderly gentlemen of my own decimal who can not conquer it even with their reading-glasses. For general use, I remark that I have found my sight more confused by poring for a given length of time over *one* book, than in double that time when shifting from one print to another, and changing the place I sat in, and of course the *quality of light and reflection.* To a neglect of such precautions, I attribute many of the weak and near visions so common with students.

But another quality of inestimable value I possess, thank Heaven, in a degree which, at my time of life, if not supernatural, is not very far from it—a memory of the greatest and most wide-ranging powers: its retrospect is astonishing to myself, and has wonderfully increased since my necessary application to a single science has been dispensed with. The recollection of one early incident of our lives never fails to introduce another; and the marked occurrences of my life from childhood to the wrong side of a grand climacteric are at this moment fresh in my memory, in all their natural tints, as at the instant of their occurrence.

Without awarding any extraordinary merit either to the brain or to those human organs that are generally regarded as the seat of recollection or rather retention of ideas, I think this fact may be accounted for in a much simpler way—more on *philosophical* than on *organic* principles. I do not insist on my theory being a true one; but as it is, like Touchstone's forest-treasure, "my own," I like it, and am content to hold by it "for better or for worse."

The two qualities of the human mind with which we are most strongly endowed in childhood are those of fear and memory; both of which accompany us throughout all our worldly peregrinations—with this difference, that with age the one generally declines, while the other increases.

The mind has a tablet whereon Memory begins to engrave occurrences even in our earliest days, and which in old age is full of her handywork, so that there is no room for any more inscriptions. Hence old people recollect occurrences long past better than those of more recent date; and though an old person can faithfully recount the exploits of his schoolfellows, he will scarcely recollect what he himself was doing the day before yesterday!

It is also observable that the recollection, at an advanced period, of the incidents of childhood, does not require that extent of memory which at first sight may appear essential; neither is it necessary to bound at once over the wide gulf of life between sixty years and three.

Memory results from a connected sequence of thought and observation: so that intervening occurrences draw up the recollection, as it were, to preceding ones, and thus each fresh-excited act of remembrance in fact operates as a new incident. When a person recollects well (as one is apt to do) a correction which he received in his childhood, or while a schoolboy, he probably owes his recollection, not to the whipping, but to the *name of the book* which he was whipped for neglecting; and whenever the book is occasionally mentioned, the *whipping* is recalled, revived, and perpetuated, in the memory.

I once received a correction at school, when learning prosody, for falsely pronouncing the word *semisopitus;* and though this was between fifty and sixty years ago, I have never since heard prosody mentioned, but I have recollected that word, and had the schoolmaster and his rod clearly before my eyes.

I even recollect *the very leaf* of the book whereon the word was printed. Every time I look into a book of poetry, I must of course think of prosody, and prosody suggests *semisopitus*, and brings before me, on the instant, the scene of my disgrace.

This one example is sufficient for my theory, and proves also the advantage of breeding ideas, since the more links to a chain the farther it reaches.

The faculty of memory varies in individuals almost as much as their features. One man may recollect names, dates, pages, numbers, admirably, who does not well remember incidents or anecdotes; and a linguist will retain fifty thousand words, not one tenth part of which a wit can bury any depth in his recollection.

This admission may tend to excite doubts and arguments against the general application of my theory: but I aim not at making proselytes; indeed, I have only said thus much, to anticipate observations, which may naturally be made respecting the extent to which my memory has carried the retention of bygone circumstancces, and to allay the skepticism which might perhaps otherwise follow.

POLITICAL CONDUCT OF THE AUTHOR.

Letter from the Author to Mr. Burne, relating to the Political Conduct of the Former at the Period of the Union—Extracts from Letters written to the Author by Lord Westmoreland—General Reflections on the Political Condition of Ireland at the Present Time—Hint toward the Revival of a curious old Statute—Clerical Justices—The King in Ireland—The Corporation of Dublin—The "Glorious Memory"—Catholics and Protestants—Mischievous Virulence of Party Feeling.

The introduction of the following letter and extracts (though somewhat digressive from my original intention in compiling this work) is important to me, notwithstanding they relate to times so long passed by; inasmuch as certain recent calumnies assiduously propagated against me demanded at my hands a justification of my conduct toward government at the period of the union. With this view, the letter in question was written to my friend Mr. Burne, whom I requested to communicate its contents to my connections in Dublin, or indeed to any person who might have been prejudiced against me by those aspersions. Having, however, reason to fear that only a very partial circulation of my letter took place, I have adopted this opportunity of giving it full publicity by mixing it up with these sketches:—

"PARIS, RUE DE RICHELIEU, *May* 2, 1825.

"MY DEAR FRIEND: I am well aware that the reports you mention, as to my 'having broken trust with the government in the years 1799 and 1800,' had been at one period most freely circulated: but I could scarcely suppose the same would be again and lately revived, to do me injury on a very important concern. This has not been altogether without its operation, and I feel it a duty to myself unequivocally to refute such imputation. The fact is proved in few words: I *could* not break my trust with the government, for I *never accepted any trust* from them. I never entered into any stipulation or political engagement with *any* government; and every public act which I did—every instance of support which I gave—resulted from my own free agency and unbiased judgment.

"My first return to parliament, in the year 1790, for the city of Tuam, was altogether *at my own expense*. I had once before stood a contested election for Ballynakill, formerly my father's borough. I was under no tie nor obligation to the government: I had not then, nor have I ever had, any patron; I never, in fact, solicited patronage: I never submitted to the dictation of any man in my life: my connection with government, therefore, was my own choice, and the consequent support I gave to Lord Westmoreland's administration, of my own free will. I liked Lord Buckinghamshire (Major Hobart) individually, and lived much in his society: I respected Lord Westmoreland highly, and he has always been very obliging to me during a period of seven-and-thirty years, whenever he had an opportunity. During his administration I accepted office; and on his recall, he recommended Lord Camden to return me to parliament. Mr. Pelham did so for the city of Clogher, but made no sort of *terms* with me, *directly* or *indirectly*. In the autumn of 1798, Mr. Cooke wrote to me that a union would probably be submitted to parliament; and to this communication I promptly replied that I must decline all further support to any government which should propose so destructive a measure, at the same time tendering my seat. He replied that 'I should think better of it.'

"Lord Cornwallis came over to carry this great measure; and I opposed him, Lord Castlereagh, and the union, in every stage of the business, and by every means in my power, both in and out of parliament. Lord Cornwallis was defeated: he tried again—Lord Castlereagh had purchased or packed a small majority in the interval—and the bill was carried. In January, 1800, I received a letter from Lord Westmoreland, stating that, as Clogher had been a government-seat, he doubted if I could in honor retain it. I had already made up my mind to resign it when required. I mentioned the subject to Mr. Forster, the speaker, who thought I was not bound to resign. However, I acceded to the suggestion of Lord Westmoreland, and accepted an escheatorship. But no office in his majesty's gift—no power, no *deprivation*—would have induced me to support the union.

"I stood, at my own expense, a very smartly-contested election for Maryborough, Queen's county, in which I was supported by Sir Robert Staples, Mr. Crosby, of Stradbally hall, Dean Walsh, Colonel Pigot, Mr. Warburton (member for the county), the Honorable Robert Moore (against his brother the marquis of Drogheda), &c., and by the tenantry of the present Lord Maryborough. I was outvoted by a majority of three—the scale being turned against me by Lord Castlereagh, who sent down Lord Norbury, the crown-solicitor, and several suchlike gentry, for the purpose. With that election my political career concluded: but I am happy and proud to state that, at its termination, I retained the confidence and esteem of everybody whose friendship I considered it desirable to retain. Lord Westmoreland bears the most unexceptionable testimony to my straight-forward conduct: I have been honored by his friendship, without intermission, down to the present day; and the following extracts from his lordship's letters to me, wherein he states his desire to bear witness to my strict conduct in my transactions with government, form the best refutal of all the calumnies against me.

"Since the period of my retirement from public life, two of my then most intimate friends (namely, the present Chief-Justice Bush and the present Attorney-General Plunkett) have succeeded beyond their most sanguine expectations, yet certainly not beyond their just merits. No government could pass such men by, at the bar, if they chose to claim offices. They took the same, and nearly as strong an anti-union part, as I did; but, after the union, my public pursuits were nearly at an end. Ireland lost all charms for me: the parliament (the source of all my pride, ambition, and gratification, as a public man) had been bought and sold; I felt myself as if nobody,—became languid, careless, and indifferent to everything. I was no longer, in fact, in my proper sphere: my health rapidly declined; and I neither sought for nor would have accepted any other government-office in Ireland.

"Most of these facts, my dear Burne, you have been long acquainted with: and this is solely a recapitulation of some circumstances which I have no other means of making generally known. You will use it as you think may best serve me; and it only remains for me to repeat, what you already know, that I am most sincerely yours ever,

"JONAH BARRINGTON."

"JOHN BURNE, Esq., K. C.,
"*Merrion square.*"

Extracts of Letters from the Earl of Westmoreland to Sir Jonah Barrington, enclosed to Mr. Burne.

"LONDON, *March* 28, 1795.

"MY DEAR SIR: * * * * I shall always be obliged to you whenever you will have the goodness to let me know what is going on, on your side of the water, wherein I am convinced you will always bear a very considerable part. I must at the same time assure you that no man's name is more in public repute than your own.

"Lord Camden left town this morning, and I have not failed to assure him of your talents and spirit, which were so useful to my government on many occasions; and which, as I am satisfied he also will find useful, so is he equally disposed, I believe, to give them that countenance they deserve.

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"The state of Ireland since I left you is most wonderful, but the reign of faction seems drawing to a close.

"I beg to be remembered to all friends, and am, dear sir yours very faithfully, "WESTMORELAND."

"To JONAH BARRINGTON, Esq., one of His Majesty's
Counsel-at-Law, &c., &c., *Merrion square, Dublin.*"

Much correspondence took place between his lordship and me after that period, in which he was always equally kind. Indeed, in that kindness he never varied: and after knowing me seven-and-thirty years (the most important of all revolutions having during that interval taken place in Ireland), and after I had directly and diametrically opposed, in parliament and out of it, his lordship's opinion and acts upon that great question—the following extract of another letter from the same nobleman (dated 1817) proves that he has never changed his opinion of my honorable conduct toward the king's government (and permits me to state his approbation of that conduct), every part of which he must have well known; since he had been, with very little intermission, a member of the British cabinet during the entire period.

(Abstract.)

"PARIS, *August* 19, 1817.

"DEAR SIR: * * * * I have enclosed you a letter of introduction to Sir C. Stuart, and will certainly speak to him as you wish, and shall have great pleasure if it should prove of any convenience to you or your family: and I assure you I have always much satisfaction in giving my testimony to the honorable manner in which you have *always* conducted yourself in the political relations wherein you have stood with me. I am your very faithful servant, "WESTMORELAND."

I also added the following, by way of postscript, to my explanatory letter to Mr. Burne:—

"I think, my dear Burne, that after these testimonials, he must be a daring enemy who will reassert the calumnies against me. I apprehend that few public men can show more decided proofs of honor and consistency, or more fair and disinterested conduct than I displayed when I found it necessary to oppose the government. I must also observe, on a principle of gratitude, that throughout the whole course of my public life, I have uniformly experienced from the government and ministers of *England* (let me here particularize Lord Stowell), at all times and on all occasions (whether supporting or opposing them), the greatest kindness, justice, and considerate attention; together with a much greater interest, in any concerns of mine submitted to them, than I could possibly have conceived—much less have expected.

"But his majesty's public functionaries in Ireland were men of a different bearing. After the *surveillance* of a national parliament was extinguished, the country was, as it were, given over to them, bound hand and foot, and they at once assumed new powers, which before they durst not have aimed at. I possess knowledge respecting some of them, of the communication of which they are not aware; and I am not inclined to permit certain individuals to go to their graves without hearing my observations. When the proper time arrives, I shall not be silent. Again, dear Burne, yours,

"J. BARRINGTON."

On reading over the foregoing postscript of the letter to my poor friend Burne (who has lately paid his debt on demand to nature) some observations occur to me respecting Ireland herself, her parties, and species of government, not uncongenial to the subject of my letter. The justice of these observations, each day's experience tends to prove; and I firmly believe, every member of the British government at this moment (except one) views the matter precisely as I do. They find it difficult, however, to disentangle themselves from the opinions which have been so frequently expressed by them heretofore, and which, had they been equally informed then as now, I apprehend would never have been entertained. The people of England, and also of some continental kingdoms, are fully aware of the distracted state of Ireland, but are at a loss to account for it. It is, however, now in *proof*, that twenty-seven years of union have been twenty-seven years of beggary and of disturbance; and this result, I may fairly say, I always foresaw. The only question now asked is, "What is to be done?" and the only comment on this question that it is in my power to make is, "a council of peace is better than a council of war." Much of the unfortunate state of that country may be attributed to the kindred agency of two causes—namely, fanaticism in Ireland, and ignorance (I mean, want of true information) in Great Britain. The Irish are deluded by contesting factions, and by the predominance of a couple of watchwords;* while the great body of the English people know as little of Ireland (except of its disturbances) as they do of Kamtschatka: and the king's ministers, being, unluckily, somewhat of different opinions, go on debating and considering what is best to be done, and meanwhile doing nothing: if they do not take care, in a little time there will be nothing left *them* to do.

I firmly believe England now means well and honorably to the Irish nation on all points, but think she is totally mistaken as to measures. Neither honorable intentions, nor the establishment of Sunday schools, nor teaching the four rules of arithmetic, nor *Bible societies*, can preserve people from starving: education is a very sorry substitute for food; and I know the Irish well enough to say, they never will be taught anything upon an empty stomach. Work creates industry, and industry produces the means of averting hunger: and when they have work enough and food enough, they may be turned to *anything*.

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* An ancient law still appears among the statutes of Ireland, to prohibit the natives of that country from using the terms *Crum-a-boo*, and *Butter-a-hoo*, as being the watchwords of two most troublesome hostile factions, which kept, at the period of the prohibition, the whole nation in a state of uproar. In my mind, a revival of that salutary enactment would not be amiss just now. A similar case as regards the existing state of things may be easily made out; and, as we lawyers say, *like case like rule*. As the statute is still upon our books, there is a precedent at hand, and it will only be necessary to amend it by changing the two terms *Crum-a-boo* and *Butter-a-hoo*, into *Ascendancy-a-boo* and *Emancipation-a-hoo!* The penalty for raising these cries might be the treadmill, adjudged *ad libitum* by Chief-Justice Lord Norbury; and there can be little doubt that so wholesome a measure would speedily tranquillize the country, and prevent the necessity of a good deal of hanging.

I speak now, of course, of the lowest orders: the class immediately above those is very unmanageable, because supported by its starving inferiors, who now depend upon it alone for subsistence. The nature and materials of the present Irish constitution, indeed, appear to me totally unadapted to the necessities of that country.

It is but too obvious that the natural attachment which ought to subsist between Great Britain and Ireland is *not increasing*, though on the due cultivation of that attachment so entirely depend the strength, the peace, and the prosperity of the United Empire; yet I fearlessly repeat that the English members of the imperial parliament mean well by Ireland, and only require to ascertain her true circumstances to act for her tranquillization. Politically they may be sure that the *imperium in imperio*, as at present operating in that country, is not calculated to reform it. The protecting body of the country gentlemen have evacuated Ireland, and in their stead we now find official clerks, griping agents, haughty functionaries, proud clergy, and agitating demagogues. The resident aristocracy of Ireland, if not quite extinguished, is hourly diminishing: and it is a political truism, that the co-existence of an oligarchy without a cabinet—of a resident executive and an absent legislature—of tenants without landlords, and magistracy without legal knowledge*—must be, from its nature, as a form of constitution, at once incongruous, inefficient, and dangerous. Nobody can appreciate the native loyalty of the Irish people better than his present majesty, whose reception in Ireland was enthusiastic: they adored him when he left it; and amidst millions of reputed rebels, he wanted no protection; every man would have been his life-guard! I speak not, however, of corporations or guilds—of gourmands, or city feasters: these have spoken for themselves, and loudly too. His majesty's wise and paternal orders were ridiculed and disobeyed by them the very moment his back was turned! With such folks the defunct King William seems more popular than the living King George.[*]

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* I allude here more particularly to the *clerical justices* of Ireland. I believe I only coincide with some of the first lawyers of this day, in maintaining that clergymen should confine themselves to spiritual duties, in doing justice to which, ample occupation would be afforded them. How is it possible that men honestly fulfilling the functions of Christian ministers should be able to understand our five hundred and seventy penal statutes?

Good government, and the sufferance of active local factions, are, in my view of things, utterly incompatible. Faction and fanaticism (no matter on which side ranged) ought to be put down to the ground—*gently*, if possible; but if a *strong hand* be necessary, it should not be withheld. The spectator often sees the game better than the player, and in Ireland it has now proceeded too far to be blinked at. The British cabinet may be somewhat divided; but they will soon see the imperative necessity of firmness and unanimity. It is scandalous that the whole empire should thus be kept in a state of agitation by the pretended theological animosities of two contending sects—a great portion of whose respective partisans are in no way influenced by religion—the true object of their controversy being "*who shall get the uppermost!*"

[†] I lately met rather a noted corporator of Dublin in Paris. Of course, I did not spare my interrogations as to the existing state of things: and in the course of conversation I asked why, after the king's visit to Dublin, and his conciliatory admonitions, the corporation still appeared to prefer the *Boyne Water* and *King William!* "Lord bless you, Sir Jonah," replied the corporator, "as for the *Wather* we don't care a farthing about that; but if we once gave up ould King William, we'd give up all our enjoyments! only for the 'glorious memory' we would not have a toast now to get drunk with—eh! Sir Jonah?" To humor the man, I did not hesitate to join in the hearty laugh which he set up in satisfaction at his own waggery.

SCENES AT HAVRE DE GRACE.

Peace of 1814—The Bourbons and *Emigrês* generally—Motives of the Author in visiting the Continent—His Departure from England with his Family—Arrival at Havre de Grace—The *Coteau d'Ingouville*—Doctor Surerie and his Graduated Scale—The Pavillon Poulet—Price of Commodities at Havre—Rate of Exchange—English Assumption Abroad—The Author's Rural Retirement disturbed by Napoleon's Return from Elba—Circumstances attending the Announcement of this Fact at Havre—Previous Demonstrations of the Inhabitants of the Town and more particularly of the Military quartered there—The Uniform of the Old Guard—Two Russians Mutilated by the Mob—Retirement of Louis *le Desire* from Paris—Curious Variety of Feeling manifested among the People at Havre—Policy of the Priests—Good Humor of all Parties—Recruiting for the *Emperor* and the *King*—Consternation of the English at Havre—Meeting at the House of the Consul, Mr. Stuart—A Vinous Harangue—Prompt Embarkation of the British—Accommodations of a Storehouse—The Huissiers and the Spring Showers—*Signs* of the Times.

On the abdication of the Emperor Napoleon in the year 1814, my curiosity was greatly excited to view the alteration which different revolutions, a military government, and a long protracted warfare, must necessarily have made in the manners, habits, and appearance of the French people. My ardent desire to see the emperor himself had been defeated by his abdication, and no hope remained to me of ever enjoying that pleasure.

The royal family of France I had the honor of meeting often in society during the long visit with which they favored the British nation; the last time was at Earl Moria's, one of their most zealous friends: my curiosity on that score was therefore quite satisfied. I had also known many, and had formed a very decisive opinion as to most of their countrymen, who had, like themselves, emigrated to England; nor has the experience acquired during my residence in France at all tended to alter the nature of that opinion. Some of these men have, I fear, the *worst memories* of any people existing! Indeed, it should seem that since their return home, they must have drunk most plentifully of Lethe.

I was extremely desirous also to see the persons who had rendered themselves so conspicuous during the long and mighty struggle wherein the destinies of Europe were all at stake—the great heroes of both the field and cabinet; and, therefore, upon the restoration of King Louis, I determined to visit Paris, the rather as my family were infected with the same curiosity as myself.

Accordingly we set out on our journey, taking Havre de Grace in our route to the metropôlis. I was then in a very declining state of health, and consequently unnerved and incapable of much energy either mental or corporeal. On arriving at Havre, I was so captivated by the fine air and beautiful situation of the Coteau d'Ingouville (rising immediately over the town), that we determined to tarry there a few months, and visit Paris in the spring, when my health and strength should be renovated; and never did any person recover both so rapidly as I did during the short period of my sojourn on that spot.

Doctor Sorerie, the first physician at Havre told me that he divided the hill of Ingouville into three medical compartments: "the summit," said he, "never requires the aid of a physician —the middle portion only twice a year—the base *always.*" His fanciful estimate, he assured me, was a perfectly true one; and, on the strength of that assurance, I rented the beautiful cottage on the summit of the hill, called the *Pavillon Poulet,* now occupied, I believe, by the American consul. All around was new to me; of course I was the more observing; and the result of my observations was, that I considered Havre, even in 1815, as being at least a hundred years behind England in everything. Tea was only sold there as a species of medicine, at the apothecaries' shops; and articles of cotton manufacture were in general more than double the price of silk fabrics. The market was very good and very moderate; the hotels most execrable. But the most provoking of all things which I found at Havre, was the rate of *exchange:* the utmost I could get for a one-pound bank of England note was sixteen francs; or for an accepted banker's bill, sixteen francs and a half to the pound (about fourteen shillings for my twenty). This kind of thing, in profound peace, surprised me, and the more particularly, as the English *guinea* was at a premium, and the smooth English shilling at a *high* premium.

A visit paid to the continent after so very long an exclusion, really made one feel as if about to explore a kind of *terra incognita,* and gave everything a novel and perhaps over-important character to the traveller. In a country altogether strange, ordinary occurrences often assume the dignity of adventures; and incidents which at home would scarcely have been noticed, become invested on the sudden with an air of interest. Our fellow-countrymen are too apt to undervalue everything which differs from their own established ways of either acting or thinking. For this overbearing spirit they have been and are plentifully and justly quizzed by the natives of other countries. Yet they exhibit few signs of amendment. An Englishman seems to think it matter of course that he must be lord of the ascendant wherever he travels, and is sometimes reminded of his mistake in a manner anything but gentle. The impatience he constantly manifests of any foreign trait, whether of habit or character, is really quite amusing. If Sterne's *Maria* had figured away at Manchester, or his Monk at Liverpool, both the one and the other would have been deemed fit objects either for a madhouse or house of correction: probably the girl would have been committed by his worship the mayor to bedlam, and the old man to the treadmill. In fact, Yorick's refined sentiment in France would be gross nonsense at Birmingham; and La Fleur's letter to the corporal's wife be considered as decided evidence of crim. con. by an alderman of Cripplegate.

As for myself, I have of late felt a sort of medium sensation. As men become stricken in years, a species of venerable insipidity insinuates itself among their feelings. A great proportion of mine had turned sour by long keeping, and I set out on my travels without one quarter of the good nature which I had possessed thirty years before. My palate was admirably disposed at the time to feast upon novelties, of which I had made up my mind to take a full meal, and thought I should be all the better prepared by a few months of salubrious air and rural tranquillity.

The interval, however, which I had thus devoted to quiet, and thorough reinstatement of health upon the breezy and delightful Coteau d'Ingouville, and which I expected would flow on smoothly for some months (without the shadow of an adventure, or, indeed, anything calculated to interfere with my perfect composure), turned out to be one filled with the most extraordinary occurrences which have ever marked the history of Europe.

The sudden return of Napoleon from Elba, and the speedy flight of the French king and royal family from the Tuilleries, without a single effort being made to defend them, appeared to me, at the time, of all possible incidents, the most extraordinary and the least expected. The important events which followed in rapid and perplexing succession afforded me scope for extensive observation, whereof I did not fail to take advantage. My opportunities were indeed great and peculiar; but few, comparatively, of my fellow-countrymen had as yet ventured into France: those who did avail themselves of the conclusion of peace in 1814, fled the country in dismay, on the return of "the child and champion of Jacobinism;" while I, by staying there throughout his brief second reign, was enabled to ascertain facts known to very few in England, and hitherto not published by any.

At Havre it appeared clearly to me that Napoleon, during his absence, was anything but forgotten or disesteemed. The empress, when there, had become surprisingly popular among all classes of people; and the misfortunes of her husband had only served to render his memory more dear to his brother-soldiers, by whom he was evidently still regarded as their general and their prince. In truth, not only by the soldiers, but generally by the civic ranks, Louis, rather than Napoleon, was looked on as a usurper.

There were two regiments of the line at Havre, the officers of which made no great secret of their sentiments, while the men appeared to me inclined for anything but obedience to the Bourbon dynasty. The spirit of which I could not help seeing in full activity here, it was rational to conclude, operated in other parts of the kingdom, and the justice of this inference was suddenly manifested by the course of events.

We were well acquainted with the colonel and superior officers of one of the regiments then in garrison. The colonel, a very fine soldier-like man, about forty-five, with the reputation of being a brave officer and an individual at once candid, liberal, and decided was singularly frank in giving his opinions on all public subjects. He made no attempt to conceal his indestructible attachment to Napoleon; and I should think (for his tendencies must necessarily have been reported to the government) that he was continued in command only from a consciousness on their part, that if they removed him, they must at the same moment have disarmed and disbanded the regiment, a measure which the Bourbon family was then by no means strong enough to hazard.

On one occasion, the colonel, in speaking to me while company was sitting round us, observed, with a sardonic smile, that his *master*, Louis, was not quite so firmly seated as his *emigrés* seemed to think. "The puissant allies," continued he, sneering as he spoke, "may change a *king*, but" (and his voice rose the while), "they can not change a *people*."

Circumstances, in fact, daily conspired to prove to me that the army was still Napoleon's. The surgeon of that same regiment was an Italian, accounted very clever in his profession, good-natured, intelligent, and obliging; but so careless of his dress, that he was generally called by us the "dirty doctor." This person was less anxious even than his comrades to conceal his sentiments of men and things, both politically and generally: never failing, whether in public or private, to declare his opinion, and his attachment to "the exile."

A great ball and supper was given by the prefects and other authorities of Havre, in honor of *Loüis le Desiré's* restoration. The affair was very splendid: we were invited, and went accordingly. I there perceived our dirty doctor, dressed most gorgeously in military uniform, but *not of that of his regiment.* I asked him to what corps it appertained: he put his hand to his mouth, and whispered me, "C'est l'uniforme de mon cœur!" ("'Tis the uniform of my heart!") It was the dress-uniform of Napoleon's old guard, in which the doctor had served. The incident spoke a volume; and as to the sentiments of its wearer, was decisive.

About six weeks after that incident, two small parties of soldiers of the garrison passed repeatedly through the market-place on a market-day, with drawn swords, flourishing them in the air, and crying incessantly, "*Vive Napoleon! vive l'empereur!*" but they did not manifest the slightest disposition toward riot or disturbance, and nobody appeared either to be surprised at or to mind them much. I was speaking to a French officer at the time, and he, like the rest of the spectators, showed no wish to interfere with these men, or to prohibit the continuance of their exclamations, nor did he remark in any way upon the circumstance. I hence naturally enough inferred the state of public feeling, and the very slight hold which *Louis le Desiré* then had upon the crown of his ancestors.

A much more curious occurrence took place, when a small detachment of Russian cavalry, which had remained in France from the termination of the campaign, were sent down to Havre, there to sell their horses and embark for their native country. The visit appeared to me to be a most unwelcome one to the inhabitants of the place, and still more so, as might be expected to the military stationed there. The Russians were very fine-looking fellows, of large size, but with a want of flexibility in their limbs and motions; and were thence contrasted rather unfavorably with the alert French soldiery, who, in manœuvring and rapid firing, must have a great advantage over the northern stiffness.

I had the pleasure of becoming acquainted at Havre with Mr. Wright, a very respectable gentleman, and I believe, by affinity, a nephew of Mr. Windham. We had been in a café together, and were returning to our hotel about ten o'clock at night, when we saw a small assemblage of people collected at the churchdoor in the main street. There were some women among them, and they seemed earnestly employed on some business which the total darkness of the night prevented us from seeing. There was, in fact, no light around save one glimmering lamp in the porch of the churchdoor, where the people appeared fairly knotted together. There was scarcely any noise made above a sort of buzz, or as it were, rather a *suppression* of voices. Mr. Wright remained stationary while I went across the street to reconnoitre; and after a good deal of peeping over shoulders and under arms, I could perceive that the mob was in the act of deliberately cutting off the ears of two powerful-looking Russian soldiers, who were held so fast by many men, that they had not the least capability of resistance. They seemed to bear the application of the blunt knives of their assailants with considerable fortitude, and the women were preparing to complete the *trimming* with scissors; but one glance was quite enough for me! I got away as quick as thought; and as the circumstance of Mr. Wright wearing mustaches might possibly cost him his ears, I advised him to get into a house as soon as possible: he took to his heels on the suggestion, and I was not slow in following. The next day I saw one of the Russians in the street with a guard to protect him —his head tied up with bloody cloths, and cutting altogether a most frightful figure. All the French seemed highly diverted, and shouted out their congratulations to the Russian, who, however, took no manner of notice of the compliment.

I believe the authorities did all they could in this affair to apprehend the trimmers, but unsuccessfully. Some individuals were, it is true, taken upon suspicion; but as soon as the Russians were embarked, they were liberated. In fact, the local dignitaries knew that they were not as yet sufficiently strong to enforce punishment for *carving* a Russian.

I often received great entertainment from sounding many of the most respectable Frenchmen whose acquaintance I made at Havre, with regard to their political tendencies; and the result as well of my queries as of my observations led me to perceive, that there were not wanting numerous persons by whom the return of Bonaparte, sooner or later, was looked forward to as an occurrence by means either violently improbable, or undesirable.

Nevertheless, no very deep impression was made on my mind as to these matters, until one morning, Lady Barrington, returning from Havre, brought me a small printed paper, announcing the emperor's actual return from Elba, and that he was on his route for Paris. I believed the evidence of my eyesight, on reading the paper; but I certainly did not believe its contents. I went off immediately to my landlord, Mr. Poulet, a great royalist, and his countenance explained circumstances sufficiently before I asked a single question. The sub-prefect soon left the town: but the intelligence was scarcely credited, and not at all to its full extent. I went into every café and public place, and through every street. In all directions I saw groups of people, anxious and busily engaged in converse; I was much amused by observing the various effects of the intelligence on persons of different opinions, and by contrasting the countenances of those who thronged the thoroughfares.

I did not myself give credence to the latter part of this intelligence—namely, that Bonaparte was on his way to Paris. I could not suppose that the king had found it impracticable to command the services of a single regiment; and it must be confessed that his majesty, a man of excellent sense, had, under all the circumstances, made a very bad use of his time in acquiring popularity, either civil or military. Notwithstanding the addition of *Desiré* to his Christian name (wherewith it had been graced by *messieurs les emigrés)*, it is self-evident that outward demonstrations alone had been conceded to him of respect and attachment. I never heard that nickname appropriated to him at Havre, by-the-by, except by the prefects and revenue officers.

The dismal faces of the Bourbonites, the grinning ones of the Bonapartists, and the puzzled countenances of the neutrals were mingled together in the oddest combinations: throughout the town everybody seemed to be talking at once, and the scene was undoubtedly of the strangest character, in all its varieties. Joy, grief, fear, courage, self-interest, love of peace, and love of battle—each had its votaries. Merchants, priests, *douaniers,* military officers, were strolling about, each apparently influenced by some distinctive grade of feeling: one sensation alone seemed common to all—that of astonishment.

The singularity of the scene every moment increased. On the day immediately ensuing, fugitives from Paris, full of news of all descriptions, came in as quick as horses and cabriolets could bring them. Bulletin after bulletin arrived—messenger after messenger! But all the despatches in any shape official combined in making light of the matter. The intelligence communicated by private individuals, however, was very con tradictory. One, for instance, stated positively that the army had declared *against* Napoleon; another that it had declared *for* him; a third that it had not declared at all! One said that Napoleon was *surrounded*:—"Yes," returned a bystander, "but it is by his friends!" Toward evening every group seemed to be quite busy making up their minds as to the news of the day, and the part they might think it advisable to take; as for the English they were frightened out of their wits, and the women had no doubt that they should all be committed to jail before next morning.

I observed, however, that amidst all this bustle, and mass of conflicting opinions, scarce a single priest visible: these cunning gentry had (to use a significant expression) determined, if possible, "not to play their cards till they were sure what was *trumps*." On the preceding Sunday they had, throughout the entire day, been chanting benedictions on Louis le Desiré and on St. Louis his great grandfather; but on the sabbath which followed, if they chanted at all (as they were bound to do), they would necessarily run a great risk of chanting for the last time in their lives, if they left out Napoleon; and, inasmuch as they were unable to string together Louis le Desiré, Napoleon, and St. Louis, in one *benedicite*, a most distressing dilemma became inevitable among the clergy. Common sense, however, soon pointed out their safest course: a plea of *compulsion* operating on the meek resignation of their holy trade, might serve as an excellent apology, on the part of an ecclesiastical family, in the presumption of Louis' becoming victor; but in the emperor they had to deal with a different sort of person, as they well knew—with a man who would not be put off with unmeaning excuses, and in due homage to whom it would be dangerous to fail. Under all circumstances, therefore, they took up a line of conduct which I can not but think was very wise and discreet, proceeding as it did upon the principle "of two evils choose the least." Their loyalty was decided by their fears, which sufficed to stimulate the whole body of priests and curés at Havre, old and young, to uplift their voices with becoming enthusiasm in benediction of "Napoleon le Grand!" indeed they seemed to be of opinion that, having taken their ground it would be as well to appear in earnest; and never did they work harder than in chanting a *Te Deum laudamus*, in honor of their old master's return: to be serious, I believe they *durst* not have done otherwise; for I heard some of the military say very decidedly, that if the priests played any tricks upon the occasion, they would *hash* them!

The observation which surprised me most of all was, that though the two parties had declared themselves, and the *fleur-de-lis* and eagle were displayed in direct opposition to each other throughout the town; though the sub-prefect had run away, while the tri-colored flag was floating in one place, and the white one in another, no *practical* animosity or ill blood whatsoever broke out among the respective partisans. The bustle somewhat resembled that of an English election, but had none of the violence or dissipation, and only half the noise, which circulate on those august occasions. On the contrary, civility was maintained by every one: the soldiers were very properly kept in their barracks; and an Englishman could scarcely conceive so polite, peaceable, temperate, and cheerful a *revolution*—more particularly as neither party could tell on which side the *treason* would ultimately rest.

At length, orders came from Napoleon, at Lyons, that the imperial army should be recruited; while, at the very moment this order arrived, some of the merchants and officers of the national guards were actually beating up for the royal armament. The drums of the respective partisans rattled away through every street, and the recruiters often passed each other with the utmost courtesy: not one man was seen in a state of intoxication on either side. Meanwhile there was no lack of recruits to range themselves under either standard: and it was most curious to observe, that these men very frequently changed their opinions and their party before sunset! I think most recruits joined the king's party; his sergeants had plenty of money, while Napoleon's had none: and this was a most tempting distinction—far better than any abstract consideration of political benefit. Many of the recruits managed matters even better than the priests, for they took the king's money in the morning, and the emperor's cockade in the afternoon: so that they could not be accused on either side of *unqualified* partiality. The votaries of *le Desiré* and *le Grand* were, indeed, so jumbled and shuffled together (like a pack of cards when on the point of being dealt), that nobody could possibly decipher which had the best chance of succeeding.

The English alone cast a dark and gloomy shade over the gay scene that surrounded them; their lengthened visages, sunken eyes, and hanging features proclaiming their terror and despondency. Every one fancied he should be incarcerated for life, if he could not escape before Napoleon arrived at Paris, which seemed extremely problematical: and I really think I never saw a set of men in better humor for suicide than my fellow-countrymen, who stalked like ghosts along the pier and seaside.

The British consul, Mr. Stuart (a *litterateur* and a gentleman, but whose wine generally regulated his nerves, while his nerves governed his understanding), as good-natured a person as could possibly be, about a *couple of bottles* after dinner (for so he counted his time — a mode of computation in which he certainly was as regular as clockwork), called a general meeting of all the British subjects in Havre, at his apartments; and after each had taken a bumper of Madeira to George the Third, he opened the business in as long and flowery a harangue, in English and Latin, as the grape of Midi and its derivative distillations could possibly dictate.

"My friends and countrymen," said Mr. Stuart, "I have good *consular* reasons for telling you all, that if Bonaparte gets into Paris, he will order every mother's babe of you — men, women, and children, *et cetera* — into jail for ten or twelve years at the least computation! — and I therefore advise you all, *magnus, major, maximus*, to take yourselves off without any delay, great or small, and thereby *save your bacon* while you have the power of doing so. Don't wait to take care of your property: *nulla bona* is better than *nulla libertas.* As for me, I am bound *ex-officio* to devote myself for my country! I will risk my life" (and here he looked sentimental) "to protect your property; I will remain behind!"

The conclusion of the consul's speech was a signal for the simultaneous uplifting of many voices. "I'll be off certainly!" exclaimed one terrified gentleman. "Every man for himself, God for us all, and the *devil take the hindmost!*" shouted another. "Do you mean to affront me, sir?" demanded the worthy, self-devoted consul, starting from his seat. A regular uproar now ensued: but the thing was soon explained, and tranquillity restored.

Two ships were now forthwith hired, at an enormous price, to carry the English out of the reach of Bonaparte. The wind blew a gale, but no hurricane could be so terrific as Napoleon. Their property was a serious consideration to my fellow-countrymen; however, there was no choice: they therefore packed up all their small valuables, and relinquished the residue to the protection of *Providence* and the *consul.*

In a short time, all was ready; and, as Mr. Stuart had advised, men, women, children, and lapdogs, all rushed to the quay; while, in emulation of the orator at the consul's, "the devil take the hindmost," if not universally expressed, was universally the principle of action. Two children, in this most undignified sort of confusion, fell into the sea, but were picked up. The struggling, screeching, scrambling, &c., were at length completed; and, in a shorter time than might be supposed, the English population were duly shipped, and away they went under a hard gale. Dr. Johnson calls a ship a prison, with the chance of being drowned in it; and, as if to prove the correctness of the doctor's definition, before night was over one vessel was ashore, and the whole of its company just on the point of increasing the *population* of the British channel.

Havre de Grace being thus emptied of the king of England's subjects, who were "saving their bacon" at sea, in a violent hurricane, the consul began to take care of their property: but there being a thing called *loyer*, or *rent*, in France as well as in England, the *huissiers* (bailiffs) of the town saved the consul a great deal of trouble respecting his guardianship in divers instances. Nevertheless, so far as he could, he most faithfully performed his promise to the fugitives, for the reception of whose effects he rented a large storehouse, and so far all was wisely, courteously, and carefully managed: but not exactly recollecting that the parties did not possess the property as *tenants in common,* the worthy consul omitted to have *distinct inventories* taken of each person's respective chattels, though to avoid any risk of favoritism, he had all jumbled together; and such a heterogeneous medley was perhaps never seen elsewhere. Clothes, household furniture, kitchen utensils, books, linen, empty bottles, musical instruments, &c., strewed the floor of the storehouse in "most admired disorder." All being safely stowed, locks, bolts, and bars, were elaborately constructed, to exclude such as might feel a disposition to picking and stealing: but, alas! the best intentions and the most cautious provisions are sometimes frustrated by accident or oversight. In the present instance, in his extraordinary anxiety to secure the door, Mr. Stuart was perfectly heedless of the *roof;* and in consequence, the intrusion of the rain, which often descended in torrents, effectually saved most of the proprietors the trouble of identifying their goods after the result of the glorious battle of Waterloo. Disputes also were endless as to the right and title of various claimants to various articles; and in the result, the *huissiers* and the landlord of the storehouse were once more intruders upon the protected property.

To return — Havre being completely evacuated by my countrymen, it now became necessary to strike out some line of proceeding for myself and family. Sir William Johnson, who was in the town, had participated in the general alarm, and had set off with his household for the Netherlands, advising me to do the same. I was afterward informed that they all foundered in a dike near Antwerp: I am ignorant whether or not there is any foundation for this story — I sincerely hope there is not. In the meantime, the transformation of things at Havre became complete, and perfect order quickly succeeded the temporary agitation. The tri-colored flag was again hoisted at the port; and all the painters of the town were busily employed in changing the royal signs into imperial ones. One auberge, *Louis le Desiré,* was changed into a *blue boar;* the *Duchesse d'Angoulême* became *the Virgin Mary; royal* was new gilt into *imperial* once more at the lottery-offices; *fleurs-*

de-lis were metamorphosed, in a single day, into beautiful *spread eagles;* and the *Duc de Berry,* who had hung creaking so peaceably on his post before the door of a hotel, became, in a few hours, *St. Peter* himself, with the keys of heaven dangling from his little finger!

COMMENCEMENT OF THE HUNDRED DAYS.

A Family Council—Journey from Havre to Paris—Attention of the French Officers to the Author and his Party—Peaceable Condition of the Intervening Country—Thoughts on Revolutions in General—Ireland in 1798—Arrival in the French Capital—Admirable State of the Police—Henry Thevenot—Misgivings of the Author—His Interview with Count Bertrand—Polite Conduct of the Count—The Emperor's Chapel—Napoleon at Mass—His Deportment—Treasonable Garments—Colonel Gowen—Military Inspection after Mass—Alteration in the Manner of the Emperor—Enthusiasm of the Soldiers.

To see Napoleon or not to see Napoleon—that was the question! and well weighed it was in my domestic republic. After a day's reasoning, *pro* and *con* (curiosity being pitted against fear, and women in the question), the matter was still undecided when our friends the colonel and the dirty doctor came to visit us, and set the point at rest, by stating that the regiments at Havre had declared unanimously for the emperor, and that the colonel had determined to march next day direct upon Paris; that therefore, if we were disposed to go thither, and would set off at the same time, the doctor should take care of our safety, and see that we had good cheer on our journey to the metropolis.

This proposal was unanimously adopted: we were at peace with France, and might possibly remain so; and the curiosity of three ladies, with my own to back it, proved to be totally irresistible. A new sub-prefect also having arrived in the town, came to see us; expressed his regret that the English should have deemed it necessary to quit the place; and gave us a letter of introduction to his wife, who lived in the Rue St. Honoré, at Paris.

We immediately packed up; I procured three stout horses to my carriage, and away we went after the advanced guard of the (as well as I recollect) 41st regiment. The soldiers seemed to me as if they thought they never could get to Napoleon soon enough; they marched with surprising rapidity; and after a most agreeable journey, we arrived at the good city of Paris without any let or hinderance, having experienced from the dirty doctor every possible attention. We were sure of the best cheer at any place we halted at; and the more so as the advanced guard only preceded us one stage, and the main body of the troops was a stage behind us. We were immediately escorted by four mounted soldiers, who were in attendance upon our medical friend. I have learned since that this kind and firm-hearted man escaped the campaign and returned to Italy. The colonel was shot dangerously at Quatre Bras, but I understood his wounds did not prove mortal.

Our route from Havre to Paris exhibited one general scene of peace and tranquillity, not dashed by the slighest symptom of revolution. The national guards everywhere appeared to have got new clothing, and were most assiduously learning in the villages to hold up their heads, and take long strides and lock-steps, but (for anything that appeared to the contrary) solely for their own amusement. The same evidences of undisturbed serenity and good-humor were displayed in all directions, and the practice of military exercises by the national guards was the only warlike indication of any kind throughout the whole extent of country we traversed.

On our arrival at the capital, we found no exception therein to the tranquillity of the provinces. People at a distance are apt to conceive that a revolution must necessarily be a most terrific affair—a period of anarchy and confusion, when everything is in a state of animosity, bustle, and insecurity. This is in some instances a great mistake (although, generally speaking, true enough)—for, on the other hand, many modern revolutions have been effected, governments upset, dynasties annihilated, and kings trucked, with as little confusion as the changing a gig-horse. I have, indeed, seen more work made about the change of a hat than of a diadem; more anxiety expressed touching a cane than a sceptre: and never did any revolution more completely prove the truth of these remarks than that in France during March, 1815, when Napoleon quietly drove up post, in a chaise-and-four, to the palace of the Bourbons, and Louis XVIII. as quietly drove *off* post, in a chaise-and-four, to avoid his visiter. Both parties, too, were driven back again, within three months, pretty nearly in the same kind of vehicle! Let my reader compare, for his edification, this bloodless revolution with the *attempt* at revolution in the obscure corner of the globe whence I sprang, anno Domini 1798—during the brief summer of which year there was, in secluded Ireland (the *kingdòm* of Ireland, as it was then called), more robbery, shooting, hanging, burning, piking, flogging, and picketing, than takes place in half a dozen of the best-got-up continental revolutions—always excepting that great convulsion which agitated our neighbors toward the close of the eighteenth century.

During the interval of the "Hundred Days," and some time subsequently, I kept a regular diary, wherein I accurately took down every important circumstance, except some few which I then considered much safer in my mind than under my hand; and these are now, for the most part and for the first time, submitted to the public. After a few days' stay in Paris, I began to feel rather awkward. I found very few of my fellow-countrymen had remained there, and that there seemed to exist but little partiality toward the English. But the police was perfect, and no outrage, robbery, or breach of the peace, was heard of; nor could I find that there were any political prisoners in the jails, or in fact many prisoners of any kind. No dissolutes were suffered to parade the streets or contaminate the theatres; and all appeared polite, tranquil, and *correct.* I kept totally clear, meanwhile, in both word and deed, of political subjects.

I hired as footman a person then very well known in Paris, Henry Thevenot. I have since heard (but can not vouch for the fact) that he is the Thevenot who attended Mr. Wakefield and Miss Turner. I have likewise recently been apprised that, at the time I engaged him, he was actually on the *espionnage* establishment. Be that as it may, I certainly always considered Thevenot to be a mysterious kind of person, and on one particular occasion, which will be hereafter mentioned, discharged him suddenly, without enlarging on my reasons. he was, however, an excellent servant. I had brought a passport from the new *sous-préfet* at Havre, which, having lodged at the police-office, I felt quite at my ease: but reflecting afterward upon the probable consequences in case of war or change of circumstances, I determined at once to take a bold step and go to the *Palais de Bourbon Elysée* (where Napoleon resided), to see Count Bertrand, whom I proposed to inform truly of my situation, and ask for a *sauf conduit* or passport to return.

On the second day whereon I made an attempt to see him, with difficulty I succeeded in obtaining an audience. I told the count who I was, and all the facts, together with my doubts as to the propriety of remaining. He very politely said I should have what I required, but that a gentleman in my station was perfectly safe, and there could be no difficulty as to my remaining as long as I chose; and concluded by bowing me out, after a very short interview. As I was going down the steps, an officer recalled me, and asked if I had any family in Paris. I replied in the affirmative—three ladies. Mutual bows ensued, and I returned very well satisfied with the result of my visit to the *Palais de Bourbon Elysée.* At that time the emperor was employed day and night on business in the palace. At daybreak he occasionally rode out with some of his staff, to inspect the works at Montmartre; and on hearing this, my ancient curiosity to see so distinguished a person came afresh upon me.

The ensuing day, a man with a large letter-box buckled before him, entered our apartment without the least ceremony, and delivered a letter with "Bertrand" signed at the corner. I was rather startled at the moment, as the occurrence certainly looked singular: nevertheless, the man's appearance and manner were not such as to confirm unpleasant surmises, and I proceeded to unseal the envelope, which enclosed a billet to the *commissaire de police,* desiring him to grant me a *sauf conduit* through any part of France, if I chose to travel in that country, and an especial passport to Calais, should I choose to return to England. The signature was not that of Bertrand. The packet also contained a polite note from an aid de-camp of the count, mentioning that he was directed to enclose me an admission to the emperor's chapel, &c., and to say that, on production of my *sauf conduit*, our party would find a free admission to the theatres and other spectacles of Paris. So much politeness (so *very* different from what would have been the case in England) both gratified and surprised me. I wrote a letter of thanks; but at our privy council we agreed that, under existing circumstances, it would be better to say nothing of the latter favor. I afterward discovered the friendly quarter through which it originated.

We hired a *calèche* by the month, and set out with a determination to lose no time in seeing whatever was interesting, and in fact everything was at that moment interesting to strangers. We spoke French sufficiently well for ordinary purposes; and determined, in short, to make ourselves as comfortable as possible.

I have already observed that I kept a diary during the "Hundred Days," but afterward thought it most prudent not to commit anything very important to writing. From that diary, so far as I pursued it (and from scraps which nobody could understand but myself), I have since selected such details and observations as have not hitherto been published or made, and for the collection of which my peculiar situation at Paris, and consequent opportunities, abundantly qualified me. Consistently with the foregoing part of these fragments, I shall not even attempt anything like strict order or chronological arrangement, but leave, generally speaking, the various subjects brought before the reader's attention to illustrate and explain each other. On this principle, I shall now, without further prelude, describe the first scene which impressed itself on my imagination.

The first Sunday after the receipt of our permission, we repaired to the emperor's chapel, to see that wonderful man, and to hear mass chanted in the first style of church music. Napoleon had already entered: the chapel was full; but we got seats very low down, near the gallery in which the emperor sat; and as he frequently leaned over the front, I had opportunities of partially seeing him. In the presence of so celebrated a man as Bonaparte, all other things sank into comparative insignificance, and the attention of the spectator was wholly absorbed by the one great object. Thus, in the present case, there was nothing in either the chapel or congregation that had power to divide my regards with the great Napoleon. As I have said, he often leaned over the front of the gallery wherein he sat; and I had thence an opportunity of observing that he seemed quite restless, took snuff repeatedly, stroked down his head with an abstracted air—and, in fact, was obviously possessed by feelings of deep anxiety. I should not suppose he had at the moment the least consciousness as to where he was, and that, of all things, the priests and the mass were the last likely to occupy his thoughts.

While thus employed in reconnoitring the emperor as intensely as stolen glances afforded me means of doing, a buzz in the chapel caused me to turn round to ascertain its cause. Though low, it increased every moment, and was palpably directed toward us—so much so, that no doubt remained of our being, somehow or other, the sole objects of it. I then whispered my companions that our presence was evidently offensive in that place, and that we had better retire; when a Frenchwoman, who sat near Lady Barrington, said, "Madame, you perceive that you are the object of this uncourteous notice."—"Yes," replied Lady Barrington, "it is become quite obvious." The French lady smiled, and continued, "You had better *lay aside your shawls!*" Lady Barrington and my daughter accordingly taking the hint, threw off their shawls, which they suffered to drop at their feet, and at once the buzzing subsided, and no further explanation took place until the conclusion of the service.

At that moment several French ladies came up with great courtesy, to apologize for the apparent rudeness of the congregation, which they begged Lady Barrington to excuse on account of its cause, and to examine her shawl, on doing which, she would perceive that it was very unlucky *(bien mal apropos)* to wear such a one in the presence of the emperor. She did so, and found that both hers and my daughter's (though very fine ones) were unfortunately speckled all over with *fleurs-de-lis!* They had been sold her the preceding day by a knavish shopkeeper at the Passage Feydeau, who, seeing she was a foreigner, had put off these articles, thinking it a good opportunity to decrease his stock in that kind of gear, the sale whereof would probably be pronounced high-treason before the month was over.

The confusion of the ladies at this *eclaircissement* may be well conceived, but it was speedily alleviated by the elegant consolations and extreme politeness of the Frenchwomen. Among those who addressed us was a gentleman in the uniform of a colonel of the national guards; he spoke to me in perfect English, and begged to introduce his family to mine. I told him who I was, and he asked us to a dinner and ball next day at his house in the Rue de Clichy. We accepted his invitation, and were magnificently entertained. This was Colonel Gowen, the proprietor of the first stamp-paper manufactory in France—a most excellent, hospitable, and friendly person, but ill-requited, I fear, afterward by some of our countrymen. I subsequently experienced many proofs of his hospitality and attention.

An English lady was also remarkably attentive and polite on this occasion, and gave her card to Lady Barrington—No. 10, Rue Pigale. She was the lady of Dr. Marshall, an English physician: so that the affair of the shawl, so far from being *mal apropos*, turned out quite a lucky adventure.

In viewing Napoleon that day, it was not the splendid superiority of his rank—it was neither his diadem, sceptre, nor power, which communicated that involuntary sensation of awe which it was impossible not to feel: it was the gigantic degree of talent whereby a man of obscure origin had been raised so far above his fellows. The spectator could not but deeply reflect on the mystic nature of those decrees of Providence which had placed Napoleon Bonaparte on one of the highest of earthly thrones, and at the very pinnacle of glory; had hurled him from that eminence and driven him into exile; and now seemed again to have warranted his second elevation—replacing him upon that throne even more wondrously than when he first ascended it.

Such were my impressions on my first sight of the Emperor Napoleon. So much has he been seen and scrutinized throughout the world—so familiar must his countenance have been to millions—so many descriptions have been given of his person and of his features by those who knew him well—that any portrait by me must appear to be at least superfluous. Every person, however, has a right to form his own independent judgment on subjects of physiognomy, and it is singular enough that I have never yet met any one with whom I entirely coincided as to the peculiar expression of Napoleon's features; and I have some right to speak, for I saw him at periods and under circumstances that wrought on and agitated every muscle of his fine countenance, and have fancied (perhaps ridiculously) that I could trace indications of character therein unnoticed by his biographers.

On this day my observations must necessarily have been very superficial: yet I thought I could perceive, in the movement of a single feature, some strong-excited feeling, some sensation detached and wandering away from the ordinary modes of thinking, though I could not even guess from what passion or through what impulse that sensation originated. After I had seen him often, I collated the emotions palpable in his countenance with the vicissitudes of his past life, fancying that I might thence acquire some data to go upon in estimating the tone of his thoughts: but at this first sight, so diversified were the appearances as he leaned over the gallery, that even Lavater could not have deciphered his sensations. He was uneasy, making almost convulsive motions, and I perceived occasionally a quiver on his lip. On the whole, my anxiety was raised a hundred-fold to be placed in some situation where I might translate at leisure the workings of his expressive countenance. That opportunity was after a short interval fully given me.

On the same day I had indeed a second occasion of observing the emperor, and in a much more interesting occupation—more to his taste, and which obviously changed the entire cast of his looks—quite divesting them of that deep, penetrating, gloomy character, which had saddened his countenance during the time he was at chapel. After mass he first came out upon the balcony in front of the Tuilleries: his personal staff, marshals, generals, and a few ladies surrounded him; while the civil officers of the court stood in small groups aside, as if wishing to have nothing to do with the military spectacle. Napoleon was now about to inspect eight or ten thousand of the army, in the Place Carousal. The transition from an array of priests to a parade of warriors—from the hymns of the saints to the shouting of the soldiery—from the heavy, although solemn, music of the organ to the inspiriting notes of the drum—added greatly to the effect of the scene, which strongly impressed my mind, alive and open to all these novel incidents. Age had not then, nor has it yet, effaced the susceptibility of my nature. I own, the latter scene was on that day to my mind vastly preferable to the first: the countenance of Napoleon was metamorphosed; it became illuminated; he descended from the balcony, and mounted a gray barb. He was now obviously in his element; the troops, as I have said, amounted to about ten thousand: I did not conceive the court of tho Tuilleries could hold so many.

Napoleon was now fully exposed to our view. His face acknowledged the effect of climate: his forehead, though high and thinly strewn with hair, did not convey to me any particular trait; his eyebrows, when at rest, were not expressive, neither did his eyes on that occasion speak much: but the lower part of his face fixed my attention at once. It was about his mouth and chin that his character seemed to be concentrated. I thought, on the whole, that I could perceive a mixture of steadiness and caprice, of passion and generosity, of control and impetuousness.

But my attention was soon turned aside to the inspection itself. There was not a soldier who did not appear nearly frantic with exultation, and whose very heart, I believe, did not beat in unison with the hurrahs wherewith they received their favorite leader.

It was the first time I had ever heard a crowd express its boisterous pleasure in a tone of sensibility unknown in our country. The troops were in earnest, and so was the general. The old guard (including such as had returned from Elba and such as had rejoined their colors) formed a body of men superior to any I had ever before witnessed. Descriptions of Napoleon amidst his soldiers are, however, so common, that I will not occupy either the reader's time or my own by enlarging further on the subject.

THE ENGLISH IN PARIS.

Doctor and Mrs. Marshall—Col. Macirone, Aid-de-Camp to Joachim Murat, while King of Naples—General Arthur O'Connor—Lord and Lady Kinnaird—His Lordship under the *Surveillance* of the Police—Suspected of *Espionage*, and Arrested, but set at Liberty immediately after—Messrs. Hobhouse and Bruce—Dr. Marshall's Correct Information as to Passing Events—Real Character of the *Coterie* at his House—***Madame la Parente du Ministre Fouche***—Misconception of the Minister's Swiss Porter—Henry Thevenot.

Shortly after this period, I became particularly intimate with Dr. Marshall, a circumstance which, in the paucity of English who had remained in Paris, was productive to me of great satisfaction. He was a man of prepossessing appearance and address; had travelled much: and acted, he informed me, as physician to the army in Egypt, &c., and had gone on some confidential mission to Murat while king of Naples. His wife was a pretty woman, rather *en bon point*, about thirty, and with the complete appearance and address of a gentlewoman. The doctor kept a very handsome establishment, and entertained small companies splendidly.

The society I generally met there consisted, in the first place, of Colonel Macirone, who passed for an Italian, and had been aid-de-camp to Murat, but was, I believe, in fact the son of a respectable manufacturer in London, or on Blackheath. He has published an account of the romantic circumstances attendant on the death of the ill-fated Murat. Another member of the society was Count Julien, formerly, I believe, some secretary or civil officer of Murat, a huge, boisterous, overbearing fat man, consequential without being dignified, dressy without being neat, and with a showy politeness that wanted even the elements of civility. Count Julien was the only person I met at Dr. Marshall's whose character or occupation I had any suspicious about.

Fouché was then the emperor's minister of police, and they all appeared to be more or less acquainted with him: but I had not at first the slightest idea that they were every one of them either spies or *employés* of the police minister, and but hollow friends, if not absolute traitors, to Napoleon.

I met several other gentlemen less remarkable at Dr. Marshall's, but only one lady appeared besides the mistress of the house. This was a plain, rational, sedate, woman under forty. She was introduced to us by Mrs. Marshall as the wife of a relative of Fouché, and at that time (with her husband) on a visit to his excellency at his hotel, Rue Cerutti.

One day before dinner, at Dr. Marshall's house, I observed this lady, on our arrival, hurrying into Mrs. Marshall's boudoir and when dinner was announced she re-entered decked out with a set of remarkable coral ornaments, which I had seen Mrs. Marshall wear several times. This circumstance struck me at the moment, but was neither recollected nor accounted for till we paid an unlucky visit to that "relative of Fouché," when the whole enigma became developed, and my suspicions fairly aroused.

Dr. Marshall meanwhile continued to gain much on my esteem. He saw that I was greedy of information as to the affairs of Italy; and he, as well as Col. Macirone, saturated me in consequence with anecdotes of the court of Naples, and of Murat himself, highly entertaining, and I believe *tolerably* true—for I do really think that Macirone was sincerely attached to that king, and attended his person with friendship and sincerity. On the contrary, Count Julien seemed incapable of possessing much feeling, and perfectly indifferent as to anybody's fate but his own. This, however, I only give as my individual opinion: I soon lost signt of the man altogether.

In the midst of this agreeable and *respectable* society, I passed my time during the greater part of the "Hundred Days:" and Dr. Marshall informing me, I believe, truly, that he was on terms of confidence (though not immediately) with Fouché, and well knowing that he might with perfect security communicate anything to me (seeing that I should be silent for my own sake), scarcely a day passed but we had much conversation in his garden; and he certainly did give me very correct information as to the state of affairs and the condition of the emperor, together with much that was not equally correct, regarding himself. This I occasionally and partially perceived; but his address was imposing and particularly agreeable.

We had also cultivated our acquaintance (originated through the adventure of the shawls) with Colonel Gowen, of the national guards, whose hotel in Rue Clichy bore a most extraordinary castellated appearance, and was surrounded by very large gardens, where we were nobly entertained: the leads of the hotel overlooked Tivoli, and, indeed, every place about Paris. The colonel lived extremely well; spoke English perfectly; and might, in fact, be mistaken for a hospitable officer of a British yeomanry corps.

Another gentleman I also happened accidentally to meet, who was an English subject, and whom I had known many years previously. We became intimate, and I derived both utility and information from that intimacy. This gentleman knew, and had long known, much more of French affairs and individuals than any of my other acquaintances; and being at the same time replete with good nature and good sense (with his politics I had nothing to do), I could not fail to be a gainer by our intercourse, which has continued undiminished to this day.

Another and more remarkable personage, Mr. Arthur O'Connor, was then a French general unemployed. I had known him thirty years before: he had married the daughter and sole heiress of the unfortunate and learned marquis de Condorcet; had been plundered of his Irish property by his brother Roger; and was prohibited from returning to his native country by act of parliament. General Arthur O'Connor was a remarkably strong-minded, clever man, with a fine face and a manly air; he had, besides, a great deal of Irish national character, to some of the failings whereof he united several of its best qualities. I met him frequently, and relished his company highly. For old acquaintance sake I professed and felt a friendship for the man; and, differing as we did wholly upon public subjects, we talked over all without arguing upon any, which is the only agreeable method of conversation among persons whose opinions do not coincide.

Lord and Lady Kinnaird were also in Paris at that period. I did not pay my respects to them for a very singular, though at such a time a very sufficient reason. Her ladyship was the daughter of one of my most respected friends, the late duke of Leinster, to every member of whose family I owe all possible attention: but Lord Kinnaird, by overacting his part, had drawn on himself an absurd degree of suspicion; and I had been informed by a friend, in confidence, that every person who was seen visiting him was immediately suspected likewise, and put secretly under *surveillance*, which would not have been particularly agreeable to me. In a little time this information was curiously illustrated. I was informed that Lord Kinnaird had been arrested by order of Fouché: but Fouché soon found he had fallen into a ridiculous error; and I believe his lordship was immediately liberated with an ample apology. I heard also incidentally among the *employes* (for I took care at all times to display no inordinate curiosity even though I might be literally bursting with that feeling), that his lordship was accustomed to express himself so hyperbolically in favor of Napoleon, that the police (to whom everything was made known by unsuspected domestics) could not give his lordship credit for sincerity, and therefore took for granted that he was playing some game or other: in fact, they fancied he was a spy! using ultra eulogiums on the emperor to cloak a secret design.

Messrs. Hobhouse and Bruce were both in Paris at the same period, and I have often regretted that I did not know them. I afterward knew the latter well, when in La Force with Sir R. Wilson and my friend Mr. J. Hutchinson, for assisting the escape of Lavalette. I found in Mr. Bruce some excellent qualities, and a thirst after information which I admire in anybody.

These, together with the family of Mr. Talbot, were the only English persons whom I met in Paris immediately after my arrival and during the most momentous crisis Europe ever witnessed. That point of time formed the pivot whereon the future destiny of every nation in the fairest quarter of the globe was vibrating: but I am here trenching on a subject in which the nature of this work does not permit me to indulge.

The successive occurrences at Paris, after Napoleon's return, were daily published and are known to everybody. The press was free from restraint, and every public act recorded: it was therefore to the *private* acts and characters of men I applied my observation, as forming the best ground for speculative opinions (which that portentous interval necessarily tended to stimulate), and likewise as calculated to yield the best materials for future entertainment.

Dr. Marshall was, as I have already stated, on some occasions confidentially employed by Fouché; and placing confidence in me—perhaps not duly estimating the extent of my curiosity—he was very communicative. In fact, not a day passed, particularly after Napoleon's return from Waterloo, that I did not make some discovery through the doctor (as much from his air of mystery as from his direct admissions), of Fouché's flagitious character, and of the ductility and total absence of principle exhibited by several of his *employes.*

The intelligence I daily acquired did not surprise, but greatly disgusted me. I hate treachery in all its ramifications; it is not, generally speaking, a French characteristic; but Fouché certainly displayed a complete personification of that vice. Spies and traitors generally do each other *strict justice,* by the operation and exercise of mutual hatred, contempt, and invective. I never heard one such person say a kind word of another *behind his back;* and when a man is necessitated by policy to puff a brother villain, it is not difficult for a stander-by to decipher the sneer of jealousy and mental reservation distorting the muscles of the speaker's countenance, and involuntarily disclosing the very feeling which he was perhaps desirous to conceal.

Thus was it with the various tools of the treacherous minister: and in his own countenance were engraven distinctly the characteristics of cunning and insincerity From the first moment I saw Fouché, and more particularly when I heard him falsely swear fidelity to his imperial master, I involuntarily imbibed a strong sensation of dislike. His features held out no inducement to you to place confidence in their owner: on the contrary, they could not but tend to beget distrust and disesteem. The suspicions which they generated in me, I never could overcome, and the sequel proved how just they were.

After awhile, I began slightly to suspect the species of society I was associating with, and it occurred to me to request that Lady Barrington would pay a visit to the lady we had met at Dr. Marshall's, and whom we had understood from Mrs. Marshall to be on a visit to Fouché, her relative. I proposed to go also, and leave my card for her husband whom we had not yet seen. We accordingly waited on them at Fouché's hotel, and asked the Swiss if *madame* was at home.

"*Madame!*" said the porter; *madame! quelle madame?*" as if he had heard us imperfectly. We had forgotten her name, and could therefore only reply, "*Madame la parente de monsieur le ministre.*"

"There is no such person here, monsieur," replied the Swiss, with a half-saucy shrug.

"Oh, yes," exclaimed I: "she is on a visit to the Duc D'Otrante."

"*Non, non, monsieur et madame,*" repeated the pertinacious Swiss: "*point du tout!*" and seemed impatient to send us away; but after a moment's pause, the fellow burst into a violent fit of laughter. "I beg your pardon, monsieur et madame," said he, "I begin to understand whom you mean. Your friend undoubtedly resides in the hotel, but she is just now from home."

I handed him our cards for her and her husband. On reading "*Le Chivalier et Milady,*" the man looked more respectful, but apparently could not control his laughter. When, however, he at length recovered himself, he bowed very low, begged pardon again, and said he thought we had been inquiring for some *vraie* madame. The word stimulated my curiosity, and I hastily demanded its meaning; when it turned out that *monsieur* was the maître d'hotel, and *madame*, his wife, looked to the linen, china, &c., in quality of confidential housekeeper.

We waited to hear no more. I took up our cards and away we went; and my suspicions as to that lady's rank were thus set at rest. I did not say one word of the matter at Dr. Marshall's, but I suppose the porter told the *lady*, as we never saw her afterward, nor her husband at all.

I now began to perceive my way more clearly, and redoubled my assiduity to decipher the events which passed around me. In this I was aided by an increased intimacy with Colonel Macirune, whom closer acquaintance confirmed as an agreeable and gentlemanly man, and who in my opinion was very badly selected as an *espion:* I believe his heart was above his degrading occupation.

I perceived that there was some plot going forward, the circumstances of which it was beyond my power to develop. The manner of the persons I lived among was perpetually undergoing some shade of variation; the mystery thickened; and my curiosity increased with it.

In the end this curiosity was most completely gratified; but all I could determine on at the moment was, that there existed an extensive organized system of deception and treachery, at the bottom of which was undoubtedly Fouché himself; whether, however, my *employe* acquaintances would ultimately betray the emperor or his minister, seemed, from their evidently loose political principles, quite problematical. I meanwhile dreaded everybody, yet affected to fear none, and listened with an air of unconcern to the stories of my valet, Henry Thevenot, though at that time I gave them no credit: subsequent occurrences, however, rendered it manifest that this man procured, somehow or other, sure information.

Among other matters, Thevenot said he knew well that there was an intention, if opportunity occurred, of assassinating Napoleon on his road to join the army in Belgium.* I did not much relish being made the depository of such dangerous secrets, and ordered my servant never to mention before me again "any such ridiculous stories," otherwise I should discharge him as an unsafe person. Yet I could not keep his tongue from wagging, and I really dreaded dismissing him. He said "that Fouché was a traitor to his master; that several of the cannon at Mont-martre were rendered unserviceable; and that mines had been charged with gunpowder under various parts of the city preparatory to some attempt at counter revolution."

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* I have often thought that the ultimate desertion of the mameluke who had always been retained by Napoleon about his person had some very deep reason for it; and to this moment, that circumstance appears to require clearing up.

INAUGURATION OF THE EMPEROR.

The Peers and Deputies summoned for the 8th of June—Abduction of the Regalia by the Royalists—Author obtains a Ticket of Admission to the Gallery of the Chamber of Deputies, to Witness the Ceremony—Grenadiers of the Old Guard—Enthusiasm of the Military, and Comparative Quiescence of the other Ranks—Entrance of Napoleon into the Chamber—Sketch of his Appearance and that of *Madame Mère*—Administration of the Oath of Allegiance—The Duke of Otranto and Count Thibaudeau—The Imperial Speech and its Ineffective Delivery.

The days rolled on, and in their train brought summer and the month of June, on the 8th day of which, the peers and deputies of the legislative body were summoned to attend collectively at two o'clock in the chamber of deputies, to receive the emperor, and take the oath of fidelity to him and to the constitution, in the midst of all the splendor which the brilliant metropolis of France could supply. The abduction of the regalia by some friends of King Louis, when they ran away to Ghent, had left Napoleon without any crown wherewith to gratify the vanity of a people at all times devoted to every species of spectacle; he had only a button and loop of brilliants which fastened up his Spanish hat, over the sides whereof an immense plumage hung nodding. But this was such a scene, and such an occasion, that a wreath of laurel would have become the brow of Napoleon far better than all the diamonds in the universe! The whole of the imperial family were to be present.

The number of persons who could be admitted as spectators into the gallery was necessarily very limited: and in a great metropolis where everybody is devoted to show, the difficulty of procuring admission would, I conceived, be of course proportionably great It may be well imagined that I was indefatigable in seeking to obtain tickets, as this spectacle was calculated to throw everything besides that I had witnessed in Paris completely into the background; and what tended still more to whet the edge of my curiosity, was the reflection that it would, in all probability, be the last opportunity I should have of deliberately viewing the emperor, whose departure from Paris to join the army was immediately contemplated.

I therefore made interest with everybody I knew; I even wrote to the authorities; and, in short, left no means whatever untried which suggested themselves to me. At length, when I began to think my chance a very poor one, on the day actually preceding the ceremony:, to my unspeakable gratification I received a note from the chamberlain, enclosing an admission for *one*, which the difficulty I had everywhere encountered led me to esteem a great favor. I did not think that, at my age, I could possibly be so anxious about anything: but I believe there are few persons who will not admit that the excitement was great, occasioned by the prospect of contemplating, for a length of time and in a convenient situation, the bodily presence of a man to whom posterity is likely to award greater honors than can be conceded to him by the prejudices of the present race.

The programme announced that all Napoleon's marshals and generals, together with the veterans of his staff and the male branches of his family, were to be grouped around him; as were likewise several of those statesmen whose talents had helped originally to raise him to the throne, and whose treachery afterward succeeded in hurling him a second time from it. The peers and deputies, in their several ranks and costumes, were each, individually and distinctly, on that day, to swear new allegiance to their emperor, and a lasting obedience to the constitution.

The solemnity of Napoleon's inauguration, and that of his promulgating the new constitution at the Champ de Mars, made by far the greatest impression on my mind of all the remarkable public or private occurrences I had ever witnessed. The intense interest, the incalculable importance, not only to France but to the world, of those two great events, generated reflections within me more weighty and profound than any I had hitherto entertained: while the variety of glittering dresses, the novelty and the everchanging nature of the objects around me, combined to cheat me almost into a belief that I had migrated to fairy land, and in fact to prevent me from *fixing* my regards on anything.

The first of those days was the more interesting to France —the second to Europe at large. Though totally unparelleled in all their bearings, and dissimilar from every other historical incident ancient or modern, yet these solemnities seem to have been considered by most who have written upon the subject as little more than ordinary transactions. Were I to give my feelings full play in reciting their effect on myself, I should at this calmer moment be perhaps set down as a visionary or enthusiast. I shall, therefore, confine myself to simple narrative.

The procession of the emperor from the Tuileries to the chambers, though short, was to have been of the most imposing character. But, much as I wished to see it, I found that by such an attempt I might lose my place in the gallery of the chamber, and, consequently, the view of the inauguration scene. At eleven o'clock, therefore, I brought my family to a house on the quay, for which I had previously paid dearly; and where having placed them at a window, I repaired myself to the chamber of deputies, in company of a French colonel, who had been introduced to us by Colonel Gowen, and who kindly undertook to be my usher, and to point out to me the most celebrated warriors and generals of the guard and army, who in groups promenaded the courts and gardens of the senate-house, awaiting the appointed hour for parading to receive the emperor. This gentleman, in fact, introduced me to several officers and persons of rank; and though at that moment war, attended by all its horrors, was deemed inevitable, I was addressed with a courtesy and gentlemanly frankness, which, under similar circumstances, would in any other country, I fear have been wanting. They spoke without reserve of the tremendous struggle about to be commenced; but not a man of them appeared to me to have a single doubt of triumphing;

and had my own country been neutral or uninterested, I certainly should have preferred the brilliance of Napoleon's despotism to the contracted, glimmering tyranny of his continental enemies. But I knew that Great Britain *was* implicated. Napoleon and England might coalesce for a moment; but I felt that the ascendency of the former was incompatible with the power of the latter, and I was chilled by the reflection, which in some degree abated my relish for the striking scenes before me.

Among other individuals of note presented to me by the colonel, was Labedoyere, who was destined so soon to atone with the forfeiture of his life for his fidelity to his first patron. I had heard then nothing particular of this man, and consequently took but little notice of him. There was not one whom I remarked more than Ney, then prince of Moskwa. "That," said the colonel, as he pointed him out to me, "is the greatest *sabreur* in Europe:" and Ney's rough, manly, sunburnt countenance, well set off by his muscular, warlike figure, confirmed the character. "There," continued my informant, pointing to a civilian in full dress, "is one of the truest partisans the emperor has in France—Count Thibaudeau." I had previously remarked the person to whom my attention was thus directed, as one not formed of common materials, and had occasion soon after to observe him still more particularly.

So many of the objects of that day have been sketched in various publications, that I shall not endeavor to give anything in the shape of a list of them, but content myself with the mention of those which struck me most forcibly at the moment.

Whoever was in Paris during the "Hundred Days," must have seen the old guard of Napoleon. Such a body of soldiers (all appearing of the self-same character) I believe never was collected! Their herculean vigor, more than the height of their persons, was remarkable; and their dark, deep-furrowed visages (enveloped in mustaches and surmounted by the bear's skin of their lofty caps, glittering with ornaments), combined, together with their arms, their clothes, and more particularly their steadiness, to exhibit to me the most complete model of genuine soldiers. Their looks, though the very emblem of gravity and determination, were totally devoid of ferocity; and I could fancy the grenadiers of the old guard to be heroes uniting the qualities of fidelity, of valor, and of generosity: their whole appearance indeed was most attractive.

The cavalry had dismounted, and were sitting around on the steps and parapets of the edifice, mostly employed in sharpening their sabres with small hones; and the whole seemed to me as if actuated only by an ardent wish to proceed to action. One officer asked me in English, rather more freely than the rest, if I knew the British commander (Lord Wellington). I said I did. "Well," replied he, "we shall have a brush with him before the week is over!" and turned away with an expression strongly indicative of contempt. I believe Lord Wellington did not quite anticipate the short time that would be given him by his opponents. My observations and introductions were however at length interrupted by the first cannon, which announced that the emperor had commenced his passage from the Tuileries. All was in immediate bustle; the drums beat, the trumpets sounded, the deputies and officials flocked into their halls, the cuirassiers were mounted, the grenadiers in line, the officers at their stations; and in five minutes the mingled and motley crowd was arranged in order so regular and so silently assumed, that it was almost impossible to suppose they had ever been in confusion. The different bands struck up; they had received orders respecting the airs that should be played as the emperor approached, which they began to practise, and the whole scene, almost in a moment, wore an aspect entirely new.

The firing of cannon continued: the emperor had advanced along the quays, and passed over that very spot where the last French monarch had, twenty years before, been immolated by his subjects. The word enthusiasm, strong as its meaning is generally held to be, really failed, on this occasion, to express *as much* as the military seemed to feel. The citizens who thronged around did not however, it is true, appear to partake in this sentiment to anything like a corresponding extent. Whether it was that they felt it not, or that they were conscious of acting a subordinate part in the pageant (which unquestionably bore too much of a military character), I do not know.

I proceeded without delay to the stairs which led to my *loge,* as noted on my admission ticket. This *loge,* however, it turned out to be no easy matter to find. My heart began to sink; I inquired of everybody; some did not understand, others looked contemptuously; nobody would pay the least attention to my solicitations. Thus I seemed likely, after all, to lose the benefit of my exertions. Meanwhile every new discharge of cannon seemed as if announcing, not only the emperor's approach, but my exclusion, from the chamber; and I was getting fast into a state of angry hopelessness, when an officer of the guard, who saw that I was a foreigner, addressed me in English. I explained to him my embarrassments and fears, and showed him my ticket. He told me I was on the wrong side, and was so good as to send a soldier with me to the door of the box. I rapped, and was instantly admitted. There were two rows of chairs, and accommodation for three persons to stand behind. I was one of the latter; and it was impossible to be better situated for hearing and seeing everything. My *loge,* exactly faced the throne; and in the next sat the emperor's mother, and all the females, with their attendants. I knew nobody: I saw no English there: there was one person in full dress, who was said to be *un chevalier Ecosse,* and who having distinguished himself and announced his nation by making an abominable disturbance about something or other, was very properly turned out. We sat in silent expectation of the emperor's arrival, which was to be announced by the cessation of the repeated salutes of artillery. The moments were counted: the peers and deputies were seated in their places, all in full dress—the former occupying the front benches, and the deputies ranged behind them. Servants of the chamber, in the most splendid liveries that can be conceived, were seen busy at all the side doors: the front door was underneath our *loge;* it was therefore impossible for me to see the effect of the first appearance of the emperor, who at length, followed by a numerous retinue, crossed the chamber—not majestically, but with rather hurried steps: having slightly raised his hat, he seated himself abruptly on the throne, and wrapping himself in his purple cloak, sat silent.

The scene was altogether most interesting; but there was no time for contemplation. The whole assembly immediately rose; and if a judgment might be formed from the outward expression of their feelings, it would be inferred that Napoleon was enthroned in the heart of almost every peer and deputy who that day received him. A loud, continued, and unanimous burst of enthusiastic congratulation proceeded from every quarter: it echoed throughout the whole chamber, and had all the attributes of sincerity. One circumstance I particularly remarked: the old cry of "*Vive* l'empereur," was discontinued, and, as if the spectators' hearts were too full to utter more, they limited themselves to a single word, "*l'empereur! l'empereur!*" alone bursting from the whole assembly. I found afterward that there was a meaning in this: inasmuch as the ceremony was not a mere greeting—it was an *inauguration* of the emperor. It was this solemnity which in fact *recreated* his title after his formal abdication, and the assembly thus noted the distinction.

Meanwhile, Napoleon sat apparently unmoved; he occasionally touched his hat, but spake not. I stood immediately in front of, and looking down on, the throne; and being in the back row, could use my opera-glass without observation. Napoleon was at that moment, all circumstances considered, the most interesting personage in existence. His dress, although rich, was scarcely royal; he was not, as a king should be by prescription, covered with jewels; he had no crown, and wore the same dress exactly as he afterward did on his visit to the Champ-de-Mars—namely, a black Spanish hat, fastened up in front with a diamond loop and button; heavy plumes of ostrich feathers, which hung nodding over his forehead; and rather a short cloak of purple velvet, embroidered with golden bees. The dimensions of his person were thus concealed; but his stature, which scarcely attained the middle height, seemed still lower on account of his square-built form and his high and ungraceful shoulders: he was, in fact, by no means a majestic figure. I watched his eye; it was that of a hawk, and struck me as being peculiarly brilliant. Without moving his head, or a single muscle of his countenance, his eye was everywhere, and really seemed omniscient: an almost imperceptible transition moved it from place to place, as if by magic; and it was fixed steadily upon one object before a spectator could observe its withdrawal from another.

Yet even at this moment, powerful as was the spell in which Napoleon's presence bound the spectator, my attention was drawn aside by another object which seemed to me to afford much scope for contemplation: this was the emperor's mother. I stood, as I have already said, in the next *loge* of the gallery to that occupied by the imperial family. The dutiful and affectionate regard of Napoleon to his mother is universally authenticated: and as his nature was not framed either to form or perpetuate mere attachments of course, it was natural to conclude that this lady's character had something about it worthy of remark. I was therefore curious to trace, as far as possible, the impressions made upon her by the passing scene.

Madame Mère (as she was then called) was a very fine old lady, apparently about sixty, but looking strong and in good health. She was not, and I believe never had been, a beauty; but was, nevertheless, well-looking, and possessed a cheerful, *comfortable* countenance. In short, I liked her appearance: it was plain and unassuming, and I set my mind to the task of scrutinizing her probable sensations on that important day.

Let us for a moment consider the situation of that mother, who, while in an humble sphere of life, and struggling with many difficulties, had born, nursed, and reared a son, who, at an early age, and solely by his own superior talents, became ruler of one of the fairest portions of the civilized creation; to whom kings and princes crouched and submitted, and transferred their territories and their subjects, at his will and pleasure; to whom the whole world, except England, had cringed; whom one great emperor had flattered and fawned on, handing over to him a favorite daughter even while the conqueror's true wife was living; and whom the same bewildered emperor had afterward assisted in rousing all Europe to overthrow—thus dethroning his daughter, disinheriting his grandson, and exposing himself to the contempt and derision of the universe—only that he might have the gratification of enslaving six millions of the Italian people! The mother of Napoleon had seen all this; and had, no doubt, felt bitterly that reverse of fortune whereby her son had been expelled and driven into exile, after his long dream of grandeur and almost resistless influence. What, then, must be the sensations of that mother at the scene we are describing!—when she beheld the same son again hailed emperor of the French, restored to power and to his friends by the universal assent of a great nation and the firm attachment of victorious armies! He remounted his throne before her eyes once more, and without the shedding of one drop of blood was again called to exercise those functions of royalty from which he had been a few months before excluded.

It was under these impressions that I eagerly watched the countenance of that delighted lady: but her features did not appear to me sufficiently marked to give full scope to the indication to her feeling. I could judge, in fact, nothing from any other feature except the eye, to which, when I could catch it, I looked for information. At first I could see only her profile; but as she frequently turned round, her emotions were from time to time obvious. A tear occasionally moistened her cheek, but it evidently proceeded from a happy rather than a painful feeling—it was the tear of parental ecstasy. I could perceive no lofty sensations of gratified ambition, no towering pride, no vain and empty arrogance, as she viewed underneath her the peers and representatives of her son's dominions. In fact, I could perceive nothing in the deportment of Madame Mère that was not calculated to excite respect for her as a woman, and admiration of her as the person who had brought into the world a man for many years the most successful of his species.

From observation of this interesting lady I was called off by the scene which followed. After the emperor had been awhile seated (his brothers and the public functionaries around him, as expressed in a printed programme), the oath was administered to the peers and deputies individually, so that each was distinctly marked by name; and what I considered most fortunate was, that a French gentleman, who sat immediately before me (I believe some public officer), was assiduous in giving the two ladies who accompanied him, not only the name of each peer or deputy, as he took the oath, but also some description of him. I took advantage of this incident, and in a little tablet copied down the names of such as I had heard spoken of as remarkable persons, and particularly the generals and marshals.

The manner of administering and taking the oath was very different from ours.* The French had, from the period of the Revolution, very justly conceived that an oath of any description would not be one atom more binding on the party if taken upon a book than if trust were reposed in their mere word of honor. On the present occasion, each person, as his name was called over, arose, and holding out his right arm to its extent (the palm of the hand uppermost), deliberately pronounced—"*Je jure fidelité à l'empereur, et obédience à la constitution.*" The reader will easily believe that it was a source of the utmost interest to watch the countenances of these dignitaries of France while they were engaged in performing this important ceremonial. My physiognomical observation was kept fully on the stretch, and was never, before or since, so sated with materials to work upon. The emperor, meanwhile, as I have already mentioned, sat almost immoveable. He did not appear exhilarated; indeed, on the other hand, I think he was indisposed. His breast heaved at times very perceptibly; an involuntary convulsed motion agitated his lip; but never did I see an eye more indefatigable and penetrating! As each man's name was called, and the oath administered, its regard was fixed upon the individual; and nothing could be more curious to the spectator than to transfer his gaze alternately from the party taking the oath to the emperor himself. Some of the peers and deputies, Napoleon's eye passed over with scarcely a look; while others he regarded as though disposed to penetrate their very souls, and search there for proofs of a sincerity he considered doubtful. Some seemed to excite a pleasurable, others a painful sensation, within him; though this was difficult to recognise, inasmuch as his features seldom, and never more than slightly, changed their entire expression. The countenances of the members themselves were more easily read, and afforded in many instances good clews whereby, if not the real feelings, at least the *tendency* of the parties, might be deciphered. Some stood boldly up, and loudly, and without hesitation, took the oath; while others, in slow, tremulous voices, pledged themselves to what they either never meant, or were not quite certain of their ability, to perform; and a few displayed manifest symptoms of repugnance in their manner. But the scene was of that nature so splendid — so generally interesting — that few persons, except those whose habits had long led them to the study of mankind, or such as might have some special interest in the result, would have attended to these indications, which were, of course, not suffered in any instance to become prominent.

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* One of the devices to prevent the accumulation of petty larceny, in the court of common pleas of Ireland, was very amusing. Lord Norbury's register, Mr. Peter Jackson, complained grievously to his lordship that he really could not afford to supply the court with gospels or prayer-books, as witnesses, after they had taken their oaths, were in the constant habit of *stealing the book!* "Peter," said Lord Norbury, "if the rascals read the book, it will do them more good than the petty larceny may do them mischief."—"Read or not read," urged Peter, "they are rogues, that's plain. I have tied the book fast, but nevertheless they have contrived to loosen and abstract it."—"Well, well," replied my lord, "if they are not afraid of the *cord*, hang your gospel *in chains*, and that, perhaps, by reminding the fellows of the fate of their fathers and grandfathers, may make them behave themselves." Peter Jackson took the hint: provided a good-looking, well-bound New Testament, which he secured with a strong jackchain that had evidently done duty before the kitchen-fire, and was made fast to the rail of the jury-gallery. Thus the holy volume had free scope to swing about and clink as much as it chose, to the great terror of witnesses, and good order of the jurors themselves.

One of the first persons who took the oath was Fouché, duke of Otranto. I had been in this nobleman's office on my first arrival in Paris, and had marked his countenance. He had originally been a monk (I believe a Jesuit), and was on all hands admitted to be a man of the utmost talent, but at the same time wholly destitute of moral principle — a man who, in order to attain his ends, would disregard justice, and set opinion at insolent defiance. But, above all, Fouché's reigning character was *duplicity:* in that qualification of a statesman he had no rival. Napoleon knew him thoroughly; but, circumstanced as he was, he had occasion for such men.

Yet even Fouché I really think was, on this day, off his guard. He was at the time, there can be little doubt, in actual communication with some of Napoleon's enemies; and he certainly appeared, whether or not from "compunctious visitings of conscience," to be ill at his ease. I kept my eye much on him; and it was quite obvious to me that some powerful train of feeling was working within his breast. On his name being called, there was nothing either bold, frank, or steady, in his appearance or demeanor. He held out his hand not much higher than his hip, and, in a tone of voice languid, if not faltering, swore to a fidelity which he was determined, should he find it convenient, to renounce. I really think (and my eye and glass were full upon him) that Fouché, at the moment, *felt* his own treachery. A slight hectic flush passed over his temples, and his tongue seemed to cleave to his mouth. I can not account for my impression further than this, but from that instant I set down the man as a traitor! Napoleon for the first time turned his head as Fouché tendered his allegiance. I could perceive no marked expression in the emperor's countenance, which remained placid and steady; but I could not help thinking that even that complacent regard (which certainly indicated no confidence, if it was free from agitation) seemed to say, "I know you!" The ceremony proceeded; and after a while the name was called of a person whom I had before seen—Count Thibaudeau. The contrast between this gentleman and Fouché was very remarkable. He stood up quickly, and with great firmness stepped a little forward, and held his arm *higher* than his shoulder: "*Je jure,*" exclaimed Count Thibaudeau; "*je jure*"—repeating the words with emphasis—"*fidelité à* MON *empereur, et obédience à la constitution!*" I watched Napoleon's look: it was still serene, but a ray of gratification was not absent, and shot rapidly across his features. The business at length terminated. I treasured up in my mind the impressions made upon it that day, and in very few of my forebodings was I eventually mistaken.

The inauguration of the emperor was now complete, and the reflection was extremely solemn that all the powers of Europe were armed to overthrow the business of that morning. Neither peace nor truce was to be made with Napoleon, who was, on his part, about to try the strength of France alone against a union of inveterate and inexorable foes. He was now about to inform his assembled legislators of this decision, and to make a declaration that should at once rouse the French people generally, and instil into the legislature a portion of his own energy.

I was all expectation. The critical moment arrived: the occasion—the place—the subject—and more especially the effect expected to be produced—all combined in leading me to anticipate some speech more impressive than any I had ever heard.

The emperor rose from his throne rather quickly, raised his hat for a moment, and looked round him with a glance which, though probably meant to imply confidence, had to me the expression of *scrutiny*. Having done this, he reseated himself, and commenced his speech. In language, it was well adapted to the French soldiery; as a proclamation, it might be considered admirable; but to a *legislative* assembly, it seemed to me (perhaps erroneously) ill adapted. I did expect, at all events, that it would be pronounced with that energy which was indicative of the speaker's character; but miserably was I disappointed! Napoleon read it distinctly, but, to my mind, utterly without effect: there was no ardor, no emphasis, no modulation of voice, no action to enforce the sentiment. The delivery was monotonous and unimpressive; nor can I yet conceive how it was possible such a man could pronounce such a speech without evincing that warmth of feeling which the words, as well as the great subject itself (to say nothing of his own situation), were calculated to inspire. The French in general read extremely ill; and Napoleon's style of elocution was a very humble specimen even of theirs. He ran the sentences into each other; in short, seemed to view the whole thing as a mere matter of course, and to be anxious to *get through it*. It put me more in mind of a solicitor reading a marriage-settlement than anything else. Here and there, indeed, he appeared somewhat touched by the text, and most probably *he himself* felt it all; but he certainly expressed nothing in a manner that could make *others* feel it. The concluding words of the speech—"This is the moment to conquer or to perish"—though pronounced by Napoleon with little more energy than the preceding parts (very much as if he had been saying, "And your petitioner will ever pray"), made a strong and visible impression upon the entire auditory. Two or three of the deputies, I observed, by (to all appearance) an involuntary movement, put their hands on their sword-hilts, and whispered to those who sat next them; and among the military officers who were in the assembly there was evidently a very gallant feeling. I cast my eye at this moment on Fouché: he was looking upon the ground, seemingly in contemplation, and moved not a muscle.

At the conclusion of his speech, Napoleon, whose vapid manner had considerably damped my previous excitement, immediately descended from the throne, and, in the same state, and amid redoubled applauses, returned to the palace to make his last preparations to put into execution what I have since heard denominated by English generals the finest military manœuvre of his whole life. Two things seem to be universally admitted: that the first object of that train of movements—namely, the surprise and division of the allied troops—was completely successful; and that its second object—the defeat of those troops in a general engagement—was so near its accomplishment, that its failure may almost be regarded as miraculous.

I returned home full of reflection. I soon recounted all my impressions (particularly with respect to Fouché and Napoleon) to my family and two or three friends who dined with us. I did not hesitate to speak frankly my opinion of the game played by the duke of Otranto, nor did any long period elapse before my predictions were verified.

PROMULGATION OF THE CONSTITUTION

Apathy of the People—Temporary Building in Front of the Hôtel des Invalides—Pont de Jena—Policy of Napoleon regarding Fouché—Procession to the Champ de Mars—Peculiar Accoutrements of a Regiment of Cavalry—Reflections on some Points in the History of Napoleon—His Mistake in changing the Republican into a Monarchical Government—Coaches of Ceremony of the French Noblesse and Officers of State—The Emperor's Liberality to various Members of his Court—His Personal Dejection on this Day—Rejoicings succeeding the Promulgation—Superiority of the French in Matters of Embellishment—Gratuitous Distribution of Provisions and Wine—Politeness of the Lower Orders of French—Display of Fireworks—Mr. Hobhouse's "Second Reign of Napoleon."

The promulgation of the new articles of the constitution by Napoleon at the *Champ de Mars,* promised to elicit much of the public sentiment. For my own part, I conceived that it would be the true touchstone of Parisian feeling; but in that idea I was greatly disappointed.

It was natural to suppose that the modification of a constitution, by a nearly despotic monarch, whereby his own power would be greatly contracted, would, even under Napoleon's circumstances, be considered one of the measures best calculated to propitiate a long-trammelled population. But, in fact, the thing assumed no such character. The *spectacle,* seemed, indeed, of the utmost value to the Parisians, but the *constitution* of little, if any. They had never possessed any regular constitution, and, I really think, had no settled or digested ideas upon the subject.

The extraordinary splendor of the preparations for this ceremony, and the admixture of civil and military pomp, were to me very interesting. The temporary buildings thrown up for the occasion might, it is true, be denominated *tawdry;* yet, strangely enough, there is no other people except the French who can deck out such gewgaws with anything like corresponding taste and effect.

The scene was on an immense scale. In an inconceivably short time, and almost as if by the effect of magic, a sort of amphitheatre was constructed in front of the Hôtel des Invalides, and which was of magnitude sufficient to contain about fifteen thousand persons. In the centre arose an altar, similar to those provided, in ancient sacrifices, for the *sacred fire* to descend upon; and at this altar Cardinal Cambácères presided. A great proportion of the front of the hospital was covered with crimson velvet, and the imperial throne was placed on the platform of the first story, facing the altar: around it were seats for the princes. I was not present at the actual ceremony within the great temporary edifice.

I had, on the occasion of the inauguration (as already stated), fully satisfied myself as to the demeanor of both the emperor and the senators; but I had not seen the grand *cortége* which had preceded: and on this occasion, as it was to be much more of a military procession, and the emperor's last public appearance before he joined the army to decide the fate of Europe, I was desirous of witnessing the spectacle, and accordingly engaged a window on the quay for my family, in a house close to the Pont de Jena, over which the whole must pass on its way to the Hôtel des Invalides. We had thence a close and full view of the Champ de Mars, of the amphitheatre, and of the artificial mount whence the constitution was to be proclaimed by the emperor in person to the people.

Napoleon well knew the great importance of leaving a strong impression on the public feeling. His posting from the coast to the Tuileries without interruption was the most extraordinary event in history, ancient or modern: but it was not *immediately* followed up by any unusual circumstance, or any very splendid spectacle, to rouse or gratify Parisian volatility. The retired official life of the emperor after his return (necessarily absorbed in business night and day) had altogether excited little or no stir, and still less expression of public feeling, in the metropolis; in fact, the Parisians did not seem to feel so much interest about the state of affairs as they would have done upon the most unimportant occurrences. They make light of everything except their *pleasure*, which always was and always will be the god of Paris; and never was any deity more universally and devoutly worshipped! The king's flight to Ghent was then as little thought of or regarded as if he had gone to St. Cloud; and Napoleon's arrival made as little stir as Louis's departure. But the emperor was now about to go to battle; was well aware of the treachery which surrounded him, and that on his success or discomfiture depended its explosion. He determined, therefore, as he had not time to counteract, to dissemble: and I have no doubt that to this circumstance alone Fouché knew he owed his existence. The month preceding Napoleon's departure from Paris, he became thoroughly acquainted with the intrigues of his minister; and I firmly believe that each was determined on the destruction of the other upon the first feasible opportunity, as the only means of securing himself. I do believe that Fouché would not have survived Bonaparte's successful return more than four-and-twenty hours, and I equally believe that Fouché had actually meditated, and made some progress in providing for, Napoleon's assassination. I made up my mind on these points, not from any *direct* information, but from a process yclept by our great-grandmothers "*spelling* and *putting together;*" and if the reader will be good enough to bear in mind what I told him respecting the society at Dr. Marshall's, as well as the intelligence acquired by my servant Thevenot, he will not be at a loss to understand *how* I got at my materials.

In truth, the army alone, I suspect, was sincerely attached to the reinstated monarch. By his soldiers Bonaparte was, in every part of his career, almost worshipped. They seemed to regard him rather as a demigod, and nobody could be deceived as to their *entire* devotion to the divinity which they had set up. But it was not so with the civil ranks of Paris.

I should tire myself and readers were I to describe the almost boyish anxiety which I felt when the firing of the ordnance announced the first movement of the emperor from the Tuileries to the Champ de Mars. I shall leave to the supposition of the reader the impression I received from the passing of the *cortége*. Let him picture to himself an immense army pouring along the spacious quays of Paris, in battalions and squadrons—the enthusiasm of the soldiers, the bright cuirasses, the multitude of waving plumes—the magnificence of the marshals and their staff: these, set off by the glowing sun, combined to implant in the mind of a person unaccustomed to such a sight the idea of almost certain victory.

What struck me most was the appearance of a splendid but not numerous regiment, in the costume of Turkish cavalry, mounted upon small barbs, and dashingly accoutred. Their officers rode, for the most part, piebald horses, many of which were caparisoned with breast-armor, and decked in gaudy trappings. The uniform of the men was scarlet, with green Cossack trowsers, immense turbans, and high plumes of feathers—the whole ornamented and laced in as splendid and glittering a style as ingenuity could dictate; their stirrups were footboards, and they had very crooked sabres and long lances. I believe these men were accoutred *en Mamelück*, and I mention them the more particularly, because I believe they did not go to Waterloo—at least not in that uniform. In calling to my recollection this superb scene, the hundred bands of martial music seem even at this moment to strike my ear. It seemed as if every instrument in Paris was in requisition! The trumpets and kettledrums of the gaudy heralds, the deep sackbuts, the crashing cymbals, and the loud gongs of the splendid Mamelukes, bewildered both the ear and the imagination: at first they astonished, then gratified, and at length fatigued me. About the centre of this procession appeared its principal object—who, had he lived in times of less fermentation, would, in my opinion, have been a still greater statesman than he was a warrior. It is indisputable that it was Bonaparte who freed the *entire* continent of Europe from that democratic mania, of all other tyrannies the most cruel, savage, and unrelenting; and which was still in full, though less-rapid progress, when he, by placing the diadem of France on his own brow, restored the *principle* of monarchy to its vigor, and at one blow overwhelmed the many-headed monster of revolution.

It has been the fashion, in England, to term Napoleon a "Corsican usurper." We should have recollected Paoli before we *reproached* him for being a Corsican, and we should have recurred to *our own* annals before we called him a usurper! *He* mounted a throne which had long been vacant: the decapitation of Louis, in which he *could* have had no concern, had completely overwhelmed the dynasty of Bourbon, and Napoleon in a day re-established that monarchical form of govern ment which *we* had, with so much expense of blood and treasure, been for many years unsuccessfully attempting to restore. I can not avoid repeating this pointed example of *our own inconsistency*. We actually made peace and concluded treaties with Napoleon Bonaparte when he was acting as a republican (the very species of government against which we had so long combated), and we refused to listen to his most pacific demonstrations when he became a monarch!*

This has, I confess, been a sad digression; but when I call to mind that last scene of Bonaparte's splendor, I can not altogether separate from it the prior portion of his history and that of Europe. I have mentioned that about the centre of the *cortége* the emperor and his court appeared. It was the custom in France for every person of a certain rank to keep a sort of state-coach gaudily gilded and painted, and, in addition to the footmen, a chasseur to mount behind, dressed *en grande toilette,* with huge mustaches, immense feathers in his hat, and a large sabre depending from a broad-laced belt, which crossed his shoulder. He was generally a muscular, fine-looking man, and always indicated rank and affluence in his master. Napoleon liked this state to be preserved by all his ministers, &c. He obliged every man in office to appear at court and in public according to the station he held; and instances were not wanting where the emperor, having discovered that an officer of rank had not pecuniary means to purchase a coach of ceremony, had made him a present of a very fine one. He repeatedly paid the debts of several of his marshals and generals when he thought their incomes somewhat indequate; and a case has been mentioned, where a high officer of his household had not money to purchase jewels for his wife, of Napoleon ordering a set to be presented to her, with an injunction to wear them at court.

On this day he commanded the twelve mayors of Paris to appear in their carriages of ceremony; and, to do them justice, they were gilt and caparisoned as finely as time and circumstances could admit. Bonaparte himself sat alone, in a state-coach, with glass all round it. His feathers bowed deeply over his face, and consequently little more than the lower parts of it were quite uncovered. Whoever has marked the countenance of Napoleon must admit it to have been one of the most expressive ever created. When I say this, I beg to be understood as distinguishing it entirely from what is *generally* called an expressive countenance—namely, one involuntarily and candidly proclaiming the feelings whereby its proprietor is actuated: the smile, or the look of scorn—the blush, or the tear, serving not unfrequently to communicate matters which the lips would have kept secret. Though that species of expressive countenance may be commonly admired, it is often *inconvenient*, and would be perfectly unbefitting a king, a courtier, a gambler, an embassador, or, in short, a man in any station of life which renders it incumbent on him to *keep his countenance.* The lower portion of Bonaparte's face (as I have mentioned in speaking of my first glance at it) was the finest I think I ever saw, and peculiarly calculated to set the feelings of others on speculation, without giving any decided intimation of his own. On the day of the promulgation it occurred to me, and to my family likewise, as we saw him pass slowly under our window, that the unparalleled splendor of the scene failed in arousing him from that deep dejection which had apparently seized him ever since his return to Paris, and which doubtless arose from a consciousness of his critical situation, and the hollow ground whereon he trod. There was ill-timed languor in his general look: he smiled not, and took but little notice of any surrounding object. He appeared, in fact, *loaded* with some presentiment—confined, however, to himself; for, of all possible events, his approaching and sudden fate was last, I believe, in the contemplation of any person among that prodigious assembly. I apprehend the intelligence of Murat's defeat in Italy had reached him about that time.

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* Another observation I can not but make on this subject. As events have turned out, Napoleon only sat down on the throne of France to *keep it for the Bourbons.* Had he remained a republican, as when we acknowledged and made peace with him, the names of the whole family of Louis Capet would still have appeared on the pension-list of England!

Two marshals rode on each side of Napoleon's coach, and his three brothers occupied the next: I thought these men all appeared cheerful; at any rate, no evil presentiments were visible in their countenances. After the emperor had passed my interest diminished. I was absorbed by reflection, and my mind was painfully diverted to the probable result of the impending contest, which would most likely plunge into a gory and crowded grave thousands of the gay and sparkling warriors who, full of the principle of life and activity, had that moment passed before me.

The crowds in the Champ de Mars; the firing of the artillery; the spirited bustle of the entire scene; and the return of the same *cortége* after the constitution had been proclaimed, left me in a state of absolute languor—every fresh idea supplanting its predecessor in my mind; and when I returned to my hotel, it required more than a single bottle of *Château Margot* to restore the serenity of my over-excited nerves.

The rejoicings which followed the promulgation of the constitution were in a style of which I had no previous conception. I have already observed, and every person who has been much on the continent will bear me out in the remark, that no people are so very adroit at embellishment as the French. Our carpenters, paper-hangers, &c., know no more about Parisian embellishments than our plain cooks do of the hundred and twenty-six modes of dressing a fresh egg, whereof every French *cuisinier* is perfectly master.

Many temporary stands had been erected in the Champs d'Elysée, whence to toss out all species of provisions to the populace. Hams, turkeys, sausages, &c., &c., were to be had in abundance by scrambling for them. Twenty fountains of wine were set playing into the jars, cups, and pails of all who chose to adventure getting near them. A number of temporary theatres were constructed, and games started throughout the green. Quadrilles and waltzes were practised everywhere around: all species of music—singing—juggling—in fine, everything that could stamp the period of the emperor's departure on the minds of the people, were ordered to be put in requisition; and a scene of enjoyment ensued which, notwithstanding the bustle necessarily attendant, was conducted with the politeness and decorum of a drawing-room; with much more, indeed, than prevails at most of our public assemblies

No pickpockets were heard of; no disputes of any description arose; the very lowest orders of the French *canaille* appear on such occasions cleanly dressed, and their very nature renders them polite and courteous to each other. They make way with respect for *any* woman, even from a duchess to a beggar-woman.

Stretching across the whole of the Place Louis Quinze, was a transparent painting of Napoleon's return from Elba—the mimic ship being of equal dimensions with the real one. Napoleon appeared on the deck, and the entire effect was most impressive.

The rejoicings concluded with a display of fireworks—a species of entertainment, by-the-by, wherein I never delighted. It commenced with a flight of five thousand rockets, of various colors, and was terminated by the ascent of a balloon loaded with every species of firework, which, bursting high in the air, illuminated with overpowering blaze the whole atmosphere. By midnight, all, like an "unsubstantial pageant," had faded, leaving the ill-starred emperor to pursue his route to partial victory, final defeat, and ruin.*

One remark in conclusion:—it was really extraordinary to witness the political apathy wherein the entire population, save the military, was bound. Scarce a single expression or indication of party feeling escaped in any direction. All seemed bent on pleasure, and on pleasure alone: careless whether the opportunity for its indulgence were afforded them by Napoleon or Louis—by preparations for peace or war—by the establishment of despotism or liberty. They were, I sincerely believe, absolutely weary of politics, and inclined to view any suggestion of that nature with emotions of bitterness At all times, indeed, the Parisians prefer pleasure to serious speculation; and the *wisest* king of France will ever be that one who contrives to keep his good citizens "constantly *amused*."

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* I have read with pleasure many parts of "Napoleon's Second Reign," by Mr. Hobhouse. Though I do not coincide with that gentleman in all his views of the subject (differing from him *in toto* as to some), I admit the justice of a great portion of his observations, and consider the work, on the whole, as a very clever performance. In several matters of description and anecdote, he has anticipated me; and I really think he has treated them with as much accuracy, and in a much more comprehensive manner, than I should, or perhaps *could* have done. Mine in fact is but a sketch—his a history. In some matters of fact he appears to have been imperfectly informed: but they are not errors of a sufficiently important nature to involve any charge of general inaccuracy. I myself kept an ample diary of the events of the "Hundred Days" (of so much of them at least as I spent in Paris), and until the re-entry of Louis; and in fact subsequently, though less regularly. From these documents, I have extracted what I now publish; but the whole may, perhaps, hereafter appear in its original shape.

I can not but express my regret that Mr. Hobhouse did not remain in Paris until *after* Napoleon's return from Belgium, when there was a far wider and fairer field presented for the exercise of his pen. I really conceive it will be a loss to literature if he does not recur to that period (materials can not be wanting), take up his own work where he finished, and continue it until the evacuation of Paris by the allied forces. The events of that interval are richly worth recording; and it would fill up what is as yet, nearly a blank in the history of Europe.

LAST DAYS OF THE IMPERIAL GOVERNMENT.

Rejoicings on Napoleon's Victory over Blucher and Surprise of Lord Wellington—Bulletin issued at St. Cloud—Budget of News communicated by a French Cockney—Author's Alarm's on Account of his Family—Proposes quitting Paris—Information of Henry Thevenot: confirmed at Lafitte's—Napoleon's Return from Waterloo—The Author's Sources of Intelligence—His Visits to the Chamber of Deputies—Garat, Minister of Justice at the Period of Louis' Decapitation—The *Rousseau MSS.* and their Peculiar Utility to the Author—Fouché's Treachery—Vacillating Plan to inform Napoleon thereof, through Count Thibaudeau—Observations on the Vicissitudes and Political Extinction of Bonaparte.

The emperor having left Paris to take command of the army in Belgium, the garrison left in that city was necessarily very inconsiderable. It was the universal belief, that the allies would be surprised by a simultaneous attack, and the event warranted this supposition. The result was—a double defeat of Blucher; the separation of the Prussian and British armies; the retreat of Lord Wellington upon Brussels; the march of Grouchy upon that city; and the advance of Napoleon. The impatience of the Parisians for news may be easily conceived; nor were they kept long in suspense. Meanwhile, there ran through the whole mass of society a suspicion that treachery was on foot, but nobody could guess in what shape it would explode. The assassination of Napoleon was certainly regarded as a thing in contemplation, and the disaffection of sundry general officers publicly discussed at the Palais Royal; but no names were mentioned except Fouché's.

On Sunday, the 18th of June, at daybreak, I was roused by the noise of artillery. I rose and instantly sallied out to inquire the cause: nobody could at the moment inform me; but it was soon announced that it was public rejoicings on account of a great victory gained by Napoleon over the Prussians, commanded by Blucher, and the English, by the duke of Wellington: that the allies had been partly surprised, and were in rapid retreat, followed by the emperor and flanked by Grouchy; that a lancer had arrived as courier, and had given many details—one of which was that our light dragoons, under Lord Anglesea, had been completely destroyed.

I immediately determined to quit Paris for the day. It was Sunday: everybody was afoot, the drums were beating in all directions, and it was impossible to say how the *canaille* might, in exultation at the victory, be disposed to act by the English in Paris. We, therefore, set out early and breakfasted at St. Cloud: the report of the victory had reached that village, but I perceived no indication of any great feeling on the subject. We adjourned to Bagatelle, in the very pretty gardens of which we sauntered about till dinner-time.

This victory did not surprise me; for when I saw the magnificent array of troops on the occasion of the promulgation, I had adopted the unmilitary idea that they *must be* invincible. As yet we had heard no certain particulars: about eleven o'clock, however, printed bulletins were liberally distributed, announcing an unexpected attack on the Prussian and English armies with the purpose of dividing them, which purpose was stated to be fully accomplished: the duke of Brunswick killed; the prince of Orange wounded; two Scotch regiments broken and sabred; Lord Wellington in full retreat; Blucher's army absolutely ruined; and the emperor in full march for Brussels, where the Belgian army would join the French, and march unitedly for Berlin. The day was rather drizzling: we took shelter in the grotto, and were there joined by some Parisian shopkeeper and his family, who had come out from the capital for their recreation. This man told us a hundred incidents, which were circulated in Paris with relation to the battle. Among other things, it was said, that if the emperor's generals did their duty, the campaign might be already considered over, since every man in France and Belgium would rise in favor of the emperor. He told us news had arrived, that the Austrians were to be neutral, and that the Russians durst advance no further; that the king of Prussia would be dethroned, and that it was generally believed, Lord Wellington would either be dead or in the castle of Vincennes by Wednesday morning! This budget of intelligence our informant communicated himself in a very *neutral* way, and without betraying the slightest symptom of either gratification or the reverse; and as it was impossible to doubt the main point (the defeat), I really began to think all was lost, and that it was high time to consider how we should get out of France forthwith; more particularly as the emperor's absence from Paris would, by leaving it at the mercy of the populace, render that city no longer a secure residence for the subjects of a hostile kingdom. How singular was the fact, that, at the very moment I was receiving this news—at the very instant when I conceived Napoleon again the conqueror of the world, and the rapidity of his success as only supplementary to the rapidity of his previous return, and a prelude to fresh achievements; that bloody and decisive conflict was actually at its height, which had been decreed by Providence to terminate Napoleon's political existence! What an embarrassing problem to the mind of a casuist must a speculation be, as to the probable results, at this day, of a different dispensation!

Our minds were now made up to quit Paris on the following Thursday; and, as the securest course, to get down to St. Maloes, and thence to Jersey, or some of the adjacent islands; and without mentioning our intention, I determined to make every preparation connected with the use of the *sauf conduit* which I had procured on my first arrival in Paris. But fate decreed it otherwise. Napoleon's destiny had been meantime decided, and my flight became unnecessary.

On returning to Paris, we found everything quiet. On that very Sunday night, my servant, *the* Henry Thevenot, told me that he had heard the French had got entangled in a forest, and met a repulse. He said he had been told this at a public house in Rue Mont Blanc.

I feared the man: I suspected him to be on the *espionnage* establishment, and therefore told him to say no more to me about the war, and that I wished much to be in England.

About nine o'clock on Thursday morning, as soon as I rose Thevenot again informed me, with a countenance which gave no indication of his own sentiments, that the French were *totally defeated*, that the emperor had returned to Paris, and that the English were in full march to the capital.

I always dreaded lest the language of my servant might in some way implicate me, and I now chid him for telling me so great a falsehood.

"It is true," returned he.

Still I could not believe it; and I gave him notice, on the spot, to quit my service. He received this intimation with much seeming indifference, and his whole deportment impressed me with suspicion. I went immediately, therefore, to Messrs. Lafitte, my bankers, and the first person I saw was my friend, Mr. Phillips, very busily employed at his desk in the outside room.

"Do you know, Phillips," said I, "that I have been obliged to turn off my servant for spreading a report that the French are beaten and the emperor returned?"

Phillips, without withdrawing his eyes from what he was engaged on, calmly and concisely replied, "It is true enough."

"Impossible!" exclaimed I.

"Quite possible," returned this man of few words.

"Where is Napoleon?" said I.

"In the Palais de Bourbon Elysée," said he.

I saw it was vain to expect further communication from Mr. Phillips, and I went into an inner chamber to Mr. Clement, who seemed, however, more taciturn than the other.

Being most anxious to learn all the facts, I proceeded to the Palais d'Elysée, my skepticism having meanwhile undergone great diminution from seeing an immense number of splendid equipages darting through the streets, filled with full-dressed men, plentifully adorned with stars and orders. When I got to the palace, I found the court full of carriages, and a large body of the national guard under arms: yet I could scarcely believe my eyes; but I soon learned the principal fact from a hundred mouths and with a thousand different details: my informants agreeing only on one point—namely, that the army was defeated *by treachery*, and that the emperor had returned to Paris in quest of new *matériel.* Groups and crowds were collecting everywhere; and confusion reigned triumphant.

Being somewhat rudely driven out of the courtyard, I now went round to the Champs d'Elysée, at the rear of the palace. Sentinels, belonging to Napoleon's guard, were, by this time, posted outside the long terrace that skirts the garden. They would permit no person to approach close; but I was near enough to discern Napoleon walking deliberately backward and forward on that terrace, in easy conversation with two persons whom I conceived to be his uncle, Cardinal Fesch, and Count Bertrand—and I afterward heard that I was right. The emperor wore a short blue coat and a small three-cocked hat, and held his hands behind his back seemingly in a most tranquil mood. Nobody could in fact suppose he was in any agitation whatever, and the cardinal appeared much more earnest in the conversation than himself. I stood there about fifteen minutes when the sentries ordered us off; and as I obeyed, I saw Napoleon walk up toward the palace.

I never saw the emperor of the French after that day, which was, in fact, the last of his reign. It ought to have been the last day of his existence, or the first of some new series of achievements: but fate had crushed the man, and he could rouse himself no more. Though I think he could count but scantily on the fidelity of the national guards, yet he was in possession of Mont-martre, and, as the event proved, another and a very powerful army might soon have been gathered about him. Perhaps, too, had Bonaparte rallied *in good earnest,* he might have succeeded in working even on the very pride of his former subjects to free the soil of the *grande nation* from foreign invasion.

Madame Le Jeune, the mistress of the hotel wherein we resided, was sister to General Le Jeune, the admirable painter who executed those noble pieces of the battles of Jena and Austerlitz, which had been in the outside room at the gallery of the Tuileries. I am no judge of painting, but I think everything he did (and his pieces were numerous) possessed great effect. Through him, until the siege terminated by the surrender of Paris, we learned all that was going on among the French; and through Dr. Marshall and Col. Macirone I daily became acquainted with the objects of the English, as I verily believe those two gentlemen were at the same time in correspondence with both the British and French authorities.

After Napoleon had been a few days making faint and fruitless endeavors to induce the deputies to grant him the *matériel* and aid him in a new armament, their coldness to himself individually became too obvious to be misconstrued: fortune had, in fact, forsaken Napoleon, and friends too often follow fortune; and it soon became notorious that Fouché had every disposition to seal his master's destruction. The emperor had, however, still many true and faithful friends—many ardent partisans on whose fidelity he might rely. He had an army which *could* not be estranged, which no misfortune could divert from him. But his enemies (including the timid and the neutral among the deputies) appeared to me decidedly to outnumber those who would have gone *far* in insuring his reinstatement. Tranquillity seemed to be the general wish, and the re-equipment of Napoleon would have rendered it unattainable.

Nevertheless, the deputies proceeded calmly on their business, and events every day assumed a more extraordinary appearance. The interval between the emperor's return from Waterloo and his final abdication—between his departure for Malmaison and the siege of Paris—was of the most interesting and important nature; and so great was my curiosity to be aware of passing events, that I am conscious I went much further lengths than prudence would have warranted.

During the debates in the deputies after Napoleon's return, I was almost daily present. I met a gentleman who procured me a free admission, and through whom I became acquainted, by name with most, and personally with many, of the most celebrated characters, not only of the current time, but also who had flourished during the different stages of the revolution. I was particularly made known to Garat, who had been minister of justice at the time Louis XVI. was beheaded, and had read to him his sentence and conducted him to the scaffold. Although he had not voted for the king's death, he durst not refuse to execute his official functions; his attendance, therefore, could not be considered as voluntary. He was at this time a member of the deputies. His person would well answer the idea of a small, slight, sharp-looking, lame *tailor;* but his conversation was acute, rational, and temperate. He regarded Napoleon as lost beyond all redemption; nor did he express any great regret, seeming to me a man of much mental reservation. I suspect he had been too much of a genuine republican, and of too democratic and *liberal* a policy, ever to have been any great admirer even of the most splendid of imperators. I think he was sent out of Paris on the king's restoration.

My friend having introduced me to the librarian of the chamber of deputies, I was suffered to sit in the anteroom, or library, whenever I chose, and had, consequently a full opportunity of seeing the ingress and egress of the deputies, who frequently formed small groups in the anteroom, and entered into earnest, although brief conferences. My ready access to the gallery of the house itself enabled me likewise to know the successive *objects* of their anxious solicitude.

The librarian was particularly obliging, and suffered me to see and examine many of the most curious old documents. But the original manuscript of Rousseau's "Confessions," and of his "Eloisa," produced me a real treat. His writing is as legible as print: the "Eloisa," a work of mere fancy, without one obliteration; while the "Confessions," which the author put forth as matter of fact, are, oddly enough, full of alterations in every page.

When I wished for an hour of close observation, I used to draw my chair to a window, get Rousseau into my hand, and, while apparently riveted on his "Confessions," watch from the corner of my eye the earnest gesticulation and ever-varying countenances of some agitated group of deputies: many of them, as they passed by, cast a glance on the object of my attention, of which I took care that they should always have a complete view.

Observing one day a very unusual degree of excitement among the members in the chamber, and perceiving the sally of the groups into the library to be more frequent and earnest than ordinary, I conceived that something very mysterious was in agitation. I mentioned my suspicions to a well-informed friend: he nodded assent, but was too wise or too timorous to give any opinion on so ticklish a subject. I well knew that Napoleon had been betrayed, because I had learned from an authentic source that secret despatches had been actually sent by Fouché to the allies, and that the embassy to the emperor of Russia, from M. Lafitte, &c., had been some hours anticipated and counteracted by the chief commissioner of government.

It was clear to everybody that Napoleon had lost his fortitude: in fact, to judge by his conduct, he seemed so feeble and irresolute, that he had ceased to be formidable; and it occurred to me that some sudden and strong step was in the contemplation of his true friends, to raise his energies once more, and stimulate him to resistance I was led to think so particularly by hearing some of his warmest partisans publicly declare that, if he had not lost all feeling for both himself and France, he should take the alternative of either reigning again or dying in the centre of his still-devoted army.

The next day confirmed my surmises. I discovered that a letter had been written without signature, addressed to Count Thibaudeau, but not yet sent, disclosing to him, in detail and with proofs, the treachery of Fouché, &c., and advising the emperor *instantly* to arrest the traitors, unfold the treason to the chambers—then put himself at the head of his guards, reassemble the army at Vilette, and, before the allies could unite, make one effort more to save France from subjugation. This was, I heard, the purport of the letter; and I also learned the mode and hour determined on to carry it to Count Thibaudeau. It was to be slipped into the letter-box in the ante-room of the chamber, which was used, as I have already mentioned, as a library. I was determined to ascertain the fact; and, seated in one of the windows, turning over the leaves and copying passages out of my favorite manuscripts, I could see plainly where the letter-box was placed, and kept it constantly in my eye. The crowd was always considerable; groups were conversing; notes and letters were every moment put into the box for delivery; but I did not see the person who had been described to me as about to give Count Thibaudeau the information. At length, however, I saw him warily approach the box. He was obviously agitated—so much so, indeed, that far from *avoiding*, his palpable timidity would have *excited* observation. He had the note in his hand: he looked around him, put his hand toward the box, withdrew it, changed color, made a second effort—and his resolution again faltering, walked away without effecting his purpose. I afterward learned that the letter had been destroyed, and that Count Thibaudeau received no intimation till too late.

This was an incident fraught with portentous results. Had that note been dropped as intended, into the box, the fate of Europe might have remained long undecided; Fouché, the most eminent of traitors, would *surely* have met his due reward; Bonaparte would have put himself at the head of the army assembling at Vilette—numerous, enthusiastic, and desperate. Neither the Austrian nor the Russian armies were within reach of Paris; while that of the French would, I believe, in point of numbers, have exceeded the English and Prussian united force: and it is more than probable that the most exterminating battle which ever took place between two great armies would have been fought next day in the suburbs, or perhaps *in the Boulevards*, of Paris.

Very different indeed were the consequences of that suppression. The evil genius of Napoleon pressed down the balance; and instead of any chance of remounting his throne, he forfeited both his lofty *character* and his life; and Fouché, dreading the risk of detection, devised a plan to get the emperor clear out of France, and put him at least into the power of the British government.

This last occurrence marked finally the destiny of Napoleon

Fortune had not only *forsaken*, but she *mocked* him! She tossed about, and played with, before she destroyed her victim—one moment giving him hopes which only rendered despair more terrible the next. After what I saw of his downfall, no public event, no revolution, can ever excite in my mind one moment of surprise. I have seen, and deeply feel, that we are daily deceived in our views of everything and everybody.

Bonaparte's last days of power were certainly full of tremendous vicissitudes: on one elated by a great victory—on the next overwhelmed by a fatal overthrow. Hurled from a lofty throne into the deepest profundity of misfortune; bereft of his wife and only child; persecuted by his enemies; abandoned by his friends; betrayed by his ministers; humbled, depressed, paralyzed—his proud heart died within him; his great spirit was quenched; and, after a grievous struggle, despair became his conqueror—and NAPOLEON BONAPARTE degenerated into an ordinary mortal!

DETENTION AT VILETTE.

Negotiation between the Provisional Government of Paris and the Allies—Colonel Macirone's Mission—The Author crosses the Barrier of the French Army, misses the Colonel, and is detained on Suspicion—Led before Marshal Davoust, Prince d'Eckmuhl, and Commander-in-Chief of the Forces at Vilette—The Marshal's Haughty Demeanor, and the Imprecations of the Soldiery—A Friend in Need; or, one Good Turn deserves Another—Remarks of a French Officer on the Battle of Waterloo—Account of the Physical and Moral Strength and Disposition of the Army at Vilette—Return of the *Parlementaires*—Awkward Mistake of one of the Sentries—Liberation of the Author—Marshal Davoust's Expressions to the Negotiators.

IN the month of July, 1815, there was a frequent intercourse of *parlementaires* between the commissioners of the French government and the allies. Davoust, prince d'Eckmuhl, commanded the French army assembled at Vilette and about the canal d'Ourk, a neighborhood where many thousand Russians had fallen in the battle of the preceding summer. I had the greatest anxiety to see the French army; and Colonel Macirone being sent out with one of Fouché's despatches to the duke of Wellington, I felt no apprehension, being duly armed with my *sauf conduit*, and thought I would take that opportunity of passing the Barriere de Roule, and strolling about until Macirone's carriage should come up. It, however, by some mischance, drove rapidly by me, and I was consequently left in rather an awkward situation.

I did not remain long in suspense, being stopped by two officers, who questioned me somewhat tartly as to my presumption in passing the sentries, "who," said they, "must have mistaken you for one of the commissaries' attendants." I produced my passport, which stood me in no further advantage than to insure a very *civil* arrest. I was directly taken to the quarters of Marshal Davoust, who was at the time breakfasting on grapes and bread in a very good hotel by the side of the canal. He showed at first a sort of austere indifference that was extremely disagreeable to me; but on my telling him who I was, and everything relating to the transaction, the manifestation of my candor struck him so forcibly, that he said I was at liberty to walk about, but not to repass the lines till the return of the *parlementaires*, and further inquiry made about me. I was not altogether at my ease: the prince was now very polite, but I knew nobody, and was undoubtedly a suspicious person. However, I was civilly treated by the officers who met me, and on the contrary received many half-English curses from several soldiers, who, I suppose, had been prisoners in England. I was extremely hungry, and much fatigued, and kept on the bank of the canal, as completely out of the way of the military as I could.

I was at length thus accosted in my own language by an elderly officer:—

"Sir," said he, "I think I have seen you in England."

"I have not the honor to recollect having met you, sir," replied I.

"I shall not readily forget it," rejoined the French officer. "Do you remember being, about two years since, in the town of Odiham?"

"Very well," said I.

"You recollect some French officers who were prisoners there?"

These words at once brought the circumstance to my mind, and I answered, "I do now recollect seeing you, perfectly."

"Yes," said my interlocutor, "I was one of the three foreigners who were pelted with mud by the *garçons* in the streets of Odiham; and do you remember striking one of the *garçons* who followed us, for their conduct?"

"I do not forget it."

"Come with me, sir," pursued he, "and we'll talk it over in another place."

The fact had been as he represented. A few French officers, prisoners at Odiham, were sometimes roughly treated by the mob. Passing by chance one day with Lady Barrington through the streets of that town, I saw a great number of boys following, hooting, and hissing the French officers. I struck two or three of these idle dogs with my cane, and rapped at the constable's door, who immediately came out and put them to flight—interfering, however, rather reluctantly on the part of what he called the "d——d *French foreigners!*" I expressed and felt great indignation. The officers thanked me warmly, and I believe were shortly after removed to Oswestry.

My friend told me that his two comrades at Odiham were killed—the one at Waterloo, and the other by a wagon passing over him at Charleroi, on the 16th of June; and that scarcely an officer who had been prisoner at his first *depôt* at Oswestry had survived the last engagements. He gave me, in his room at Vilette, wine, bread, and grapes, with dried sausages well seasoned with garlic, and a glass of *eau-de-vie.* I was highly pleased at this rencontre. My companion was a most intelligent person, and communicative to the utmost extent of my curiosity. His narrative of many of the events of the battles of the 16th and 18th ultimo was most interesting, and carried with it every mark of candor. The minutes rolled away speedily in his company, and seemed to me indeed far too fleeting. He had not been wounded, though in the heat of both engagements. He attributed the loss of the battle to three causes: the wanton expenditure of the cavalry; the negligent uncovering of the right wing by Grouchy; and the impetuosity of Napoleon, in ordering the last attack by the old guard, which he should have postponed till next day. He said he had no doubt that the Belgian troops would all have left the field before morning. He had been engaged on the left, and did not see the Prussian attack, but said that it had the effect of consolidating all the different corps of the French army.

He told me that Napoleon was forced off the field by the irresistible crowds which the advance of the English cavalry had driven into disorder, while there was not a possibility of rallying a single squadron of their own. His episodes respecting the occurrences of that day were most affecting, and I believe true.

In this agreeable society my spirits mounted again, and I soon acquired courage sufficient to express my great anxiety to see the army, adding that I durst not go alone. My friend immediately took me under his arm, and walked with me through the whole lines, introducing me to several of his comrades, and acting throughout in the kindest and most gentlemanly manner. This was precisely the opportunity I had so long wished for of viewing the French troops, which were then full of impetuosity and confidence, and eager for battle. Neither the Russians nor Austrians had reached Paris, and it was supposed Davoust would anticipate the attack of the other allies, who only waited for the junction of these powers and their heavy artillery to recommence operations. The scene was so new to me, so impressive, and so important, that it was only on my return home my mind got steady enough to organize its ideas, and permit me to take coherent notes of what I had witnessed.

The battle of Waterloo was understood to have dispersed so entirely the French army—that powerful and glorious display of heroes and of arms which a few days previously had passed before my eyes—that scarcely ten men (except Grouchy's division) returned in one body to Paris; and those who did return were in such a state of wretchedness and depression, that I took for granted the spirit of the French army had been *extinguished*—their battalions never to be rallied—their courage thoroughly cooled! I considered that the assembly at

Vilette could not be numerous, and was more calculated to make a show for better terms than to resist the conquerors How great, then, must have been my astonishment when the evening parade turned out, as the officers informed me, *above sixty-five thousand infantry*, which, with artillery and cavalry, reached together near eighty thousand men! I thought several of the privates had drunk rather too much: but whether sober or not, they seemed to be all in a state of wild, enthusiastic excitement—little removed from insubordination, but directly tending to hostility and battle. Whole companies cried aloud, as the superior officers passed by them: "*Mon general—à l'attaque!—l'ennemi! l'ennemi!—allons! allons!*" Others shouted: "*Nous sommes trahis! trahison! trahison!—à la bataille! à la bataille!*" Crowds of them, as if by instinct or for pastime, would rush voluntarily together, and in a moment form a long column—then disperse and execute some other manœuvre; while others, dispersed in groups, sang in loud chorus sundry war-songs, wherein *les Prusses* and *les Anglais* were the general theme.

I had no conception how it was possible that, in a few days after such a total dispersion of the French army, another could be so rapidly collected, and which, though somewhat less numerous, the officer told me evinced double the enthusiasm of those who had formed the defeated corps. They had now it is true the stimulus of that defeat to urge them desperately on to retrieve that military glory which had been so awfully obscured; their artillery was most abundant; and we must never forget that the French soldier is always better informed, and possessed of more *morale* than our own. In truth, I really do believe there was scarcely a man in that army at Vilette who would willingly have quitted the field of battle alive, unless victorious.

Though their tumultuous excitement certainly at this time bore the appearance of insubordination, my conductor assured me, I was mistaken in forming such a judgment; he admitted that they durst not check that exuberant zeal on the instant; but added, that when the period arrived to form them for battle, not a voice could be heard, not a limb move, till the attack commenced, except by order of their leaders; and that if the *traitors in Paris* suffered them once more to try their fortune, he did not think there was an individual in that army who entertained a doubt of the result.

In the production of this confidence, party spirit doubtless was mixed up: but no impartial observer could deny, that if the troops at Vilette had been heartily joined by forty thousand of the national guards and country volunteers then within the walls of Paris, the consequence would have been extremely problematical.

The day passed on, and I still strolled about with my polite conductor, whom I begged to remain with me. He was not an officer of high rank: I believe a captain of the 81st infantry—tall, very thin, gentlemanly, and had seen long service.

From this crowd of infuriated soldiers, he led me farther to the left, whither a part of the old guard, who had been I believe quartered at Mont-martre, had for some cause or other been that evening removed. I had, as the reader will perhaps recollect, a previous opportunity of admiring that unrivalled body of veteran warriors; and their appearance this evening interested me beyond measure. Every man looked like an Ajax, exhibiting a firmness of step and of gesture at once formidable and even graceful. At the same time, I fancied that there was a cast of melancholy over their bronzed countenances. When I compare what I that day witnessed to the boyish, ordinary-looking corps now generally composing the guardians of that once military nation, I can scarcely avoid sighing while I exclaim *tempora mutantur!*

I grew, however, at length impatient; evening was closing, and, if detained, I must I suppose have bivouacked. To be sure, the weather was so fine that it would have been of no great consequence: still my situation was disagreeable, and the more so, as my family, being quite ignorant of it, must necessarily feel uneasy. I was therefore becoming silent and abstracted (and my friend had no kind of interest to get me released), when two carriages appeared driving toward the barrier where we stood. A shot was fired by the advanced sentry at one of them, which immediately stopped. A party was sent out, and the carriage entered; there were two gentlemen in it, one of whom had received the ball, I believe in his shoulder. A surgeon instantly attended, and they proceeded within the lines. They proved to be two of the *parlementaires* who had gone out with despatches. The wound was not mortal; and its infliction arose from a mistaken constuction, on the part of the sentinel, of his orders.

The other carriage (in which was Colonel Macirone) drove on without stopping at the headquarters of Davoust. My kind companion said he would now go and try to get me dismissed: he did so, and procured an order for my departure, on signing my name, address, and occupation, and the name of some person who knew me in Paris. I mentioned Mr. Phillips, of Lafitte's, and was then suffered to depart. It will be imagined that I was not dilatory in walking home, where, of course, I was received as a *lost sheep*—no member of my family having the slightest idea whither I had gone.

The officer, as he accompanied me to the barrier, described to me the interview between the *parlementaires* and Davoust. They had, it seems, made progress in the negotiation, very much against the marshal's inclinations. He was confident of victory, and expressed himself, with great warmth, in the following emphatic words: "Begone! and tell your employer, Fouché, that the prince of Eckmuhl will defend Paris till its flames set this handkerchief on fire!" waving one as he spoke.

PROJECTED ESCAPE OF NAPOLEON.

Attack on the Bridge of Charenton by the Russians—Fouché's Arrangements for the Defence of Paris—Bonaparte's Retirement to Malmaison—His Want of Moral Courage—Comparison between Napoleon and Frederick the Great—Extraordinary Resolution of the Ex-Emperor to repair to London—Preparations for his Undertaking the Journey as Secretary to Dr. Marshall—The Scheme abandoned from Dread of Treachery on the road to the Coast—Termination of the Author's Intercourse with Dr. Marshall and the Cause thereof—Remuneration of Col. Macirone by the Arch-Traitor, Fouché.

It was the received opinion that the allies would form a blockade rather than venture an assault on Paris. The numerical strength and *morale* of the French army at Vilette the reader had already seen. The English army was within view of, and occupied St. Denis; the Prussians were on the side of Sevres; and the Russians were expected in the direction of Charenton, along the Marne. That Paris might have been taken by storm is possible; but if the French army had been augmented by one half of the national guard, the effort would surely have been most sanguinary, and the result most doubtful. Had the streets been intersected, mines sunk, the bridges broken down, and the populace armed as well as circumstances would permit (the heights being at the same time duly defended), though I am not a military man, and therefore very liable to error on such a subject, I have little doubt, instead of mere negotiation, it would have cost the allies more than one half of their forces before they had arrived in the centre of the French metropolis. The defence of Saragossa by Palafox (though but a chieftain of guerilla) proved the possibility of defending an open town against a valorous enemy.

I was breakfasting in Dr. Marshall's garden when we heard a heavy firing commence: it proceeded from Charenton, about three miles from Paris, where the Russian advanced guard had attacked the bridge, which had not been broken up, although it was one of the leading avenues to the castle of Vincennes. Fouché indeed had contrived to weaken this post effectually, so that the defence there could not be long protracted; and he had also ordered ten thousand stand of arms to be taken secretly out of Paris and lodged in the castle of Vincennes, to prevent the Parisians from arming.

The discharges continuing in occasional volleys, like a sort of running fire, I was most anxious to go to some spot which would command that part of the country; but the doctor dissuaded me, saying it *could* not be a severe or lengthened struggle, as Fouché had taken care of *that* matter. I led him gradually into conversation on the business, and he made known to me though *equivocally*, much more than I had ever suspected. Every despatch, every negotiation, every step which it was supposed by such among the French as had their country's honor and character at heart, might operate to prevent the allies from approaching Paris after the second abdication, had been either accompanied by counter applications, or defeated by secret instructions from Fouché.

While mock negotiations were thus carrying on at a distance, and before the English army had reached St. Denis, Bonaparte was already at Malmaison. It had become quite clear that he was a lost man; and this most celebrated of all soldiers on record, proved by his conduct, at that crisis, the distinction between animal and mental courage; the first is an instinctive quality, enjoyed by us in common with many of the brute creation; the latter is the attribute of man alone. The first, Napoleon eminently possessed; in the latter he was certainly defective. Frederick the Great, in mental courage was altogether superior to Napoleon. He could fight and fly, and rally, and fight again; his spirit never gave in; his perseverance never flagged: he seemed, in fact, insusceptible of despondency, and was even greater in defeat than in victory: he never quitted his army while a troop could be rallied; and the seven years' war proved that the king of Prussia was equally illustrious, whether fugitive or conqueror.

Napoleon reversed those qualities No warrior that history records ever was so great *while successful:* his victories were followed up with the rapidity of lightning; in overwhelming an army, he in fact often subdued a kingdom, and profited more by each triumph than any general that had preceded him. But he could not stand up under defeat!

The several plans for Napoleon's escape, I heard as they were successively formed : such of them as had an appearance of plausibility, Fouché found means to counteract. It would not be amusing to relate the various devices which were suggested for this purpose. Napoleon was meanwhile almost passive and wrapped in apathy. He clung to existence with even a mean tenacity; and it is difficult to imagine but that his intellect must have suffered before he was led to endure a life of ignominious exile.

At Dr. Marshall's hotel one morning, I remarked his travelling carriage as if put in preparation for a journey, having candles in the lamps, &c. A smith had been examining it, and the servants were all in motion. I suspected some movement of consequence, but could not surmise what. The doctor did not appear to think that I had observed these preparations.

On a sudden, while walking in the garden, I turned short on him.

"Doctor," said I, at a venture, "you are going on an important journey to-night."

"How do you know?" said he, thrown off his guard by the abruptness of my remark.

"Well!" continued I, smiling, "I wish you well *out of it!*"

"Out of *what?*" exclaimed he, recovering his self-possession and sounding me in his turn.

"Oh, no matter, no matter," said I, with a significant nod, as if I was already acquainted with his proceedings.

This bait took in some degree; and after a good deal of fencing (knowing that he could fully depend on my secrecy), the doctor led me into his study, where he said he would communicate to a me very interesting and important matter. He then unlocked his desk, and produced an especial passport for himself and his *secretary* to Havre de Grace, thence to embark for England; and he showed me a *very* large and also a smaller bag of gold, which he was about to take with him.

He proceeded to inform me, that it was determined Napoleon should go to England; that he had himself agreed to it; and that he was to travel in Dr. Marshall's carriage, as his secretary, under the above-mentioned passport. It was arranged that, at twelve o'clock that night, the emperor with the queen of Holland were to be at Marshall's house, and to set off thence immediately; that on arriving in England he was forthwith to repair to London, preceded by a letter to the prince regent, stating that he threw himself on the protection and generosity of the British nation and required permission to reside therein as a private individual.

The thing seemed to me too romantic to be serious; and the doctor could not avoid perceiving my incredulity. He however enjoined me to secrecy, which by-the-by was unnecessary; I mentioned the circumstance, and should have mentioned it, only to one member of my family, whom I knew to be as cautious as myself. But I determined to ascertain the fact; and before twelve o'clock at night repaired to the Rue Pigale, and stood up underneath a door somewhat farther on the opposite side of the street to Dr. Marshall's house.

A strong light shone through the curtains of the first floor windows, and lights were also moving about in the upper story. The court meantime was quite dark, and the indications altogether bespoke that something extraordinary was going forward in the house. Every moment I expected to see Napoleon come to the gate. He came not; but about half after twelve, an elderly officer buttoned up in a blue surtout rode up to the *porte-cochere,* which, on his ringing, was instantly opened. He went in, and after remaining about twenty minutes, came out on horseback as before, and went down the street. I thought he might have been a precursor, and still kept my ground until, some time after, the light in the first floor was extinguished; and thence inferring what subsequently proved to be the real state of the case, I returned homeward disappointed.

Next day Dr Marshall told me that Napoleon had been dissuaded from venturing to Havre de Grace—he believed by the queen of Holland. Some idea had occurred to either him or her that he might not be *fairly dealt with* on the road. I own the same suspicion had struck me when I first heard of the plot, though I was far from implicating the doctor in any proceeding of a decidedly treacherous nature. The incident was, however, in all its bearings, an extraordinary one.

My intimacy with Dr. Marshall at length ceased, and in a manner very disagreeable. I liked the man, and I do not wish to hurt his feelings: but certain mysterious imputations thrown out by his lady terminated our connection.

A person with whom I was extremely intimate happened to be in my drawing-room one day when Mrs. Marshall called. I observed nothing of a particular character, except that Mrs. Marshall went suddenly away; and as I handed her into her carriage, she said: "You promised to dine with us to-morrow, and I requested you to bring any friend you liked; but do not let it be *that fellow* I have just seen—I have taken a great dislike to his countenance!" No further observation was made, and the lady departed.

On the next morning I received a note from Mrs. Marshall, stating that she had reason to *know* some malicious person had represented me as being acquainted with certain affairs very material for the government to understand—and as having papers in my possession which might be required from me by the minister Fouché; advising me therefore to leave town for a while, sooner than be troubled respecting business so disagreeable; adding that, in the meantime, Colonel Macirone would endeavor to find out the facts, and apprize me of them.

I never was more surprised in my life than at the receipt of this letter. I had never meddled at all in French politics, save to hear and see all I could, and say nothing. I neither held nor had held any political paper whatever; and I therefore immediately went to Sir Charles Stuart, our embassador, made my complaints, and requested his excellency's personal interference. To my surprise, Sir Charles in reply asked me how I could chance to know such a person as Macirone. I did not feel pleased at this, and answered somewhat tartly: "Because both the English and French governments, and his excellency to boot, had not only intercourse with, but had employed Macirone in both Italy and Paris; and that I knew him to be at that moment in communication with persons of the highest respectability in both countries."

Sir Charles then wrote a note to Fouché, informing him who I was, &c., &c., and I finally discovered it was all a scheme of Mrs. Marshall for a purpose of her own. This led me to other investigations; and the result was, that further communication with Dr. Marshall on my part became impossible. I certainly regretted the circumstance, for he was a gentlemanly and intelligent man.

Colonel Macirone himself was soon taught by Fouché what it is to be the tool of a traitor. Although the colonel might have owed no allegiance to Napoleon, he owed *respect to himself;* and having forfeited this to a certain degree, he had the mortification to find that the only remuneration which the arch-apostate was disposed to concede him was, public disgrace and a dungeon.

BATTLE OF SEVRES AND ISSY.

Afternoon Ramble on the Boulevard Italien—Interrupted by the Report of Artillery—*Sang froid* of the Fair Sex—Female Soldiers—The Author repairs to a Point commanding the Field of Battle—Site of the Projected Palace of the King of Rome—Rapidity of the Movements of the French as contrasted with those of the Prussians—Blowing up of the Bridge of St. Cloud—Visit of the Author to the Encampment in the Champ de Mars—The Wounded Soldier.

My anxiety to witness a battle, without being necessarily a party in it, did not long remain ungratified. While walking one afternoon on the Boulevard Italien, a very heavy firing of musketry and cannon burst upon my ear. It proceeded from up the course of the Seine, in the direction of Sevres. I knew at once that a military engagement was going forward, and my heart bounded at the thought: the sounds appeared to me of all others the most sublime and tremendous. One moment there was a rattling of musketry, which appeared nearer or more distant according to the strength of the gale which wafted its volleys; another, the heavy echo of ordnance rolled through the groves and valley of Sevres, and the village of Issy; again, these seemed superseded by a separate firing, as of small bodies of skirmishers: and the whole was mingled with the shouts and hurrahs of the assailants and assailed. Altogether, my nerves experienced a sensation different from any that had preceded it, and alike distinguished from both bravery and fear.

As yet the battle had only reached me by one sense—although imagination, it is true, supplied the place of all: though my eyes viewed not the field of action, yet the sanguinary conflict moved before my fancy in most vivid coloring

I was in company with Mr. Lewines, when the first firing roused our attention. "A treble line" of ladies was seated in front of Tortoni's, under the lofty arbors of the Boulevard Italien, enjoying their ices and an early *soirée*, and attended by a host of unmilitary *chers-amis*, who, together, with mendicant songsters and musicians, were dispersed along that line of female attraction which "occupied" one side of the entire boulevard, and with scarcely any interruption "stretched away" to the Porte St. Martin. Strange to say, scarcely a movement was excited among the fair part of the society by the report of the ordnance and musketry; not one beauty rose from her chair, or checked the passage of the refreshing ice to her pouting lips. I could not choose but be astonished at this apathy, which was only disturbed by the thunder of a tremendous salvo of artillery, announcing that the affair was becoming more general.

"*Ah! sacre Dieu! ma chère!*" said one lovely creature to another, as they sat at the entrance of Tortoni's; "*sacre Dieu! qu'est-ce que ce superbe coup-là?*"—"*C'est le canon, ma chère!*" replied her friend; "*la bataille est à la pointe de commencer.*"—"*Ah! oui, oui! c'est bien magnifique! ecoutez! ecoutez!*"—"*Ah,*" returned the other, tasting with curious deliberation her lemon-ice; "*cette glace est très excellente!*"

Meanwhile, the roar continued. I could stand it no longer; I was stung with curiosity, and determined to see the battle. Being at a very little distance from our hotel, I recommended Lady Barrington and my family to retire thither (which advice they did not take), and I immediately set off to seek a good position in the neighborhood of the fight, which I imagined could not be far distant, as the sounds seemed every moment to increase in strength. I now perceived a great many *gendarmes,* singly and in profound silence, strolling about the boulevard, and remarking (though without seeming to notice) everything and everybody.

I had no mode of accounting for the fortitude and indifference of so many females, but by supposing that a great proportion of them might have been themselves campaigning with their husbands or their *chers-amis*—a circumstance that, I was told, had been by no means uncommon during the wars of the Revolution and of Napoleon.

One lady told me herself that she did not dress for ten years in the attire of a female. Her husband had acted, I believe as commissary-general. They are both living and well, to the best of my knowledge, at this moment, at Boulogne-sur-Mer and the lady is particularly clever and intelligent. "Noth ing," said she to me one day, "nothing, sir, can longer appear strange to me. I really think I have witnessed an example of everything in human nature, good or evil!"—and, from the various character of the scenes through which she had passed, I believe her.

A Jew physician living in the Rue Richelieu (a friend of Baron Rothschild), who had a tolerable telescope, had lent it to me. I first endeavored to gain admission into the pillar, in the Place Vendôme, but was refused. I saw that the roof of Nôtre Dame was already crowded, and knew not where to go. I durst not pass a barrier, and I never felt the tortures of curiosity so strongly upon me. At length I got a cabriolet, and desired the man to drive me to any point whence I might see the conflict. He accordingly took me to the farther end of the Rue de Bataille, at Chailloit, in the vicinity whereof was the site marked out for the palace of the king of Rome. Here was a green plat, with a few trees; and under one of those I sat down upon the grass and overlooked distinctly the entire left of the engagement, and the sanguinary combat which was fought on the slopes, lawn, and about the house and courts, of Bellevue.

Whoever has seen the site of that intended palace must recollect that the view it commands is one of the finest imaginable. It had been the hanging gardens of a monastery; the Seine flows at the foot of the slope, and thence the eye wanders to the hill of Bellevue, and onward to St. Cloud. The village of Issy, which commences at the foot of Bellevue, stretches itself thinly up the banks of the Seine toward Paris—nearly to one of the suburbs—leaving just a verdant border of meadow and garden-ground to edge the waters. Extensive, undulating hills rise up behind the Hôtel de Bellevue, and from them the first attack had been made upon the Prussians. In front, the Pont de Jena opens the entrance to the Champ de Mars, terminated by the magnificent gilt dome of the Hôtel des Invalides, with the city of Paris stretching to the left.

It was a tranquil evening: the sun, in all his glory, piercing through the smoke which mounted from the field of battle, and illuminating its sombre flakes, likened it to a rich-gilded canopy moving over the combatants.

The natural ardor of my mind was peculiarly stimulated on this occasion. Never having witnessed before any scene of a corresponding nature, I could not (and indeed sought not to) repress a sensation of awe: I felt my breathing short or protracted as the character of the scene varied. An old soldier would no doubt have laughed at the excess of my emotion—particularly as the affair, although sharp, was not of a very extensive nature. One observation was forcibly impressed on me—namely, that both the firing and manœuvring of the French were a great deal more rapid than those of the Prussians. When a change of position was made, the Prussians *marched*—the French *ran*. Their advance was quicker, their retreat less regular, but their rallying seemed to me most extraordinary: dispersed detachments of the French reassociated with the rapidity of lightning, and advanced again as if they had never separated.

The combat within the palace of Bellevue and the courts were, of course, concealed: but if I might judge from the constant firing within, the sudden rushes from the house, the storming at the entrance, and the battles on the lawn, there must have been great carnage. In my simplicity, in fact, I only wondered how anybody could escape.

The battle now extended to the village of Issy, which was taken and retaken many times. Neither party could keep possession of it—scouting in and out as fortune wavered. At length, probably from the actual exhaustion of the men, the fire of musketry slackened, but the cannon still rolled at intervals around Sevres; and a Prussian shell fell into the celebrated manufactory of that place, while several cannon-shot penetrated the handsome hotel which stands on an eminence above Sevres, and killed fourteen or fifteen Prussian officers, who were in a group taking refreshment.*

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* I visited the spot a few days subsequently, and found that noble hall, which had been totally lined by the finest mirrors, without one remaining I never saw such useless and wanton devastation as had been committed by the Prussians!

I now began to feel weary of gazing on the boisterous monotony of the fight, which, so far as any advantage appeared to be gained on either side, might be interminable. A man actually engaged in battle can see but little, and think less; but a secure and contemplative spectator has opened to him a field of inexhaustible reflection: and my faculties were fast becoming abstracted from the scene of strife, when a loud and uncommon noise announced some singular event, and once more excited me. We could not perceive whence it came, but guessed, and truly, that it proceeded from the demolition of the bridge of St. Cloud, which the French had blown up. A considerable number of French troops now appeared withdrawing from the battle, and passing to our side of the river on rafts, just under our feet. We could not tell the cause of this movement, but it was reported by a man who came into the field that the English army at St. Denis was seen in motion, and that some attack on our side of the city itself might be expected. I scarcely believed this, yet the retreat of a part of the French troops tended not to discourage the idea; and as the national guards were heard beating to arms in all directions of the city, I thought it most advisable to return, which I immediately did, before the firing had ceased, in the same cabriolet.

On my return, judge of my astonishment at finding *the very same assemblage* in the *very same place* on the boulevard as when I left it; nor did a single being, except my own family, express the slightest curiosity upon hearing whence I had come!

The English army, as it turned out, did not move. The firing, after a while, totally ceased; and the French cavalry (which I did not see engaged), with some infantry, marched into the Champ de Mars, to take up their night's position.

Having thus been gratified by the view of what to my unaccustomed eyes seemed a great battle, and would, I suppose, by military men be termed nothing more than a long skirmish, I met Sir Francis Gold, who proposed that we should walk to the Champ de Mars, "just," said he, "to see what the fellows are doing after the battle."

To this I peremptorily objected, for reasons which must be obvious, and which seemed to prohibit any Englishman in his sober senses from going into such company at such a moment.

"Never mind," continued Sir Francis, "I love my skin every bit as well as you do yours; and depend upon it we shall not meet the slightest molestation. If we go with a lady in our company, be assured we may walk about and remain in the place as long as we please. I can speak from experience."

"Ah, true, true! but where is the lady?" said I.

"I will introduce you to a very charming one of my acquaintance," answered Sir Francis, "and I'll request her to do us the favor of accompanying us." I now half-reluctantly agreed; curiosity prevailed, as usual, and away we went to the lodgings of Sir Francis's fair friend.

The lady certainly did not dishonor the epithet Sir Francis had bestowed on her: she was a young, animated French girl, rather pretty, and well dressed—one of those lively creatures who, you would say, always have their "wits about them." My friend explained the request he had come to prefer, and begged her to make her toilet with all convenient expedition. The lady certainly did not dissent, but her acquiescence was followed by a hearty and seemingly uncontrollable burst of laughter. "Excuse me, gentlemen," exclaimed she, "but really I can not help laughing. I will, with pleasure, walk with you; but the idea of my *playing the escort* to two gallant English chevaliers, both *d'âge mûr*, is too ridiculous. However, *n'importe!* I will endeavor to *defend* you, though against a whole army!"

The thing unquestionably did look absurd, and I could not restrain myself from joining in the laugh. Sir Francis too became infected, and we made a regular chorus of it, after which the gay Frenchwoman resumed:—

"But surely, Sir Francis, you pay the French a great compliment; for you have often told me how you alone used to put to flight whole troops of rebels in your own country, and take entire companies with your single hand!"

Champagne was now introduced, and Sir Francis and I having each taken a glass or two, at the lady's suggestion, to keep up our courage, we sallied out in search of adventures to the

Champ de Mars. The sentinel at the entrance demurred a little on our presenting ourselves; but our fair companion, with admirable presence of mind, put it to his gallantry not to refuse admittance to a lady; and the polite soldier, with very good grace, permitted us to pass. Once fairly inside, we strolled about for above two hours, not only unmolested, but absolutely unnoticed—although I can not say I felt perfectly at ease. It is certain that the presence of the female protected us. The respect paid to women by the French soldiery is apparent at all their meetings, whether for conviviality or service; and I have seen as much decorum preserved in an alehouse festivity at Paris as at the far-famed Almack's in London.

The scene within the barrier must have appeared curious to any Englishman. The troops had been about an hour on the ground after fighting all the evening in the village of Issy: the cavalry had not engaged, and their horses were picketed. The soldiers had got in all directions tubs of water, and were washing their hands and faces which had been covered with dirt—their mouths being quite blackened by the cartridges. In a little time everything was arranged for a merry-making: some took off their coats, to dance the lighter; the bands played; an immense number of women, of all descriptions, had come to welcome them back; and in half an hour after we arrived there, some hundred couples were at the quadrilles and waltzes, as if nothing had occurred to disturb their tranquillity It appeared, in fact, as if they had not only totally forgotten what had passed that day, but cared not a sous as to what might happen the next.

Old women, with frying-pans strapped before them, were incessantly frying sliced-potatoes, livers, and bacon: we tasted some of these dainties, and found them really quite savory. Some soldiers, who were tired or perhaps slightly hurt, were sitting in the fosses cooking soup, and, together with the venders of bottled beer, &c., stationed on the elevated banks, gave the whole a picturesque appearance. I saw a very few men who had rags tied round their heads; some who limped a little; and others who had their hands in slings: but nobody seemed to regard these, or indeed anything except their own pleasure. The wounded had been carried to hospitals, and I suppose the dead were left on the ground for the night. The guards mounted at the Champ de Mars were all fresh troops.

There were few circumstances attending that memorable era which struck me more forcibly than the miserable condition of those groups of fugitives who continued every hour arriving in Paris during the few days immediately succeeding their signal discomfiture at Waterloo. These unfortunate stragglers arrived in parties of two, three, or four, and in a state of utter destitution—most of them without arms, many without shoes, and some almost naked. A great proportion of them were wounded and bandaged: they had scarcely rested at all on their return; in short, I never beheld such pitiable figures.

One of these unfortunate men struck me forcibly one evening as an object of interest and compassion. He was limping along the Boulevard Italien: his destination I knew not; he looked elderly, but had evidently been one of the finest men I ever saw, and attached, I rather think, to the imperial guard. His shoes were worn out; his clothes in rags; scanty hairs were the only covering of his head; one arm was bandaged up with a bloody rag, and slung from his neck by a string; his right thigh and leg were also bandaged, and he seemed to move with pain and difficulty.

Such figures were, it is true, so common during that period, that nobody paid them much attention: this man, however, somehow or other, interested me peculiarly. It was said, that he was going to the Hôtel Dieu, where he would be taken good care of: but I felt greatly for the old warrior; and crossing the street, put, without saying a word, a dollar into his yellow and trembling hand.

He stopped, looked at me attentively then at the dollar; and appearing doubtful whether or no he ought to receive it, said, with an emphatic tone, "Not for *charity!*"

I saw his pride was kindled, and replied, "No, my friend, in respect to your bravery!" and I was walking away, when I heard his voice exclaiming, "Monsieur, monsieur!" I turned, and as he hobbled up to me, he surveyed me in silence from head to foot; then, looking earnestly in my face, he held out his hand with the dollar: "Excuse me, monsieur," said he, in a firm and rather proud tone—"you are an Englishman, and I can not receive bounty from the enemy of my emperor."

Good God! thought I, what a man must Napoleon have been! This incident alone affords a key to all his victories.

CAPITULATION OF PARIS.

Retirement of the Army of Vilette behind the Loire.—Occupation of the French Capital by the Allies—Thoughts on the Disposition of the Bourbon Government toward Great Britain—Conduct of the Allies after their Possession of Paris—Infringements of the Treaty—Removal of the Works of Art from the Louvre—Reflections on the Injurious Results of that Measure to the British Student—*Liberal* Motive operating on the English Administration of that Period—Little Interludes got up between the French King and the Allies—Louis XVIII.'s Magnanimous Letters—Threatened Destruction of the *Pont de Jena* by Marshal Blucher—Heroic Resolution of His Most Christian Majesty to perish in the Explosion.

The rapid succession of these extraordinary events bore to me the character of some optical delusion, and my mind was settling into a train of reflections on the past and conjectures as to the future, when Fouché capitulated for Paris, and gave up France to the discretion of its enemies. In a few hours after, I saw that enthusiastic, nay, that half-frantic army of Vilette (in the midst of which I had an opportunity of witnessing a devotion to its chief which no defeat could diminish) on the point of total annihilation. I saw the troops, sad and crest-fallen, marching out of Paris to consummate, behind the Loire, the fall of France as a warlike kingdom. With arms still in their hands, with a great park of artillery, and commanded by able generals, yet were they constrained to turn their backs on their metropolis, abandoning it to the "tender mercies" of the Russian Cossacks, whom they had so often conquered.

I saw, likewise, that most accomplished of traitors, Fouché, duke of Otranto (who had with impunity betrayed his patron and his master), betraying in their turn, his own tools and instruments—signing lists of proscription for the death or exile of those whose ill-fortune or worse principle had rendered them his dupes; and thus confirming, in my mind, the skepticism as to men and measures which had long been growing on me.

The only political point I fancy at present that I can see any certainty in, is, that the French nation is not *mad* enough to hazard lightly a fresh war with England. The highest-flown ultras—even the Jesuits themselves—can not forget that to the inexhaustible perseverance of the United Kingdom is mainly attributable the present political condition of Europe. The *people* of France may not, it is true, owe us much gratitude; but, considering that we transmitted both his present and his late majesty safely from exile here to their exalted station among the potentates of Europe, I do hope, for the honor of our common nature, that the *government* of that country would not willingly turn the weapons which *we* put into their hands against ourselves. If they should, however, it is not too much to add, bearing in mind what we have successfully coped with, that their hostility would be as ineffectual as ungrateful. And here, I can not abstain from briefly congratulating my fellow-countrymen on the manly and encouraging exposition of our national power recently put forth by Mr. Canning in the house of commons. Let them rest assured, that it has been felt by every cabinet in Europe—even to its core. The holy alliance has dwindled into comparative insignificance; and Great Britain, under an energetic and liberal-minded administration, reassumes that influence to which she is justly entitled, as one in the first order of European empires.

To return:—The conduct of the allies after their occupation of Paris was undoubtedly strange, to say the least of it; and nothing could be more inconsistent than that of the populace on the return of King Louis. That Paris was betrayed is certain; and that the article of capitulation which provided that "wherever doubts existed, the construction should be in *favor* of the Parisians," was not adhered to, is equally so. It was never in contemplation, for instance, that the capital was to be rifled of all the monuments of art and antiquity, whereof she had become possessed by right of conquest. A reclamation of the great mortar in St. James' Park, or of the throne of the king of Ceylon, would have just as much appearance of fairness as that of *Apollo* by the pope, and *Venus* by the grand-duke of Tuscany. What preposterous affectation of justice was there in employing British engineers to take down the brazen horses of Alexander the Great, in order that they may be re-erected in St. Mark's Place at Venice—a city to which the Austrian emperor has no more equitable a claim than we have to Vienna! I always was, and still remain to be, decidedly of opinion that, by giving our aid in emptying the Louvre, we authorized not only an act of unfairness to the French, but of impolicy as concerned ourselves; since by so doing, we have removed beyond the reach of the great majority of British artists and students the finest models of sculpture and of painting this world has produced.

When this step was first determined on, the Prussians began with moderation: they rather smuggled away than openly stole, fourteen paintings; but no sooner was this rifling purpose generally made known, than his *holiness*, the pope, was all anxiety to have his *gods* again locked up in the dusty store-rooms of the Vatican! The Parisians now took fire. They remonstrated, and protested against this infringement of the treaty; and a portion of the national guards stoutly declared that they would *defend the gallery!* But the king loved the pope's toe better than all the works of art ever achieved; and the German autocrat being also a devoted friend of St. Peter's (while at the same time he lusted after the "brazen images"), the assenting fiat was given. Wishing, however, to throw the stigma from the shoulders of catholic monarchs upon those of protestant soldiers, these wily allies determined that, although England was not to share the spoil, she should bear the trouble; and, therefore, threatened the national guards with a regiment of Scotchmen—which threat produced the desired effect.

Now it may be said, that the "right of conquest" is as strong on one side as on the other, and justifies the reclamation as fully as it did the original capture of these *chef d'œuvres*: to which plausible argument I oppose two words; *the treaty! the treaty!* Besides, if the right of conquest is to decide, then I fearlessly advance the claim of Great Britain, who was the principal agent in winning the prize at Waterloo, and had, therefore, surely a right to wear at least some portion of it; but who, nevertheless, stood by and *sanctioned* the injustice, although she had too high a *moral sense* to participate in it. What will my fellow-countrymen say, when they hear that the *liberal* motive which served to counterbalance, in the minds of the British ministry of that day, the solid advantages resulting from the retention of the works of art at Paris, was a jealousy of suffering the French capital to remain "the Athens of Europe!"

The farce played off between the French king and the allies was supremely ridiculous. The Cossacks bivouacked in the square of the Carrousel before his majesty's windows; and soldiers dried their shirts and trowsers on the iron railings of the palace. This was a nuisance; and for the purpose of abating it, three pieces of ordnance duly loaded, with a gunner and ready-lighted match, were stationed day and night upon the quay, and pointed directly at *his majesty's drawing-room*, so that one salvo would have despatched the most Christian king and all his august family to the *genuine* Champs Elysée. This was carrying the jest rather too far, and every rational man in Paris was shaking his sides at so shallow a manœuvre, when a new object of derision appeared in shape of a letter purporting to be written by King Louis, expressing his wish that he was young and active enough (who would doubt his wish to grow young again?) to put himself at the head of his own army, attack his puissant allies, and cut them all to pieces for their duplicity to his loving and beloved subjects.

A copy of this letter was given me by a colonel of the national guards, who said that it was circulated by the *highest* authority.

"*Lettre du Roy au Prince Talleyrand.*

"Du 22 *Juillet*, 1815.

"La conduite des armés alliées réduira bientôt mon people à s'armer contre elles, comme on a fait en Espagne.

"Plus jeune, je me mettrais à sa tête;—mais, si l'âge et mes infirmités m'en empêchent, je ne veux pas, au moins, paroître conniver à des mesures dont je gémis! je suis résolu, si je ne puis les adoucir, à demander asile au roi d'Espagne.

"Que ceux qui, même après la capture de l'homme à qui ils on déclaré la guerre, continuent à traiter mon peuple en ennemi, et doivent par conséquent me regarder comme tel, attentent s'ils le veulent à ma liberté! ils en sont les maîtres! j'aime mieux vivre dans ma prison que de rester ici, témoin passif des pleurs de mes enfans."

But—to close the scene of his majesty's gallantry, and anxiety to preserve the capitulation entire. After he had permitted the plunder of the Louvre, a report was circulated that Blucher was determined to send all considerations of the treaty to the d——, and with his soldiers to blow up the *Pont de Jena*, as the existence of a bridge so named was an *insult* to the victorious Prussians! This was, it must be admitted, sufficiently in character with Blucher: but some people were so fastidious as to assert that it was in fact only a claptrap on behalf of his most Christian majesty; and true it was, that next day copies of a very dignified and gallant letter from Louis XVIII., were circulated extensively throughout Paris. The purport of this royal epistle was not *remonstrance:* that would have been merely considered as matter of course: it demanded that Marshal Blucher should inform his majesty of the precise moment the bridge was to be so blown up, as his majesty (having no power of resistance) was determined to go in person, stand upon the bridge at the time of the explosion, and mount into the air amid the stones and mortar of his beautiful piece of architecture! No doubt it would have been a sublime termination of so *sine cura* a reign, and would have done more to immortalize the Bourbon dynasty than anything they seem at present likely to accomplish!

However, Blucher frustrated that gallant achievement, as he did many others, and declared, in reply, that he would not singe a hair of his majesty's head for the pleasure of blowing up a hundred bridges!

THE CATACOMBS AND PERE LA CHAISE.

The Catacombs of Paris—Ineffective Nature of the Written Description of these as compared with the Reality—Author's Descent into them—His Speedy Return—Contrast presented by the Cemetery of Père la Chaise—Tomb of Abelard and Heloise—An English Capitalist's Notions of Sentiment.

The stupendous catacombs of Paris form perhaps the greatest curiosity of that capital. I have seen many well-written descriptions of this magazine of human fragments, yet on actually visiting it, my sensations of awe, and I may add, of disgust, exceeded my anticipation.

I found myself (after descending to a considerable depth from the light of day) among winding vaults, where, ranged on every side, are the trophies of death's universal conquest. Myriads of grim, fleshless, grinning visages, seem (even through their eyeless sockets) to stare at the passing mortals who have succeeded them, and ready with long knotted fingers to grasp the living into their own society. On turning away from these hideous objects, my sight was arrested by innumerable white scalpless skulls and mouldering limbs of disjointed skeletons, mingled and misplaced in terrific pyramids; or, as if in mockery of nature, framed into mosaics, and piled into walls and barriers!

There are men of nerve strong enough to endure the contemplation of such things without shrinking. I participate not in this apathetic mood. Almost at the first step which I took between these ghastly ranks in the deep catacomb d'Enfer (whereunto I had plunged by a descent of ninety steps), my spirit no longer remained buoyant; it felt subdued and cowed; my feet reluctantly advanced through the gloomy mazes: and at length a universal thrill of horror crawled along the surface of my flesh. It would have been to little purpose to protract this struggle, and force my will to obedience: I therefore, instinctively as it were, made a retrograde movement; I ascended into the world again, and left my less sensitive and wiser friends to explore at leisure those dreary regions. And never did the sun appear to me more bright;

never did I feel his rays more cheering and genial; than as I emerged from the melancholy catacombs into the open air.

The visiter of Paris will find it both curious and interesting to contrast with these another receptacle for the dead—the cemetery of Père la Chaise. It is strange that there should exist among the same people, in the same city, and almost in the same vicinity, two *Golgothas* in their nature so utterly dissimilar and repugnant from each other.

The soft and beautiful features of landscape which characterize Père la Chaise are scarcely describable: so harmoniously are they blended together, so sacred does the spot appear to quiet contemplation and hopeful repose, that it seems almost profanation to attempt to submit its charms in detail before the reader's eye. All in fact that I had ever read about it fell, as in the case of the catacombs ("alike, but ah, how different!")—far short of the reality.

I have wandered whole mornings together over its winding paths and venerable avenues. Here are no "ninety steps" of descent to gloom and horror; on the contrary, a gradual *ascent* leads to the cemetery of Père la Chaise, and to its enchanting summit, on every side shaded by brilliant evergreens. The straight lofty cypress and spreading cedar uplift themselves around, and the arbutus exposing all its treasure of deceptive berries. In lieu of the damp mouldering scent exhaled by three millions of human skeletons, we are presented with the fragrant perfume of jessamines and of myrtles—of violet-beds or variegated flower-pots decked out by the ministering hand of love or duty; as if benignant Nature had spread her most splendid carpet to cover, conceal, and render alluring even the abode of death.

Whichever way we turn, the labors of art combine with the luxuriance of vegetation to raise in the mind new reflections: marble, in all its varieties of shade and grain, is wrought by the hand of man into numerous and bewitching shapes; while one of the most brilliant and cheerful cities in the universe seems to lie, with its wooded boulevards, gilded domes, palaces, gardens, and glittering waters, just beneath our feet. One sepulchre alone, of a decidedly mournful character, attracted my notice; a large and solid mausoleum, buried amidst gloomy yews and low drooping willows; and this looked only like a patch on the face of lovelinesss. Père la Chaise presents a solitary instance of the abode of the dead ever interesting me in an *agreeable* way.

I will not remark on the well-known tomb of Abelard and Heloise: a hundred pens have anticipated me in most of the observations I should be inclined to make respecting that celebrated couple. The most obvious circumstance in their "sad story" always struck me as being—that he turned priest when he was good for nothing else, and she became "quite correct" when opportunities for the reverse began to slacken. They no doubt were properly qualified to make very respectable *saints:* but since they took care previously to have their fling, I can not say much for their *morality.*

I am not sure that a burial-place similar to Père la Chaise would be admired in England: it is almost of too picturesque and sentimental a character. The humbler orders of the English people are too coarse to appreciate the peculiar feeling such a cemetery is calculated to excite: the higher orders too licentious; the trading classes too avaricious. The plumholder of the city would very honestly and frankly "d——n all your nonsensical sentiment!" I heard one of these gentlemen, last year, declare that what poets and *such-like* called *sentiment* was neither more nor less than deadly poison to the ***protestant religion!***

PEDIGREE-HUNTING.

The Author's Efforts to Discover the Source of his Name and Family—The Irish Herald-at-Arms—Reference made by him to the English Professor—Heraldic Speculation—Ascent of the Author's Pedigree to the Reign of William the Conqueror—Consultation with the Norman Herald suggested—Author's Visit to Rouen—Anecdotes of French Convents—Madame Cousin and her *System*—Traits of Toleration—M. Helliot, the celebrated *ancien avocat* of Rouen—Practice of *Legal Bigamy* in Normandy—A Breakfast Party—Death of M. Helliot—Interview with an old Herald, formerly of the Noblesse—His Person and Costume described—Discovery of the Town and Castle of *Barentin*—Occurrences there—The old Beggar-Man—Visit to Jersey, where Drogo de Barentin was killed in defending the Castle of Mont Orgueil—Return to Barentin, and Singular Incident at Ivetot—Conclusion.

My visit to France enabled me, besides gratifying myself by the sight and observation of the distinguished characters of whom I have, in the Sketches immediately foregoing, made mention, to pursue an inquiry that I had set on foot some time previously in my own country.

As I have already informed the reader in the commencement of this work, I was brought up among a sort of democratic aristocracy, which like the race of wolf-dogs, seems to be extinct in Ireland. The gentry of those days took the greatest care to trace, and to preserve by tradition, the pedigree of their families and the exploits of their ancestors.

It is said that "he must be a wise man who knows *his own* father;" but if there are thirty or forty of one's forefathers to make out, it must necessarily be a research rather difficult for ordinary capacities. Such are therefore in the habit of resorting to a person who obtains his livelihood by begetting grandfathers and great-grandfathers *ad infinitum;* namely, the herald, who, without much tedious research, can in these commercial days, furnish any private gentleman, dealer, or chapman, with as beautifully-transcribed, painted, and gilt a pedigree as he chooses to be at the expense of purchasing—with arms, crests, and mottoes, to match: nor are there among the nobility themselves emblazonments more gaudy than may occasionally be seen upon the tilbury of some retired tailor, whose name was probably selected at random by the nurse of a foundling hospital.

But as there is, I believe, no great mob of persons bearing my name in existence, and as it is pretty well known to be rather old, I fancied I would pay a visit to our Irish herald-at-arms, to find out, if possible, from what country I originally sprang. After having consulted everything he had to consult, this worthy functionary only brought me back to Queen Elizabeth, which was doing nothing, as it was that virgin monarch, who had made the first territorial grant to my family in Ireland, with liberty to return two members to every future parliament, which they actually did down to my father's time.

The Irish herald most honorably assured me that he could not carry me one inch farther, and so (having painted a most beautiful pedigree), he recommended me to the English herald-at-arms, who, he had no doubt, could take up the thread, and unravel it to my satisfaction.

I accordingly took the first opportunity of consulting this fresh oracle, whose minister having politely heard my case, transferred it to writing—screwed up his lips—and looked steadfastly at the ceiling for some five minutes: he then began to reckon centuries on his fingers, took down several large books full of emblazonments, nodded his head, at last, cleverly and scientifically taking me up from the times of Queen Elizabeth, where I had been abruptly dropped by my fellow-countryman, delivered me, in less than a fortnight, as handsome a genealogical tree as could be reasonably desired: on this I triumphantly ascended to the reign of William the Conquerer, and the battle of Hastings, at which some of my ancestors were, it appears, fairly sped, and provided with neat lodgings in Battle abbey, where, for aught I know to the contrary, they still remain.

The English herald-at-arms also informed me (but rather mysteriously) that it was *probable* I had a right to put a French *De* at the beginning of my name, as there was a Norman *ton* at the end of it; but that, as he did not profess French heraldry, I had better inquire farther from some of the craft in Normandy, where that science had at the period of the Crusades greatly flourished—William the Conqueror, at the time he was denominated *the Bastard,* having by all accounts established a very celebrated heraldic college at Rouen.

I was much pleased with his candor, and thus the matter rested until Louis XVIII returned home with his family, when, as the reader is aware, I likewise passed over to France with mine.

I did not forget the hint given me by my armorial friend in London: and in order to benefit by it, repaired, as soon as circumstances permitted, to Rouen, in which town we had been advised to place our two youngest daughters, for purposes of education, at a celebrated Ursuline convent, the abbess whereof was considered a more tolerating *religieuse* than any of her contemporaries. Before I proceed to detail the sequel of my heraldic investigations, I will lay before the reader one or two anecdotes connected with French nunneries.

The abbess of the convent in question, Madame Cousin, was a fine handsome old nun, as affable and insinuating as possible, and gained on us at first sight. She enlarged on the great advantages of her system; and showed us long galleries of beautiful little bedchambers, together with gardens overlooking the boulevards and adorned by that interesting tower wherein Jeanne d'Arc was so long confined previously to her martyrdom. Her table, Madame Cousin assured us, was excellent and abundant.

I was naturally impressed with an idea that a *nun* feared God at any rate too much to tell twenty direct falsehoods and practise twenty deceptions in the course of half an hour, for the lucre of fifty Napoleons, which she required in advance, without the least intention of giving the value of five for them; and, under this impression, I paid down the sum demanded, gave up our two children to Madame Cousin's *motherly* tutelage, and returned to the Hôtel de France almost in love with the old abbess.

On our return to Paris, we received letters from my daughters, giving a most flattering account of the convent generally, of the excellence of Madame l'Abbesse, the plenty of good food, the comfort of the bedrooms, and the extraordinary progress they were making in their several acquirements. I was hence induced to commence the second half-year, also in advance; when a son-in-law of mine, calling to see my daughters, requested the eldest to dine with him at his hotel, which request was long resisted by the abbess, and only granted at length with manifest reluctance. When arrived at the hotel, the poor girl related a tale of a very different description, from the foregoing, and as piteous as unexpected. Her letters had been dictated to her by a priest. I had scarcely arrived at Paris, when my children were separated, turned away from the *show* bedrooms, and allowed to speak *any* language to each other only *one hour* a day, and *not a word* on Sundays. The eldest was urged to turn catholic; and above all, they were fed in a manner at once so scanty and so bad, that my daughter begged hard not to be taken back, but to accompany her brother-in-law to Paris. This was conceded; and when the poor child arrived, I saw the necessity of immediately recalling her sister. I was indeed shocked at seeing her—so wan and thin, and *greedy* did she appear.

On our first inquiry for the convent above alluded to, we were directed by mistake to another establishment belonging to the saint of the same name, but bearing a very inferior appearance, and superintended by an abbess whose *toleration* certainly erred not on the side of laxity. We saw the old lady within her grated lattice. She would not come out to us; but on being told our business, smiled as cheerfully as fanaticism would let her. (I dare say the expected *pension* already jingled in her glowing fancy.) Our terms were soon concluded, and everything was arranged when Lady Barrington, as a final direction requested that the children should not be called *too early* in the morning, as they were unused to it. The old abbess started: a gloomy doubt seemed to gather on her furrowed temples; her nostrils distended; and she abruptly asked, "*N'êtesvous pas catholiques?*"

"*Non,*" replied Lady Barrington, "*nous sommes protestans.*"

The countenance of the abbess now utterly fell, and she shrieked out, "*Mon Dieu! alors vous êtes heretiques! Je ne permets jamais d'heretique dans ce couvent! allez! allez! vos enfans n'entreront jamais dans le ouvent des Ursulines! allez!*

allez!" and instantly crossing herself, and muttering, she withdrew from the grate.

Just as we were *turned out*, we encountered, near the gate, a very odd though respectable looking figure. It was that of a man whose stature must originally have exceeded six feet, and who was yet erect, and, but for the natural shrinking of age, retained his full height and manly presence: his limbs still bore him gallantly, and the frosts of eighty winters had not yet chilled his warmth of manner. His dress was neither neat nor shabby; it was of silk—of the old costume: his thin hair was loosely tied behind; and on the whole he appeared to be what we call *above the world.*

This gentleman saw that we were at a loss about something or other; and with the constitutional politeness of a Frenchman of the old school, at once begged us to mention our embarrassment and command his services. Everybody, he told us, knew him, and he knew everybody at Rouen. We accepted his offer, and he immediately constituted himself *cicisbeo* to the ladies and Mentor to me. After having led us to the other *couvent des Ursulines,* of which I have spoken, he dined with us, and I conceived a great respect for the old gentleman. It was Monsieur Helliot, once a celebrated *avocat* of the parliament at Rouen: his good manners and good nature rendered his society a real treat to us; while his memory, information, and activity, were almost wonderful. He was an *improvisore* poet, and could converse in rhyme and sing a hundred songs of his own composing.

On my informing M. Helliot that one of my principal objects at Rouen was a research in heraldry, he said he would next day introduce me to the person of all others most likely to satisfy me on that point. His friend was, he told me of a noble family, and had originally studied heraldry for his amusement, but was subsequently necessitated to practise it for pocket-money, since his regular income was barely sufficient (as was then the average with the old nobility of Normandy) to provide him soup in plenty, a room and a bed-recess, a weekly laundress and a repairing tailor. "Rouen," continued the old advocate. "requires no heralds now! The nobles are not even able to emblazon their pedigrees, and the manufacturers purchase arms and crests from the Paris heralds, who have always a variety of magnificent ones to *dispose of* suitable to their new customers."

M. Helliot had a country-house about four miles from Rouen, near the commandery, which is on the Seine: a beautiful wild spot, formerly the property of the knights of St. John of Jerusalem. Helliot's house had a large garden ornamented by his own hands: he one day came to us to beg we would fix a morning for taking a *dejeuner à la fourchette* at his cottage, and brought with him a long bill of fare (containing nearly everything in the eating and drinking way that could be procured at Rouen), whereon he requested we would mark with a pencil our favorite dishes! He said, this was always their ancient mode when they had the honor of a *société distingué*, and we were obliged to humor him. He was delighted; and then assuming a more serious air, "But," said he, "I have a very particular reason for inviting you to my cottage: it is to have the honor of introducing you to a lady who, old as I am, has consented to marry me the ensuing spring. "I know," added he, "that I shall be happier in her society than in that of any other person: and, at my time of life, we want somebody interested in rendering our limited existence as comfortable as possible."

This seemed ludicrous enough, and the ladies' curiosity was excited to see old Helliot's sweetheart. We were accordingly punctual to our hour. He had a boat ready to take us across the Seine near the commandery, and we soon entered a beautiful garden in a high state of order. In the house (a small and very old one) we found a most excellent repast. The only company besides ourselves was the old herald to whom M. Helliot had introduced me; and, after a few minutes, he led from an inner chamber his intended bride. She appeared, in point of years, at least as venerable as the bridegroom; but a droop in the person and a waddle in the gait bespoke a constitution much more enfeebled than that of the gallant who was to lead her to the altar. "This," said the advocate, as he presented her to the company, "is Madame ——

but *n'importe!* after our repast you shall learn her *name* and history. Pray, madame," pursued he, "with an air of infinite politeness, "have the goodness to do the honors of the table;" and his request, was complied with as nimbly as his inamorata's quivering hands would permit.

The wine went round merrily: the old lady declined not her glass; the herald took enough to serve him for the two or three following days; old Helliot hobnobbed *à la mode Anglaise;* and in half an hour we were as cheerful, and, I should think, as curious a breakfast party as Upper Normandy had ever produced.

When the repast was ended, "Now," said our host, "you shall learn the history of this venerable bride that is to be on or about the 15th of April next. You know," continued he, "that between the age of seventy and death the distance is seldom *very* great, and that a person of your nation who arrives at the one, is generally fool enough to be always gazing at the other. Now we Frenchmen like, if possible, to evade the prospect; and with that object we contrive some new event, which, if it can not conceal, may at least take off our attention from it; and of all things in the world, I believe *matrimony* will be admitted to be most effectual either in fixing an epoch or directing a current of thought. We antiquated gentry here, therefore, have a little law, or rather custom, of our own, namely, that after a man has been in a state of matrimony for fifty years, if his charmer survives, they undergo the ceremony of a second marriage, and so begin a new contract for another half-century, if their joint lives so long continue! and inasmuch as *Madame Helliot* (introducing the old lady anew, kissing her cheek, and chucking her under the chin) has been now forty-nine years and four months on her road to a second husband, the day that fifty years are completed we shall recommence our honey-moon, and every friend we have will, I hope, come and see the happy reunion."—"Ah!" said madame, "I fear my bride's maid *Madame Veuve Gerard*, can't hold out so long! *Mais, Dieu Merci!*" cried she, "I think I shall myself, monsieur," addressing me "be well enough to get through the ceremony."

I wish I could end this little episode as my heart would dictate. But, alas! a cold caught by my friend the advocate, boating on the Seine, before the happy month arrived, prevented a ceremony which I would have gone almost any distance to witness. *Sic transit gloria mundi!*

But to my heraldic investigation. The old professor with whom M. Helliot had made me acquainted, had been one of the *ancienne noblesse*, and carried in his look and deportment evident marks of the rank from which he had been compelled to descend. Although younger than the advocate, he was still somewhat stricken in years. His hair, thin and highly powdered, afforded a queue longer than a quill and nearly as bulky. A tight plaited stock and *solitaire*, a tucker and ruffles, and a cross with the order of St. Louis; a well-cleaned black suit (which had survived many a cuff and cape, and seen many a year of full-dress service), silk stockings, *paste* knee and large *silver* shoe-buckles, completed his toilet.

He said, on my first visit, in a desponding voice, that he deeply regretted the publicans had burned most of his books and records during the revolution; and having consequently little or nothing left of remote times to refer to, he really could not recollect my ancestors, though they might perhaps have been a very *superbe famille.* On exhibiting, however, my English and Irish pedigrees (drawn out on vellum, beautifully ornamented, painted and gilt, with the chevalier's casquet, three scarlet chevenels and a Saracen's head) and touching his withered hand with the *metallic tractors*, the old herald's eye assumed almost a youthful fire; even his voice seemed to change; and having put the four dollars into his breeches pocket, buttoned the flap, and then felt at the outside to make sure of their safety, he drew himself up with pride—

"Between this city and Havre de Grace," said he, after a pause, and having traced with his bony fingers the best gilded of the pedigrees, "lies a town called Barentin, and there once stood the superb château of an old warrior, Drogo de Barentin. At this town, monsieur, you will assuredly obtain some account of your noble family." After some conversation about William the Conqueror, Duke Rollo, Richard Cœur de Lion, &c.,

I took my leave, determining to start with all convenient speed toward Havre de Grace.

On the road to that place, I found the town designated by the herald, and having refreshed myself at an auberge set out to discover the ruins of the castle, which lie not very far distant. Of these, however, I could make nothing; and, on returning to the auberge, I found mine host decked out in his best jacket and a huge opera-hat. Having made this worthy acquainted with the object of my researches, he told me, with a smiling countenance, that there was a *very old* beggar-man extant in the place, who was the depository of all the circumstances of its ancient history, including that of the former lords of the castle. Seeing I had no chance of better information, I ordered my dinner to be prepared in the first instance, and the mendicant to be served up with the dessert.

The figure which presented itself really struck me. His age was said to exceed a hundred years: his beard and hair were white, while the ruddiness of youth still mantled in his cheeks. I don't know how it was, but my heart and purse opened in unison, and I gratified the old beggar-man with a sum which I believe he had not often seen before at one time. I then directed a glass of eau-de-vie to be given him, and this he relished even more than the money. He then launched into such an eulogium on the noble race of Drogo of the château, that I thought he never would come to the point; and when he did, I received but little satisfaction from his communications, which he concluded by advising me to make a voyage to the island of Jersey. "I knew," said he, "in my youth, a man much older than I am now, and who, like me, lived upon alms. This man was the final descendant of the Barentin family, being an illegitimate son of the last lord; and he has often told me, that on that island his father had been murdered, who, having made no will, his son was left to beg, while the king got all, and bestowed it on some young lady."

This whetted my appetite for farther intelligence, and I resolved, having fairly engaged in it, to follow up the inquiry. Accordingly, in the spring of 1816, leaving my family in Paris, I set out for St. Maloes, thence to Granville, and, after a most interesting journey through Brittany, crossed over in a fishing-boat, and soon found myself in the square of St. Hillier's, at Jersey. I had been there before on a visit to General Don, with General Moore and Colonel le Blanc, and knew the place: but this time I went *incog.*

On my first visit to Jersey, I had been much struck with the fine situation and commanding aspect of the magnificent castle of Mont Orgueil, and had much pleasure in anticipating a fresh survey of it. But guess the gratified nature of my emotions, when I learned from the old warder of the castle, that Drogo de Barentin, a Norman chieftain, had been, in fact, its last governor! that his name was on its records, and that he had lost his life in its defence on the outer ramparts. He left no lawful male offspring, and thus the Norman branch of the family had become extinct.

This I considered as making good progress; and I returned cheerfully to Barentin, to thank my mendicant and his patron the *aubergiste,* intending to prosecute the inquiry farther at Rouen. I will not hazard fatiguing the reader by detailing the result of any more of my investigations; but it is curious enough that at Ivetot, about four leagues fron Barentin (to an ancient château near which place I had been directed by mine host), I met with, among a parcel of scattered furniture collected for public sale, the portrait of an old Norman warrior, which *exactly* resembled those of my great-grandfather, Colonel Barrington of Cullenaghmore: but for the difference of scanty black hair in one case, and a wig in the other, the heads and countenances would have been quite undistinguishable! I marked this picture with my initials, and left a request with the innkeeper at Ivetot to purchase it for me at any price; but having unluckily omitted to leave him money likewise, to pay for it, the man, as it afterward appeared, thought no more of the matter. So great was my disappointment, that I advertised for this portrait—but in vain.

I will now bid the reader farewell—at least for the present. This last sketch may by some, perhaps, be considered superfluous: but, as a pardonable vanity in those who write anything in the shape of autobiography, and a spirit of curiosity in those who peruse such works, generally dictate and require as much information respecting the author's genealogy as can be adduced with any show of plausibility, I hope I shall be held to have done my utmost in this particular, and I am satisfied.

THE END